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An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A. D. MDCCXXIX by Benj. Franklin

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JUNE 14, 1919

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In This Number: Juliet Wilbor Tompkins—Nina Wilcox Putnam—Everett Rhodes Castle Mary Roberts Rinehart—Temple Bailey—Sinclair Lewis—Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

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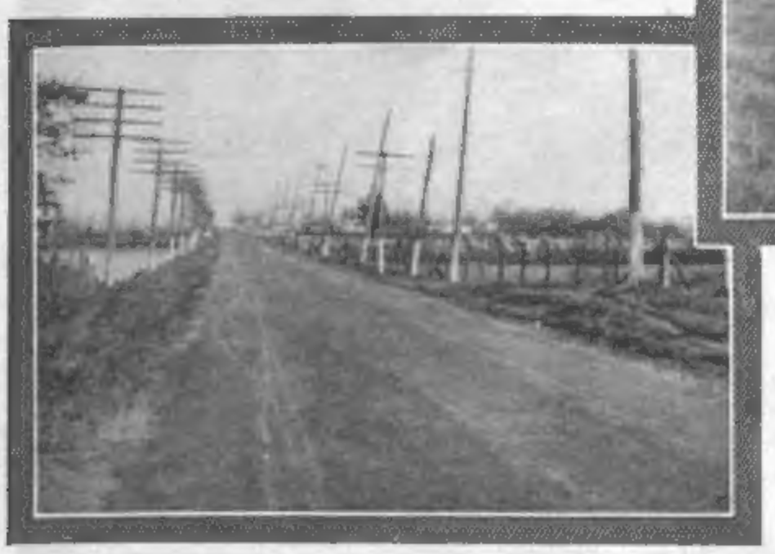

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CARRANZA MAKES TROUBLE

By GEORGE CREEL

IT IS impossible to ignore the fact that our relations with Mexico to-day are strained, if not to breaking, at least to a point that calls for plain speech and honest understandings. Mexico in this case does not mean the Mexican people, but President Venustiano Carranza and certain others in present control of the policies and national decisions of Mexico. Notwithstanding a wealth of excited rumor to the contrary, the great mass of Mexicans do not hate Americans, but are eager for the aid and coöperation that our powerful friendship is able to extend.

The trouble is with Carranza alone, and it springs from no more fundamental source than a high-power suspiciousness complicated by an abnormal vanity that he mistakes for proper pride. Everything that this man is to-day is due entirely to Woodrow Wilson; all that he has of power and place he owes absolutely to the sympathy and assistance of America. Our refusal to recognize Huerta made the Carranza revolution possible. Merely one of a number of rebel chieftains, it was our selection that lifted Carranza above the Zapatas and the Villas; it was our arms and munitions that carried him to victory, and our recognition that permitted him to remain in office longer than the fortnight allotted to Mexican presidents by revolutionary habit. Just as he is President of Mexico by grace of our intervention in his behalf, so does he stay president by American patience under opprobrium and provable wrongs. Were we to give Diaz or Villa or even Pelaez the same measure of material help in guns and cartridges that we gave to Carranza when he was in the field against Huerta, his position would speedily become as untenable as did that of Madero's murderer.

We have asked nothing of him in return for our favors but the speedy restoration of peace to a distracted country, a rule of justice and law and order, and the wholesome neighborliness that would give us friendship for friendship, sincerity for sincerity, so that the two republics whose interests are so closely identified might walk the path of progress hand in hand. With what result? He failed to pursue Villa after the Santa Isabel massacre, and when we sent Pershing's Punitive Expedition into Mexico as a result of the Columbus butchery, Carranza screamed to the world that we were making war and planning conquest. Slyly, meanly he has attempted and is now attempting to confiscate millions of dollars put into Mexico's development by investors, and when the State Department enters formal and solemn protest the courteous response received is that we are playing the game of the oil concessionaires and lending ourselves to greedy schemes of annexation.

Better than any other man in all the world Venustiano Carranza knows this to be false and unfair. Were aggression in our heart, were our thought possessed of any desire to take advantage of Mexico's weakness, would we have waited until to-day? What better chance to forward a scheme of annexation than at the time when Mexico weltered in lawlessness, torn by every variety of internecine strife? Or when the temper of America was rubbed blood raw by the daily murder of American citizens? Woodrow Wilson took his political life in his hands when his declaration of noninterference seemed to waive America's duty to protect her citizens. Through bitter months he stood like iron against prejudice and passion, and when the whole question was carried into a presidential campaign the deliberated vote of the people formally and finally indorsed Wilson's policy with its affirmation of Mexico's right to be free and live free without fear of any attempt on the part of the United States to use its strength save for the good of the Mexican people. If this was the determination of the electorate in 1916, when a very human anger beat hard against traditional ideals, how much more must it be the determination to-day, when every eye saddens at the sight of the world misery caused by lust of conquest.

When all is said and done our real offending lies in the fact that we have put Carranza under a weight of obligation that is intolerable to one of his vain and suspicious nature. Our great generosities are acid to his egotism. Afraid

Oil in the Heart of the Jungle. Above—The Conquest of the Jungle

that the decencies of gratitude may be mistaken for servility he turns to insult in order to prove his rugged independence. There is also a political element that enters into it, for jingoism has ever been a short cut to popularity, no matter what the country. Shrewdly and unscrupulously steering along this course he proves his sleepless devotion to the interests of Mexico by discovering sinister designs in every action of the United States, and he panders to national vanity by clever intimations that the attitude of America has been dictated by fear and cowardice rather than sympathy and friendship.

In plain words, Carranza actually induced the people of Mexico to believe for a long while that America was a fake giant, a sort of loblolly without real strength, afraid of war, and easy to be whipped by the hardy courage of Mexico.

It was largely to meet this subtle campaign of disparagement that we invited the editors of the principal Mexican papers to come to the United States in June, 1918, for not only did we wish them to get first-hand understanding of the fundamental idealism of the American people, but we wanted them to carry home the true story of American strength, courage, resources and absolute invincibility. As these men saw the Grand Fleet, the aviation fields, the great factories devoted to the making of munitions, the training camps, and the steady stream of clean-limbed young manhood pouring across the water into France, their astonishment grew until it came to be amusing.

"Why," one of them exclaimed, "we never dreamed that you had anything like this!"

Repeated Insults and Indignities

CARRANZA'S insults and indignities, though irritating enough, could have been borne out of the forbearance that is our badge wherever a weaker nation is concerned, for they were inflicted in a time of peace; but what hurts most is that his tactics did not change with America's entry into the world war. When we drew the sword and were marshaling every resource in defense of the democratic institutions that Carranza professes to hold so dear, he advanced from ingratitude to actual enmity, and stood at our back in menace, not in the friendship that we had the right to expect. Of all the neutral nations in which we fought for good opinion and popular support, our way was most difficult in Mexico, owing to the encouragement and assistance given to German plot and propaganda by Venustiano Carranza.

Knowing the delicacy of the situation particular pains were taken with the selection of men to carry on the work of the Committee on Public Information in Mexico. As director Mr. Robert H. Murray was chosen, not only by reason of his conspicuous abilities and the fact that he had been a resident correspondent for years, but because he had been and was a peculiarly effective champion of the Carranza régime. Even this, however, did not save him from enmity when he became an official representative of the United States, and particularly when his campaign of education commenced to win people away from the German lie.

In the Mexican Constitution of 1917, supposed to be the last word in freedom, there is an article which provides that "The Executive shall have the exclusive right to expel from the Republic forthwith and without judicial process, any foreigner whose presence he may deem inexpedient." Carranza did not scruple to make full use of this autocratic power where Americans were concerned, and at times five newspaper correspondents have been arbitrarily deported for sending out dispatches that did not appeal to the Mexican Government. Mr. Murray himself skirted the edge of deportation always, and at the last was ordered out himself, and that the committee was not robbed of official recognition during a critical period was entirely due to the personal appeals of the American Ambassador.

Of all the principal dailies in the City of Mexico, El Universal alone was friendly to the American cause, and with a brilliance and sincerity that won our admiration and gratitude it waged an effective fight against the German propaganda that was pouring its poison into every well of public opinion. Out of a clear sky Carranza launched his bolt of deportation against Señor Palavicini, the editor, who was forced to make the best disposal of his property that he could and then seek a new home, for no other crime than declaring his faith in the sincerity of American ideals and purposes.

Never at any time did we spend a dollar secretly, standing fast against any scheme of subsidy, whereas the Germans bought papers and bribed editors as a matter of routine. The secret payment of German money to El Democrata was exposed in the Mexican Senate, and it was also the clear case that this sheet violated every pretense of neutrality by its indecent attacks upon President Wilson and the United States, but never once was the editor—or the editor of any other pro-German paper—punished, rebuked or even cautioned. On the contrary the Mexican Government exhausted every known resource in its attempt to keep the German-propaganda organs supplied with paper.

Not only did Carranza refuse to let any Mexican recognize the black list published by the United States, but proceeded punitively against such American citizens as refused to do business with Germans. The Mexican censorship was operated against us in German interests, our news was stolen that the Germans might receive it first for purposes of distortion, and Germans were aided in every possible way in their efforts to get into wireless communication with the fatherland. When the Ozark and the Annapolis, stationed off Tampico, used their wireless equipment to break up this communication Carranza protested against it as "a further infraction of The Hague Convention."

"Exudo," Merely an Open Grave for Cattle Until the Coming of Americans. Above—Gas Lifting Seepage Oil in Large Bubbles Through 3600 Feet of Rock

He protested also against the presence of American ships, demanding respect for the neutrality of Mexican waters; and when we explained that our ships were only at those places where lawlessness threatened lives of American citizens, Carranza answered that this protection was "a duty and a function pertaining exclusively" to the Mexican Government. This in the face of Tampico, Columbus and Santa Isabel! This at a time when Americans were being murdered in Tampico, some of them by armed men in Carranza uniform!

Scores of similar instances might be cited, some grave, others merely insulting—as in the case of Carranza's fulsome birthday telegram to the Kaiser—but the important count in the indictment is his course in the so-called "oil controversy." Under the guise of nationalizing the oil fields of Mexico Carranza designed to maneuver himself into a position where he could stop all export of petroleum to America and the Allies, on the safe ground that the Mexican Government having assumed the rights and responsibilities of ownership could not be placed in the attitude of violating its own law of neutrality.

The Nationalization of Oil

AS AMERICAN and Allied battleships, destroyers—aye, industry also—had been planned and adjusted on the permanence of American and Allied investment in Mexican oil, German victory might possibly have been the result had Carranza's plan succeeded. There is more in the oil matter, however, than war resentments or war needs, for the question possessed significances that have persisted and that endure to-day. It is this very oil matter that is putting the present strain upon America's relations with Mexico and that is fast bringing into effect new national policies that are fundamental in their direct bearing upon our future relations with other countries.

To begin at the beginning—for a full understanding can be gained in no other way—Carranza called himself a Constitutionalist originally, out of asserted purpose to restore the Constitution of 1857, and the Plan of Guadalupe explicitly bound him to call an election when Huerta should have been overthrown. Instead of keeping this pledge he assembled his followers at Querétaro and put forth a brand-new document of his own under pretense of "amending the Constitution of February 5, 1857." In this new constitution there appeared a clause announcing that "in the nation is vested legal ownership of . . . petroleum and all hydrocarbons, solid, liquid or gaseous." Naturally enough this now famous Article 27 caused considerable excitement, for if it meant what it said private ownership in oil was to be wiped out, an original doctrine nullifying a half century of Mexican practice.

The mining laws of 1884, 1892 and 1909 were all explicit in their recognition of the rights of the owner of surface land to all petroleum in the subsoil, and it was in the confidence bred by these recognitions of valid title that foreigners had invested more than $300,000,000 in Mexican oil development. The Carranza Government, however, was most conciliatory and reassuring. No confiscation of any kind was ever contemplated or even dreamed, the one idea being to gain for Mexico additional revenue in the form of just taxes, and to guard the remaining resources of the country.

Even at the time the matter was of concern to the United States. Before presenting his credentials on February 20, 1917, Ambassador Fletcher asked the intentions of the Mexican Government and received a satisfactory answer, while the official Carranza organ in Washington also carried this message of reassurance:

"The constitution of Mexico very plainly and explicitly says, both in the old and the new documents:

"'Art. 14. No law shall be given retroactive effect to the prejudice of any person whatsoever.'

"Leading owners of oil lands have no fear whatsoever regarding the 'nationalization' of petroleum. Furthermore, the government is

(Continued on Page 142)

PLASTER SAINTS

"An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints."
KIPLING.

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

AS BETSY expressed it, father had his usual grouch. Nobody ever tried especially to analyze father's grouch; the three girls petted him out of it—rather hastily and obliviously—if it interfered with their projects, but otherwise did not bother; Alan met it with a grave measuring regard that was unsuitable from a son, and his wife had her own strictly secret but alienating grievance. When Bessie Ferris had married Mac Galbraith he had been a bright-eyed, apple-cheeked boy of twenty-one and she a dear little dumpling of a girl with black-currant eyes, aged twenty-three. Now, twenty-two years later, Bessie was emphatically more dumpling, not to be mistaken for anything but the mother of her grown girls, while Mac had most unfairly remained a bright-eyed, apple-cheeked boy, a joke and an amazement to his associates, and to strangers invariably Alan's elder brother.

Not a line rayed out from his lively brown eyes, not a silver thread tempered the vigorous brown-black of his smooth hair and sketchy mustache. His round chin had a happy cleft, and he walked so fast that he was always a step ahead, no matter how pantingly one labored to keep up. The negligible two years' juniority had yawned to a decade, to a generation, and Mrs. Galbraith tugging irritably at certain concealed strings told herself that if it kept on at this rate she would presently be ashamed to go on the street with him. The very sight of his ruddy vitality, the youthful clump of his step, put a sarcastic quirk into the little black currants, which had been meant for festive good humor. The dumpling shoulders had taken on a domineering air, as though no one who looked over-young had a right to an opinion; the very lift of her chins slighted him. When he, meeting her perhaps unexpectedly on the street, started forward with an echo of the old joy lighting his face Bessie drew her slender eyebrows into a straight line and remarked that he had worn that suit long enough or that he had of course forgotten to speak about the telephone.

And so father sat aloof in his study while the house made glad preparation for Alan—Alan in khaki, coming home for a fortnight's leave before sailing; and the grouch ran something like this:

"I don't count here. They don't care whether I live or die—so long as I keep on making money for them. That's all I am—a feed pipe. I give Bessie everything in the hope that she'll be decent to me for five minutes, and then she isn't. Funny, when you think how happy we used to be before she turned on me. I'm so blamed lonesome. Why shouldn't I ever have any fun? I'm not old—I'm young; but if I act young Bessie snubs me. I'm just father—back number. They lead the life they choose, and I trot along supplying it to them. Why? What law says that I shall do exactly as they please?"

The last question lifted his head so fiercely that Bessie coming into the room with a jar of roses assumed the superior air of one who believes in being cheerful and pleasant about the house, and hummed a superior tune as she pulled out her blossoms against the wall.

"You don't seem especially interested in your son's coming," she observed presently with the detached air that she had been taking on of late. In their happy years her attacks had been direct, honest, full of love and exasperation; he used to be funny and boyish under them and so get off by making her laugh. But boyishness never made her laugh now.

It stiffened her spine and turned her eyes hard and opaque as anthracite.

"I suppose if I were in khaki I'd get a little attention myself." He tried to sound humorously injured, as he would have in the old days, when she would have retorted: "Oh, yes, you're neglected, aren't you? Too bad about you!" with perhaps a threatening hand at his hair, and he would have caught the hand and pulled her down on the arm of his chair for a comfortable gossip. Not four years ago it would have gone like that. But now his complaint flatted into peevishness and Bessie's quick glance was suspicious, hostile. At any warlike remark on his part she always became subtly on guard.

"You and Alan Gave Us the Big Feeling. You Have Been Too Close and Lost It, But You'll Get It Back Again Here"

"Men who have families and large responsibilities have to forgo the joys of uniform," she reminded him sharply. "Keeping things going here is quite as much a patriotic duty as ——"

It was a familiar argument, and Mac's attention wandered. At that time it seemed likely that America's part in the war might be little more than a fine gesture, the shaking of a righteous fist in the boche face, with a prompt return to national isolation; but did keeping things going at home necessarily mean keeping two cars, a chauffeur and four house servants for four able-bodied women? Before Bessie turned on him making her happy had been the one supreme consideration; but now he wondered increasingly about things like that.

"I am exactly as fit for service as Alan is," he said out of his thoughts.

An astonishing flare of temper answered. Bessie said bitter wild things about people who tried to pass as boys when their youth was well over and so made themselves ridiculous, then whirled out of the room, leaving him stricken, miserable.

"She hates me," he muttered over and over. "Bessie hates me!" He said it until he could not bear it any longer, and started up to find relief from pain.

The drawing-rooms were being converted into shining bodies of bare floor completely surrounded by furniture, for Alan's coming meant of course a dance. Everything meant that to the girls.

"I'll bet if I dropped dead they'd automatically begin clearing the floor for a fox trot," was father's dark thought as he stumbled over a roll of rugs.

Betsy had the telephone in a firm clutch, Laura and Pauline balanced on adjoining chair arms awaiting their chance. They were all three about eighteen, drolly like their mother to the casual glance, and they gave to their crowded days an intensity of interest and preparation that acted like blinders; they saw only the thing ahead. Since their mother slighted their father they also slighted him in a good-humored and hurried fashion, and Mac, still not wholly awake from his years of easy comfort, heartsick and bewildered at the change, made no least effort to recapture his old family position.

The little girls had been very dear to him, but he could not bother about them now if Bessie had turned against him. The great hurt wiped out the lesser ones. They did not notice him as he wandered forlornly through the opulent discomfort of the house and out into the naked publicity of his lawn-and-shrubbery grounds. The office in the city was closed Saturday afternoons and he had no heart for the golf club. He used to be fond of tennis, but Bessie in some obscure way had switched him over to golf, for which he had only a tepid liking. The avenue, set with stodgy maples and stodgier homes of suburban prosperity, led nowhere that he wanted to go.

A whistled call from next door brought a ray of cheer. Robinetta McMillan also was looking for diversion. The McMillans were new neighbors, for the Hardys' French château represented to them a war economy, to be borne cheerfully so long as Mr. McMillan's income remained at a dollar a year. The Hardys were economizing in a white-and-yellow colonial house on a side street, the owners of which were sojourning in a degenerating bungalow whose mistress had taken the baby and gone home to her mother for the period of the war. Robinetta had been a great comfort to Mac. They found each other funny. And she professed an enormous interest in Alan.

"He's almost here, father!" she sang out from the side veranda. In 1917 girls pretty enough to stand it were still showing heads sleek and tight as seals. Robinetta's hair had the right edge for it, nicely squared at the corners; the fresh young curves and tints, presented so bravely unframed, gave her the look of a big lovely baby. "Come over and talk about him," she urged.

Mac settled contentedly on the steps at her feet. He could be proud of his son over here. At home Bessie had a way of appropriating him, as though he were all hers, and of pointing out in him qualities that his father plainly did not possess; the only self-defense possible had been an air of indifference. But with Robinetta he could be proud of his boy, even at his own expense.

"You mustn't judge the fellow by me," he told her as he warmed to his theme. "Alan's intellectual. College in my day was a place where you had a good time on the least possible work and put your real ambition into theatricals. When I had done myself up in a pair of corsets and a yellow wig and got a big yell of applause as a première danseuse I thought that was life. That was success. If you had a different ideal of what college meant you were a grind, a dub, you didn't count. But Alan's one of these new young men that wear good clothes and belong to good clubs and yet lead their classes."

"Well, I can overlook that," Robinetta murmured in a tone designed not to interrupt.

Mac was hard to interrupt on this subject. "Everything's changing. I remember, when we had furnished his freshman rooms and settled his allowance and told him to look out for his colds and to wire home if he needed anything and kissed him good-by, I said to his mother: 'Alan's a healthy boy; you've got to expect some wild oats sooner or later. He may get drunk once or twice; he may do worse. When it happens don't think the end of the world has come. All boys with red blood in them do that.' I wanted to prepare her a little, so that she wouldn't have to be all torn up and miserable.

"Well, sir, one Christmas vacation I found her up in her room crying. 'What's the matter?' I said. 'It's Alan,' she sobbed. They had been having a long talk, and so I braced myself to hear the usual tale. Felt pretty sick, too, I don't mind telling you. 'He's nineteen, and he's never given us a moment's anxiety yet,' she blubbered. 'When I think that it is all still to come ——'

"Well, I had to laugh. But here he is, twenty-one, and it is just as true as it was then. He can take a drink, but he can go without one for six months and never notice the difference. He likes girls—nice girls. He's so interested in ideas and ideals that he'll sit up all night to talk about them if

he knows you pretty well; but he plays a corking game of tennis, and fair baseball. I tell you, he belongs to this new generation—and it makes us parents look like thirty cents. Of course I'd like to have him in my office, but I'm glad he doesn't want to come. Being a broker's a good game; I enjoy it—or I used to. But Alan can do something better than make money. He's going to count in the world. And when he's my age he won't be asking every morning, What's the good of it all?"

Robinetta had listened with her eyes fixed on some far horizon. "Does he look like you?" she asked when a change of topic threatened.

"Not a bit. He looks older," Mac admitted with a rueful laugh. "Some consider him handsomer. He's got a skin like a girl's, but there's a good male jaw under it. If he locks that jaw you won't get anything out of him."

Robinetta seemed to exchange a look of subtle understanding with herself. "I can't wait till to-night," she said. "And he may see some other girl first. Couldn't you hint to him to hold on till he meets me?"

His laugh brought someone to an upstairs window in the tapestry-brick house next door, but neither noticed.

"If that is all that is worrying you ——" He stood up, bowing formally, a stage ambassador. "Most lovely lady, I hereby make you a solemn offer of Alan's hand and heart. Will you be my daughter-in-law?"

"Dear father, this is so sudden!" Robin always played up. "I'm honored like the deuce and all that. You will give me time to think it over?" She put out her hand, its back regally uppermost, and Mac touched his lips to it in his best Hasty Pudding manner. Then they laughed, but by that time Bessie had marched away from the window. "I almost think we'd better keep this our secret for a while," Robinetta added. "What do you think?"

"Just what you think, on every subject," was the prompt answer. "Well, I must go to meet my lieutenant. He has heard of you, you know," he added from the steps. "One has got to have something to write about!"

He went back cheered, and stumped gaily up the stairs—Mac's walk had never grown up—to prepare an appearance worthy of an officer's father. When he heard the car and hurried down Bessie was at the front door.

"Oh—are you coming?" she asked with a surprised pause.

"To meet Alan? I guess yes!" His surprise asked an explanation, but Bessie nonchalantly stepped out, interested in the weather, the shrubbery, the passing cars—in anything but him.

"Why wouldn't I meet my boy?" he insisted aggrievedly as he followed.

She took her place in the car and considered the contents of her velvet hand bag. "Oh, I thought you might be occupied or off somewhere," she said indifferently. Then she found a newspaper clipping and read it to herself all the way. When he attempted conversation a vague "H'm" was all he could draw out.

"I am just what I always was," he argued miserably, sunk in his corner. "If I was good enough for her in the old days —— Why, we can't go on like this!" The grouch had him with a strangling grip by the time they reached the station. They waited as far apart as the platform allowed, Bessie studying the sky line and humming a little tune to herself, Mac with his head hidden in a newspaper.

And then Alan stepped off the train, bringing them together. Alan was a splendid sight. No parental heart could stay closed and bitter before his grave youth. The girls had always complained about the giving of that skin to the boy. They had their mother's opaque pallor, while Alan's cheeks carried apple-blossom tints. But his steady gray eyes were all male, and the shining blond stubble of his hair was straight and stiff and soldierly. He greeted his mother affectionately and smiled benign acceptance of his father's thumps.

On the way home, pouring out questions, listening devoutly to their soldier's answers, it felt almost like a family again, and a comforting warmth stole through Mac's being. He laughed at any excuse. He made fun of the girls with their eternal dancing.

"They've heard that there is a war in Europe, but the news hasn't penetrated to their feet, and that is where they live," he held forth with the high note of humorous complaint that he kept for favorite themes. "It is going to ruin their alleged brains, this dancing. For, if you notice, it's always the silly little men that dance best. Talk to one of these spindle-shanked fellows that can convolute with that sort of greased ease and you'll find nine times out of ten that he's got the intellectual development of a peanut. But it's the best partner that the girls want, and make up to, and jolly along—they'll work all the charm they've got to keep a fellow like that in attendance. They will be marrying him, next thing, to get a permanent dancing partner, and that's a merry outlook for the race.

"About three generations ought to produce a perfectly pure type of imbecile."

Alan made sober answer. "The war may wake them up. Don't they do any work at all?"

"Of course they do!" said his mother in her "You-know-your-father!" tone. Mac heard in it an echo of the old good-humored whacking, and his heart sang for joy. Bessie had been sickeningly polite of late.

"It is your mother who is doing the war work in this family," he declared. "She is the backbone of two committees, and she has done more organizing with less fuss ——"

He piled it up—what she was doing, what others said about it, contrasting her with the old hens that muddled away everyone's time and the young matrons who wanted to get into the limelight. It was a pæan of praise, the relieved outpouring of the generous love that had been frozen under for so long, and Bessie suffered it in silence; but when they got down at the house and Alan was swallowed up in an avalanche of sisters she turned to Mac with a detaining gesture.

"It is a curious thing—I've often noticed it," she said with that new and abominable detachment—"when a man is always praising his wife, telling everyone how wonderful she is, heaping up tributes—it usually means that his conscience is uneasy. He is trying to make up to her for something. Perhaps it is just that he doesn't care for her any more in private, so he gives her in public what he can. Do you remember how Mr. Currie was always saying that he couldn't decide anything without Mrs. Currie's judgment, how she was the better man of the two, and all that? When he married his stenographer a few months after her death everyone was astonished, but I wasn't. I knew that he had only been apologizing." She smiled, but her eyes were hard and impenetrable. "People give themselves away, don't they?" she added, joining the group on the steps.

Mac went on into his study and shut the door.

"If I had done anything to apologize for," he muttered in sorry bewilderment. Then he smote fist to palm in a flash of rage. "Oh, she can go to thunder! Am I a man or am I a sheep? Next thing she knows, there'll be something to apologize for, by jiminy!"

"He's Almost Here!" She Sang Out From the Side Veranda. "Come Over and Talk About Him."

II

IT WAS the first warm night of early summer, and Mac took his cigar out on the veranda after dinner. The curtains of the drawing-rooms had been pushed widely back to admit whatever coolness the night might bring, and the windows opening on the bright emptiness of polished floors made golden oblongs the color of champagne. A violin tried over a waltz under its breath, and the three girls passed the windows, testing the floors with sliding feet. They looked like delightful dolls, their heads sharply black and white, their shoulders just dumpling enough to be pretty. Hips were "in" in the spring of 1917, skirts fulled out over them, quaint pockets and draperies flared sharply at right angles to give emphasis, and young finger tips were fond of pulling them wider, sketching the first gesture of the ancient curtsy. So poised the three might have been made out of folded paper with one cutting.

Then early partners came in and couples began to swim past the windows with the level fixity that had followed the dips and grotesqueries of preceding years. Dancing had shed its obvious vulgarity, but seen in the great oblongs of golden light it looked mysteriously intense. Mac watching it from his abysmal loneliness sighed a little. Then Robinetta came running across the lawn, her bare shoulders accentuating the enchanting big-baby effect of the unframed face. She slipped her hand into his.

"Lead me to him, father," she commanded, then pinched him in warning, for Alan himself was in the doorway.

To Mac it was a happy moment. "My son Alan, Miss McMillan. There, I didn't say that too proudly, did I?" he added. "I have noticed that when parents introduce an officer son they are apt to show a swelling in the chest and jaw. I'm trying to be casual about Alan."

Robin had given the soldier her hand, and they exchanged grave looks, as though they measured what they saw against what they had heard.

"I wouldn't try," she advised. "Better give right up to it."

"That's the trouble with being a modern parent; you've got to laugh at yourself mighty quick to beat the other person to it," Mac complained. "Why, in my day I wrote a school poem—valedictory—something. It was ninety-eight lines, and my father read it to everyone that came to the house for two years. And the visitors stayed through it too—you bet they did. Those were the good old days for parents."

Robinetta turned to Alan. "Do you really think they have changed so very much?" she asked confidentially. "Give my mother a chance to tell you how I bore my broken arm—she won't think she has to be funny about it. She'll give you a picture of heroism that will make you cry."

Their eyes again sought for information.

"Perhaps she is right," Alan suggested.

"Of course she is! Praise a girl for anything and she'll be it."

"It isn't limited to girls," Mac admitted. "They tell you you're pretty fine fellows just before they send you into action, don't they, Alan?"

Robinetta interposed.

"No war! Stop right there. Your father is like a horrid little boy," she explained to Alan; "he will give you all the bluggy details, no matter how you protest. The way is never to let him get started. I won't hear war talked at a party."

"Talk anything you like," Mac said, turning away. "I've introduced you—that's as far as a parent can go in this country. Now I must return to my post."

They followed him in, and many partners claimed Robin, but every three or four dances brought them back to each other, and later in the evening they slipped out to the veranda. Mac serving thirsty dancers to lemonade saw their unobtrusive departure and twinkled to himself. The years of his happiness had made him an ardent promoter of romance, and the dire change in his experience had not yet affected his philosophy. He could not see two nice young people together without a benevolent desire to throw in a moon.

He had danced himself with vast enjoyment when the original turkey trot broke loose, and Bessie with him; and they had hesitated to Nights of Gladness until the old record had taken on a sentimental glamour that wrung Mac's heart if anyone put it on now; for that had been the last

winter of his content. By the next winter, when the tango classes were forming, Bessie had accepted the affliction of weight and retired from the floor, and Mac had found it best to follow. His attempts at new steps had made her so impatient, so bitterly mocking, that he had to believe in his own probably grotesque awkwardness. And though he was not sensitive about it for himself he could not bear to have her ashamed for him.

Bessie presently noticed her son's absence and bore down on the lemonade table.

"Where is Alan?" she asked, and it was strange how even three innocuous words could show the changed relation between them. She spoke from a lifted chin, her glance merely grazing his head; and her tone suggested that he had probably done something ill-advised.

Mac looked about the bright rooms—his; he provided them, supported them, then stood dully in a corner ladling out lemonade, and Bessie came near him only to scold. Why?

"What girl is missing?" he suggested with an air of geniality. "*Cherchez la femme.*"

His French accent seemed to give her a physical pain about the brow. "*Lar farm*, as you call her, seems to-night to be the pretty neighbor. Hard on you!" she added with a bitter smile.

"What does she mean?" he wondered drearily as she passed on. Then a burst of wrath came to his aid. "I don't give a hang what she means or thinks or wants!" his outraged spirit thundered, and leaving his post he charged into the middle of the floor.

An hour later when Robinetta and Alan slid casually into the room Mac was still dancing. He had learned new steps, he had invented and taught others. He had organized a Paul Jones, and instead of standing at one side with the whistle had blown the signals from his place in the ring, and he had finished up his orgy of rebellion by flirting flagrantly with a visitor from the South, a charming little person who had been brought in late by one of the guests. Bessie apparently never saw him, was not aware of his presence; but when Alan reappeared she led him firmly to the window where Mac and his partner lurked.

"I want my son Alan to meet you, Miss Calverley," she said, and under her maternal pride there was a subtle indication that she rescued the poor girl. But the stars seemed to be fighting on Mac's side.

"Well, if yo're as much fun as yo' brother I'm sholy glad to make yo' acquaintance," said Miss Calverley.

Bessie turned sharply away, but of course she heard the explanation and the little cry of astonished laughter, and suddenly Mac was sorry. He was always a poor fighter against Bessie. He retired from the floor, enacting fatigue, and presently drifted into her neighborhood.

"I've gamboled all I can," he confided, dabbing at his forehead as though it dripped with exhaustion. "I wish these youngsters would clear out and let us go to bed."

Bessie's straight gaze came no nearer than his ear. "There is no reason why you should not go," she said. "You are not needed here."

"Just in the way," he assented.

"Well, girls are polite to their host, but naturally they prefer the young men," she explained. "Of course if you could really dance it might be different."

She moved on, and the grouch settled blackly down on Mac's spirit.

"I suppose I made an ass of myself, but why does it matter if I was having a good time?" he argued miserably. "Not that I was. God knows, my good times are over." His eyes followed Alan about the room. "Wish I could go and get shot," he muttered. "I've had my chance at life. I know just about all there is in it, and I'm ready to clear out. They ought to take us instead of the young fellows, who still think there's something coming to them. If I had gone to Plattsburg—but Bessie blocked that of course. She blocks everything. And I stand it. Why?"

The fortnight of Alan's leave sped past. The family idea had been to give him the best possible time, so the motors flew all day and half the night, the house overflowed with life or was blankly empty, and the war was referred to as little as possible.

"It will be all over before Alan really gets in," they privately told one another. "He will be back in no time!"

"Which Would You Take as a Reward for Having Been Born?" Robinetta Asked

Alan let them do with him what they would, without comment. He never talked much at home, and if his silence now had another quality they were too busy being gay to realize it. His spare hours were spent on the McMillan veranda, and Mac stealing wistful glances from his own side saw that even there it was always Robinetta who was talking. Alan seemed to think that he was doing enough if he sat and looked at her. Your children were like that: if you praised one he never played up.

"Is my boy boring you?" he demanded the first time he saw her alone. He had come home from the city early, as it was Alan's last day, but he had found the house deserted and had turned to Robinetta for comfort.

She did not meet his eyes, and her usual blithe satisfaction seemed dimmed.

"You know what he is like?" she began after a pause. "A man at the movies, waiting for one particular picture. I've flashed on the screen about everything I've got, and still he sits there, awfully intent, waiting. Till I produce it he won't let go and enjoy me. I'm not bored, but I'm getting nervous, reeling myself off so fast."

Mac had no heart for subtleties. "I enjoy you," he said gloomily. "And when you seem to like me I'm so grateful I could cry. Nobody else does. Nobody wants me, not even my country.

"I have been trying for months to press my services on the Government or the Red Cross or any old thing. One is sort of ashamed not to have a war job on the side nowadays. I'm not such a fool, am I? Or am I?"

"I don't believe you are." Robin spoke listlessly. "You wouldn't want a Washington job if you heard my father on the subject. It's a mess down there."

"Well, what can you expect with a college professor ——" Mac's voice made that a low epithet.

The familiar protest burst out with a new poignancy: "Oh, we are not going to talk war! What do you think of these?" She took from her pocket a jeweler's box and poured into her palm half a dozen rings, clusters of diamonds and pearls, sapphires, opals, emeralds. "My father sent them down for me to choose one for my birthday. Which would you take?"

Bessie stepping down from the motor in front saw Mac studying Robinetta's hand on the McMillan veranda and went on into the house, her head high, but Alan came across the grass to join them. Robin was apparently too absorbed in her rings to greet him.

"Which would you take as a reward for having been born?" she asked, moving her laden fingers in the sunlight.

Alan stood before them, his cap hanging from his hands, his eyes turning from the glittering display to Robinetta's face. In spite of the daily feasting he had lost weight since he came home, and his lips shut in a line of young care. Mac knew that his part was to vanish, and he did get up, then lingered, balancing on the arm of his chair. He was so blamed lonesome.

"Be helpful," Robin insisted. "This is really important. Besides, it is your turn to talk. I've got speaker's throat, doing it all."

Alan's lips unlocked with difficulty. "I'd better not," he said. "You see, I have been living in a different atmosphere. I've only got one topic."

"What?" she asked quite genuinely.

He took a mighty breath. "Good God, there's a war on! You all do amaze me so!" Then he pulled himself down and apologized. "I've been training under men just back from the Front—lived with them, got all soaked up with it till I thought the whole country saw it the way we do. I had forgotten that people had any private lives." He gave them a chance to take back the conversation, but they sat silent, and the protest again came bursting up: "Don't you know what's happening? How can you help knowing? France is bled white, England is worn out, Germany's trampling on, putting her damned filthy hoof in the face of everything decent and civilized, and if we don't get over there soon it's too late! I'm not romantic about this thing—there's no off-to-the-wars fun about it, once you're on the inside. I know that the Hun has got to be stopped, and that it's going to take every pound of our power and every cent we can raise. And if you can't fight and you can't work you might at least give up your dancing and jewelry—and care! Care every day—not just when something big happens. You know things—a little girl's body . . . I've talked to men who *saw*. And you're a real person—you're not just one more girl. God, how can you stay out?"

His eyes blazed the question, but Robin sat with bent head, her eyes fixed on her jeweled fingers, and let the silence drag on. His arms dropped at his sides.

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The Naval War Through German Eyes

By Lieutenant Lewis R. Freeman, R.N.V.R.

Official Correspondent With the Grand Fleet and Member of Staff of Allied Naval Armistice Commission

INCREASINGLY accurate and comprehensive as was the British Admiralty's information respecting German naval movements and plans while the war was in progress I think I am well within the truth in saying that more of a definite nature was learned in this connection in the month following the conclusion of the armistice than in the fifty months preceding it.

The corner of the veil was lifted when the light cruiser, Königsberg, brought over Admiral Meurer and his staff to confer with Admiral Beatty in the Queen Elizabeth concerning plans for carrying out the naval terms of the armistice. I was with the gunnery lieutenant in the foretop of the Cassandra when, with five of her sister ships of the Sixth Light Cruiser Squadron, she went out to meet the Königsberg fifty miles off the entrance to the Firth of Forth. Glass glued to his eyes Lieutenant Commander L—— followed the clean-lined German cruiser from the moment she took shape in the mists of the southeast until we passed her on opposite courses and turned, to take station on her starboard quarter for the run up to Inchkeith.

"She's longer than we'd reckoned her class was," he said critically without lowering his glass, "and of rather less beam. And by the very comfortable way she's keeping station with the Cardiff—who must be hitting it up at close to twenty-seven knots—it looks to me that she must have more than the thirty knots we have credited her class with up her sleeve in a pinch. We know that they have two or three light cruisers—the ones that put down the Mary Rose and Strongbow—capable of outfooting most of our destroyers, but we didn't reckon the Königsberg and Regensburg, nor the new Emden and Dresden, as good for more than thirty knots an hour. It seems, though, that our information was correct regarding the mounting of her guns. All but the foremost are in echelon rather than on the center line, though why they should reduce a broadside by one or two guns through persisting in such a system is more than I can see. They were also right in telling us this class had stick masts instead of tripod, though I should have thought what the Sydney did to the Emden's masts would have set them right on that score."

The real lifting of the curtain as regards the ships of the German Navy came with the surrender and the inspections which followed it. As seen at a distance of two or three miles from the long lines of British and American battleships steaming to port and starboard of the German line the ships of the latter appeared far more impressive than when viewed at close quarters.

Dirty Ships

THE almost total absence of superstructures, with the sweep of the decks broken only by the loom of turrets, masts and bridge, gave both battleships and battle cruisers a solidity, a compactness of appearance unrivaled in the British Navy save by the five late battleships of the Revenge class. From both officers and men of the British Battleship Erin, from which I viewed the surrender, I heard nothing but expressions of admiration for the fine fighting lines of the German ships.

It was only when one had a chance to see the surrendered ships close at hand after they were anchored in the Firth of Forth or Scapa Flow, or, better still, in the course of an inspection, that it was possible to compare them fairly with ships of the corresponding classes in the Grand Fleet. The first thing that struck one then was the filthiness of all the German ships and the sullen indiscipline of their crews; but to make the comparison fair one had to rid himself of the feeling of revulsion caused by this and try to picture those foul ill-smelling battleships and battle cruisers as they must have appeared when their officers were still clinking glasses to "*Der Tag*," and when the men who manned them still believed implicitly that they were able to send the British Fleet to the bottom of the North Sea any time that Berlin saw fit to order it. That is to say, one had to try to fancy the German Navy as it was before the Battle of Jutland, for—from what I saw and heard following the surrender, both on German ships I was aboard in British waters and in those I was present at the inspection of in Wilhelmshaven and Kiel—I have no hesitation in affirming that the morale of the German sailor and the efficiency of the ships he manned were in a continuous state of decline from the night the masterly tactics of Von Scheer saved his fleet from a decisive action with Jellicoe right down to the mutiny which was the prelude of the great surrender. I will write of Jutland and what it meant to the Germans presently.

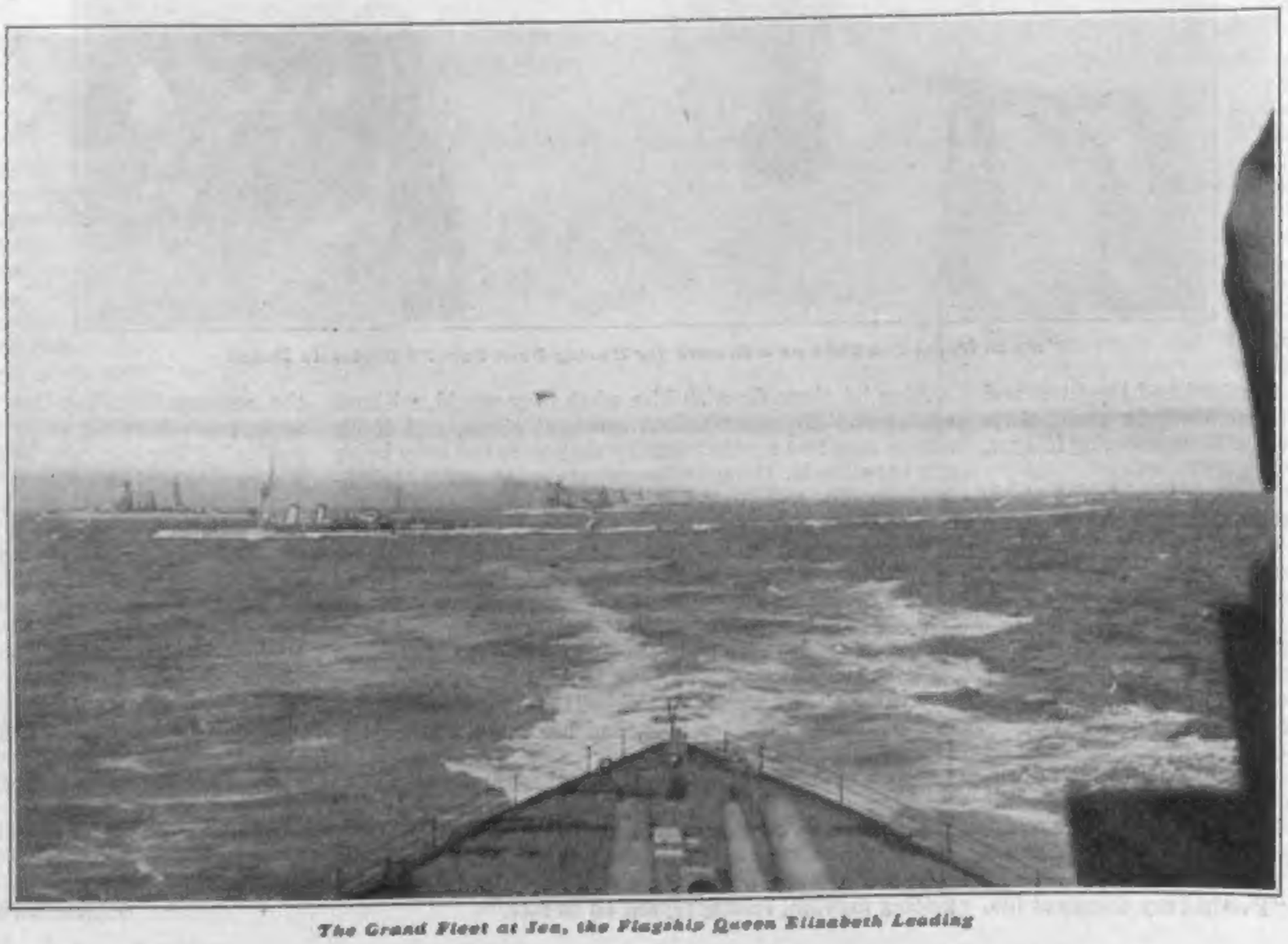
The Splash of a German Shell Which Missed the Warspite by 500 Yards

Accurate Gunfire

VERY few officers and still fewer men of the Grand Fleet were fortunate enough to be included in the inspection parties that were sent to all of the surrendered ships to see that they were properly disarmed in conformity with the terms of the armistice. Most of the inspection in British waters was carried out by gunnery and engineering officers appointed from the First Battleship and First Battle Cruiser Squadrons, and from the light cruiser squadrons and destroyer flotillas which escorted the German craft of these respective classes to Scapa.

It was the irony of fate that the German system of gunnery control—the one thing in which the officers of the Grand Fleet were interested above all others—should prove the one respecting which they were able to learn the least in the course of the inspection of both surrendered ships and those remaining in home waters. The Germans had shot extremely well in every naval action in which they had figured from the outbreak of the war. At Coronel, Craddock's ill-assorted and outmatched squadron is believed not to have made more than a single hit upon the enemy, and that with a shell which did not explode. At the Falklands the 8.1's of the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau hit the Invincible and Inflexible before these two battle cruisers had found the German cruisers with their twelve-inch guns. In the same action the Leipsic hit the Cornwall with a salvo from her 4.1's before the latter got home with her six-inch. In both of these Falkland instances the German ships were sunk without their having inflicted great damage upon the British, but the fact that they found their target first in spite of their lighter guns gave the British furiously to think.

The same thing happened in the opening phase of the Sydney-Emden battle off North Cocos Island, and even the first Königsberg, grounded on the mud banks of an East African river, is credited in the British official reports with very effective shooting against the ships which finally destroyed her. At Doggerbank there was some very good and some very bad shooting by both sides, and it seems probable that erratic gunnery prevented the British from sending the Seydlitz and Derflinger to the bottom



The Grand Fleet at Sea, the Flagship Queen Elizabeth Leading

with the Blucher. The vagaries of light and the shifting visibility make it difficult to draw comparisons at Jutland, but there can be no question that the honors of the opening phase were with Von Hipper when, with slower ships and lighter guns, he sank two of Beatty's squadron without immediate loss to himself.

Steadily working upon and improving their own system of gunnery control the British were naturally much given to speculation as to the nature of the German system which had given such good results in action, and as a consequence there was great interest respecting what the inspection of the surrendered ships would reveal in this connection. As I have said, they were doomed to disappointment, for the Germans—acting entirely within their rights under the armistice—had not only removed all munitions from the magazines but had even carried disarmament to the length of dismantling and taking away every instrument calculated to give the least hint of the part it had played in gunnery control. Conning tower, bridge, transmitting station—all were completely stripped, and in some ships it was even open to question as to where the control towers had been located.

In spite of the absence of definite data to base their conclusions on there was one point upon which the Allied gunnery experts who inspected the surrendered German ships were agreed, and that was that the firing-control installation had been a considerably simpler and less complicated one than they had anticipated it would prove. Because German shooting had invariably started well and then tended to fall off more and more as an action was prolonged, there was a tendency to infer that it depended upon highly complicated instruments that were too delicate to stand the stress of battle. From the comparatively limited space provided in the German ships for the instruments of that nerve center of gunnery which the British call the "transmitting station" and the Americans the "plotting room" it is at least evident that this was not the case. If anything it is probable that the German system of gunnery control was less dependent upon complicated instruments than that employed in either the American or British Navies, and that their good shooting was due to superior range finders and to the more careful selection and training of range takers.

German Instruments

THERE is no doubt that Germany produced better optical glass before the war than did Great Britain, France or America, from which it is reasonable to infer that her ships were provided with better range-finding instruments. The Germans are also known to have given great attention to the eyesight of the men selected to train for range takers. Only men passing elaborately devised visual tests were selected in the first place, and these were put through special training calculated to develop their natural sight to the utmost. This was a sound and sensible thing to do, and there is no doubt that the Germans reaped some advantage from it.

It is also considered probable that the Germans entered the war with better instruments, if not a better system, for following the rate of change of a moving target than the British or Americans had. Possessing these they had gone in for long-range gunnery more than had the British, and in doing so had also been the better able to appreciate the necessity of building ships capable of withstanding high-angle fire.

It took nearly two years of warfare, culminating in the loss of three battle cruisers at Jutland, to drive home to the British the necessity of deck armor and the dangers from—as well as the possibilities of—high-angle fire. From that time on it was only a question of months until they were in a position to beat the Germans in the latter's special field of development. It is now definitely established that the regular grind of Grand Fleet—including, of course, the squadron of American ships incorporated in it—gunnery for the last twelve months of the war was, considering the conditions under which shoots were carried out, better than the best the High Sea Fleet had ever done at its high-water mark of efficiency.

A Squadron of the Grand Fleet Making a Smoke Screen

Next to gunnery control the construction of the German ships was perhaps the thing in which the inspecting British officers were the most interested, and of that they were able to see all there was to see. The solidity with which they were built was evident at once. Even the comfort of the men had been sacrificed in the endeavor to make a ship that would have to be battered to pieces before it sank. As an officer of the Baden said to one of the American members of the Allied Naval Armistice Commission when that battleship was under inspection in the dockyard at Wilhelmshaven, "Our ships were made to fight, not to live in." This was literally true, for from the lofty bridge of the Baden we were able to see the red roofs of block after block of barracks where the officers and men of the German High Sea Fleet were housed during the long intervals between its sallies to sea. Even in the Baden, largest and latest of German battleships, the living accommodations, especially of the men, were primitive in the extreme. The mess decks were simply steel boxes separated from each other by doorless bulkheads, where the men camped during the day or two the ship was at sea. They were miserable holes to live in, but since they were never intended to be occupied for long this did not weigh heavily against the advantage of doing away with many doorways and hatchways that would have had to be provided if the ships were lived in all the time. There was a minimum of watertight doors to be closed before action and to spring aleak after a compartment had been holed and flooded. The terrific hammering survived by the Derflinger and Seydlitz at Doggerbank and Jutland, and the heavy punishment sustained by the Lutzow before she went to the bottom in the latter battle bear witness to the excellence of German design and construction of hull. Whether it was worth the price paid in making the German sailor a sort of floating landsman is another question.

A Windy Day in the North Sea—Battleships of the 4th Division From the Bridge of the Erin

A Pertinent Question

WHEN the officer of the Baden volunteered the information that the German ships were made for fighting, not for living in, a British bluejacket attached to the allied inspecting party was heard to remark under his breath: "W'y in 'ell didn't they fight then, mytey?" Certainly nothing comparable to the unquestioning affection of the American or British sailor for the ship that is his home as well as his fighting platform could be expected under the German system, and it well may be that the lack of such a feeling had much to do with the fleet's collapse of morale.

In several important particulars the inspection of the battleships Baden and Bayern and the battle cruiser Hindenburg, the latest enemy ships of their respective types, showed that the Germans had become tardy converts to British practice. These were the first German ships to be provided with the tripod mast which the British had been building in their battleships and battle cruisers some years before the war, and which even their latest light cruisers and destroyer leaders are provided with. Similarly it was seen that the Germans were at least five years behind the British in mounting the heavy guns of their capital ships on the center line—so that a full broadside could be fired on either side. Indeed, the Germans never carried this system beyond their latest capital ships, where the British had built three or four types of light cruisers with center-line mounting, and at least two classes of destroyers.

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NOW IS THE TIME

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

BELIEVE you me, the world to-day is just about as settled as a green passenger on a trip to Bermuda! There is that same awful feeling of not knowing is something going to happen or not. Do you get me? You do! And it can't help but strike even a mere womanly woman and lady like I that unless the captain and officers keep a firm hand on the crew until we get a little ballast in the hold we are likely to get in Dutch; not meaning the Germans necessarily, but the Russians—or something just as bad. And perhaps it may seem strange for me to know about them nautchical terms; but anybody which has once been to Bermuda learns what ballast is, on account of their not having hardly any on them boats, because of the water not being deep enough. And, believe you me, nothing I had to do in the fillum we made after what was left of us arrived there—and it was some fillum at that; a thousand dollars for bathing costumes alone, and me as the Sea King's Conquest, in silver scales, though hardly knowing how to swim—was a patch on the treatment which that unballasted boat handed me on the trip down.

Well, anyways, even when sitting in the security of my flat on the Drive—which Lord knows it ought to be secure, what with the salary I get and moving pictures will be the last thing the common people will give up—even with this security and the handsomest furniture any installment house could provide, and every other equipment which is necessary to one so prominent in my line as myself, still, even in the scarcity of the home, as the poet says, I am conscious that the world is or could quite easily be on the blink.

And ain't it the truth? Even the simplest soul, buried in the wilds of Broadway and wholly absorbed in their own small life, must feel the unrest. No use kidding ourselves about it. It's time for all good Americans to quit fighting among theirselves and come to the aid of the country. Regardless of race, creed or color, as the free hospital says, and the hospital may be where they'll land if they don't. Do you get me? Probably not! What I mean is, it's time we quit talking and did something! What? I dunno, quite; but it was this general line of thought which come to me while listening to the director give me my instruction for the ballroom scene in The Dove of Peace, where I catch the Russian Ambassador giving the nitroglycerin,' or some other patent face cleanser, to the fake senator, caused me to reform the White Kittens—that and ma's peculiar behavior, plus the new cook.

You see, it come over me all of a sudden that we ladies have now a vote, and so on, which unquestionably makes us more or less citizens, the same as the men; and if the country went bluey, why wouldn't it be our fault as well? I registered this partially through the general unrest and having eat something that didn't settle good, and ma's behavior. All happening at once they kind of got together and exploded into my idea.

Well, anyways, I had just come to a place in my personal life where I seen a little peace and quiet ahead, and nothing to do but go up in an aëroplane for the second reel of The Dove. The war was over without Jim being killed in it, and a new chance offered by a big picture contract the minute his uniform should be off him; I was going strong, with nothing but Broadway releases and a salary which made Morgan jealous; my spring clothes hadn't a failure among them and only one of my hats was too tight in the head. The fool dogs was both healthy; the cook had stayed a month; the car had been in order for over three weeks; and I had successfully nursed ma through the flu. And I thought fat could not harm me, as the poet says, for I had dieted to-day. When all of a sudden ma, who had hardly got over the influenza, come down with Bolshevism.

Now the trouble with these new diseases is that the doctors don't seem to know anything about them or what makes them catching. At least that is the line of talk they pull; but I got a hunch, myself, that if the flu had been quarantined right in the first place it would of been stopped. Do you get me? You do! And I will say one more word in favor of influenza: You was obliged to report it, if only to the Board of Health. But Bolshevism seems to be like a cold in the head. If you catch it, that evidently is nobody's business but your own; if you spread it—the same.

Then, again, folks are kind of proud of having had the flu. It makes conversation and everything, and one which has escaped feels a little mortified, like admitting they had never seen Charlie Chaplin. Indeed, people certainly do get a lot of pleasure out of illness, and etc. And so long as it is under control, all right; leave them enjoy theirselves. They had to suffer first, and maybe a little talk is coming to them. But with this Bolshevism it's the other way round. The talk comes first; but, believe you me, the suffering will come afterward! And if they could only be made to realize this ere too late a whole lot of patients would be cured before they ever got it. A ounce of Americanism is worth a pound of red propaganda, as the poet says, or would of had he written to-day.

Well, I Sat There Struggling Over Where to Put the X Marks; and How Much Exemption Could I Get Away With

Things started with ma, as per usual, upsetting the cook, which has come to be a habit with her; for cooking is to ma what his art is to Caruso—naught but death could tear her from it permanent. And, though I give her credit for trying in every way to be an idle rich, the kitchen might as well be furnished with magnets, and she a nail, for all she can keep out of it; with the natural result that keeping out of it is the best thing the cooks we hire do. And I can't say with any truth that I have made as much effort to break her of that as of some other lack of refinement, such as remembering that toothpicks ain't a public utility, and never to say "Excuse my back!" or keep her knife and fork for the next course at the Ritz. Because, believe you me, ma is some cook, and a real autograph dinner by her is something to bring tears of sweet memory to the eyes of the older generation and leave us young things in sympathetic wonder about them dear dead days when first-class home cooking was a custom and not a curiosity.

And so, though the material side of life don't interest me much, what with my work, and etc., to take my mind off it, still, even a artist must eat, or heaven knows where the strength to act in The Dove of Peace, or any other six-reeler, would come from if I didn't. And ma's is that simple nourishing kind, but with quality, the same as the sort of dresses I wear—made out of two dollars' worth of material and a thousand-dollar idea.

Well, anyways, our latest cook, which had a husband in the service, and had took up her work again so's to release him for the Front at Camp Mills—for he got no farther—heard he was coming back home, having got his discharge. And it upset her so—but whether from joy or rage, I don't know which—that there was nothing to eat in the kitchen but a little liquor she had left at seven-thirty, when we went in to see what was the cause of delay. And me with Maison Rosabelle and a friend to dinner!

So ma woke her up out of her emotions, which she claimed had overcome her, and give her a honorable discharge of her own. Then she turned up the ends of her sleeves and, only a little hampered by the narrow skirt to the green satin evening gown she had on her, give us a meal as per above described. And no one would of cared how long it was before the intelligence office—I mean domestic, not U. S. Army—sent us a cook; but that in trying to save her dress ma got hot grease on her right hand. And that changed the situation, because we had to call up next day and take anything they had—and they sent us up a German woman.

Well, believe you me, that was a shock, because I had an idea that all the Germans in the country was either interned or incognito; but this one wasn't even disguised, which isn't so remarkable, on account of her being pretty near as big as ma and with a voice on her like a foghorn, with a strong accent on the fog. I never in my life see so many bags and bundles and etceteras as that female had with her; for she was undoubtedly one, though she had a sort of mustache besides the voice.

But what she had in voice she certainly lacked in words. When ma set out to ask her the usual questions, which everybody does, though their heart is trembling with fear she won't take the job, this lady Hun didn't divulge no more information about herself than we asked. She was as stingy with her language as if it had been hard liquor. Ma asked her to come in; and she did, and sat without being asked upon one of the gold chairs in the parlor, which I certainly never expected it would survive the test, they being made for parlor rather than sitting room.

Well, anyways, it's a fact she certainly was a mountain; and if she was a fair specimen, all this about the Germans' starving to death is the bunk. Only her being over here may have made a difference. Well, after she had set down a bundle done up in black oilcloth; a cute little hand bag about a yard long, made out of somebody's old stair carpet; a shoe box, with a heel of bread sticking out at one end; an umbrella that looked like a seaside one; a pot of white hyacinths in full bloom and a net bag full of little odds and ends, she still had a old black pocketbook and a big bulky bundle done up in a shawl lying idly in her lap.

After I had taken all this in I gave her personally the once-over and was surprised to see she wasn't so old as her figure, or anything like it. For by the size of her she might of been the Pyramids; but her face was quite young, and if she had been a boy I would of said the mustache was the first cherished down.

"What's your name, dearie?" says ma; which I simply can't learn her not to be familiar with servants.

"Anna," says the lump.

"And where do you come from?" says ma, giving a poor imitation of a detective.

"Old country," says Anna.

Well, ma and me at once exchanged glances, putting name and place together.

"German?" says ma. "Of course!"

"Swedish," says Anna, more lumpishly than ever.

And just at that moment the air was filled with a big laugh that none of us there had give voice to. It was some shock, that laugh, and ma and me looked round expecting to see who had come into the room; but it was nobody. Anna was the only one who didn't seem disturbed. She just went on sitting.

"Who was that?" says ma.

"It must of been outside," I says; for it was warm and we had the windows open so's to let in the gasoline and railroad smoke and a little fresh air.

"I guess so," says ma. Then she went back to her third degree. "So you're Swedish!" says ma. "Can you cook?"

"Good!" says Anna. "Svell cook!"

"Well, dearie," says ma, "why was it you left your last place?"

"Too hot!" says Anna.

And again me and ma exchanged glances.

"Are you a good American?" says ma.

"Good American-Swedish," says Anna.

And immediately that awful laugh was repeated. This time it was in the room; no doubt about it. And yet no one was there, outside ourselves.

"What was it?" says ma.

"Somebody is hid some place!" I says. "And I'd like to know who is it with the cheap sense of humor?"

"It bane Fritz," says Anna. "Na, na, Fritz!"

"But where on earth ——" I was commencing, when I noticed Anna was unwinding the shawl off the package in her lap. And then in another moment we seen Fritz for our own selves; for there he was, a big moth-eaten parrot interned in a cage, making wicked eyes at us and giving us the ha-ha, like the true Hun he was.

"Fritz and me, we stay," announced Anna comfortably. "We stay!"

"But look here," says I, "we didn't start out to hire any parrots."

"Why, Mary Gilligan!" says ma; and I could see she was scared that if Fritz went Anna would certainly go too. "Why, Mary Gilligan, I thought you was fond of dumb animals!" she says.

"And so I am," I says—"the dumber the better. But this one is evidently far from it. How am I going to figure out my income tax with this bird hanging round?"

"Hang in den kitchen," says Anna firmly.

And at that we gave in, because cooks is cooks. And what's a bird more or less after all? Still, I didn't like him on account of suspecting he wasn't a neutral any more than Anna was, for all she claimed to be a Swede. I had read a piece in the paper about where the Germans was pretending to be Swede or Spanish, or anything they could get away with, so's to remain free to spread Bolshevism and influenza and bombs, and send up the price of dry and fancy goods, and put through the prohibition amendment, and all them other gentle little activities for which they are so well and justly known.

But, I thought, knowledge is power, as the guy which wrote the copy book says, and I had the drop on Anna through being on to her disguise; and, besides which, I could see ma was going to be miserable if she had to eat out while her hand was in the sling. And so we took the viper to our bosom; or, in other words, we hired her. And, anyways, she had already accepted the job and it would of been a lot of trouble to get her out by force. Which, believe you me, a person seldom has to do with servants nowadays. And it confirmed me about her being German, because naturally people don't hire them if acknowledging to themselves that they are Germans, any more than they would now deliberately import sauerkraut or any other German industry. Do you get me? You'd better!

But in this case there was a reasonable doubt, together with a real necessity; though, from what come of it, I feel, looking backward, it would of been better to eat out and suffer than to have compromised with our patriotic consciences likewedone at that time. Because there is no reasonable doubt but that Anna's coming into the house was greatly responsible for ma's catching Bolshevism.

Not that she caught it off Anna directly; because for once we had a cook which couldn't talk or understand American, and so there was no use in ma's hanging round the kitchen and worrying the life out of her. And so the very first morning Anna was on the premises ma commenced hanging round and worrying the life out of me.

It happened we was waiting for the aëroplane I was to go up in to arrive at the studio; and so, for once, having my morning to myself, I thought I would just dash off my income-tax return and be done with it.

But it seems that this is one of the things which is easier said than done, the same as signing the peace treaty; and, believe you me, the last ain't got a thing on the former. And I don't know did President Wilson make out his own income-tax return or not; but if he did and the collector of internal revenue left him get by with it, as he must of or why would the President be in Paris, which is out of the country?

Well, anyways, if the President did it alone, believe you me, he will get away with the treaty all right, and probably even write in this here Leg of Nations under Table Thirteen, Page One, of return and instructions, Page Two under K (b), without having to ask anybody how to do it, he having undoubtedly shown the power to think.

Well, anyways, I had taken all the poker chips, silk-sale samples, old theater programs, and etc., out of my desk, found my fountain pen and a bottle of ink, and was turning that cute little literacy test round and over to see where would I commence, and had got no farther than the realization that most of my brains is in my feet instead of behind my face, when ma comes in and commences worrying me because she could not cook, or yet crochet like the lilies of the field—or whatever that well-known idle flower was.

I tried to listen at least as politely as is ever required of a daughter to her mother; but when I was trying to figure out my answer to question Number Five, and getting real mad over its personalness, I couldn't stand to hear her complain over not being able to crochet them terrible mats she makes, which are not fit for anything except Xmas presents, anyways.

"The trouble with you, ma," I snapped at last, "is that you ought to get a live-wire outside interest. You're getting out of date. Ladies don't crochet no more, and even knitting has been dished by the armistice. You never read a newspaper or a book. You should go in for something snappy and up to the moment, like literature or jobs for soldiers, or business, or something."

This got ma's goat right off, like I hoped it would.

"Oh, so I'm on the shelf, am I?" she says. "Well, leave me tell you, Mary Gilligan, if it wasn't for us back numbers you new numbers wouldn't even be here. Don't forget that! And, after having been the first American lady to do the double backward leap on the two center trapezes, I can hardly be called a dead one, even if a little heavier than I was. And from that time on I have never ceased to be forward."

"You'd have to show me!" I says grimly.

"All right; I will," she says.

And, believe you me, she did. She went and got on her dolman and her spring hat, and left me in wrath and the midst of that income tax with that "I'll never come back" air so familiar to all well-regulated families.

Well, as I sat there struggling over where to put the X and * marks, and how much exemption could I get away with and still be on speaking terms with myself, and wondering whether the two fool dogs was dependents or not—which they ought to be, seeing how helpless they are and a big expense. I keep them only for appearances, and they ought to come under the head of professional expenditures, because no well-known actress but has them to help out the scenery—well, anyways, I was deep in this highly highbrow occupation in the comparatively perfect silence of my exclusive flat, where ordinarily we don't hear a thing but the neighbor's mechanical piano, and the dumb-waiter, and the auto horns on the Drive, and the train just beyond—well, this—comparatively for New York—perfect silence was broke by a awful yell in the apartment itself.

"Anarchy!" a terrible voice hollered. And then again: "Anarchy! Anarchy!"

Believe you me, my blood turned to lemon soda for a moment, and the boys in the trenches never had worse crawling down the back than me at that minute, coming as it did right on top of writing in, opposite to B, income from salary—you know—$60,000.

The silence which followed was even worse. And I sat there sort of frozen, while expecting a bomb would go off any minute. And sixty thousand is a lot of money; but anyone which investigated the true facts could quickly see that I earn every cent of it. And, anyways, brains has a right to the bigger share, not to mention ability; and if the way I worked myself up from the lower classes ain't proof of what can be done single-handed in America I don't know what is. And anybody which works as hard and lives as decent as I done can do the same—not that I want to hand myself anything extra; only, speaking personally, I am in a position to know.

But, just the same, I wasn't reasoning at the minute, and the justice, as you might say, of my case didn't occur to me until later. As I sat there trying to remember to think, the voice yells it again; only this time with additions.

"Anarchy! Love Anarchy! Pretzel!"

And then I realized it was that parrot belonging to the new cook.

Can you imagine my feelings on top of my suspicions of her? You can! I got up and went into the kitchen to see if a bomb was maybe being prepared for our dinner; but not at all. The kitchen was scrubbed, to the last tile; something that smelled simply grand was baking; the white hyacinths was in the sun on the window sill; and Anna was humming under her breath while she rolled out dough.

The radical parrot was shut up; but only as to mouth, he being loose and walking about the top of the clothes wringer, making himself very much at home and giving me *some* evil look as I came in.

"Aren't you afraid he'll get away?" I says.

"Huh?" says Anna, stopping rolling and blinking at me.

"Lose him—parrot!" I says, pointing to him and flapping my arms like wings.

"Fritz?" she said. "Na Fritz like liberty!"

And that was all I could get out of her. I stuck round for a few minutes more, until Anna commenced to give me the cook's eye, that bird backing her up and sneering at me while dancing slowly on the wringer, but not moving a step. So I got out and back to the parlor,

(Continued on Page 137)

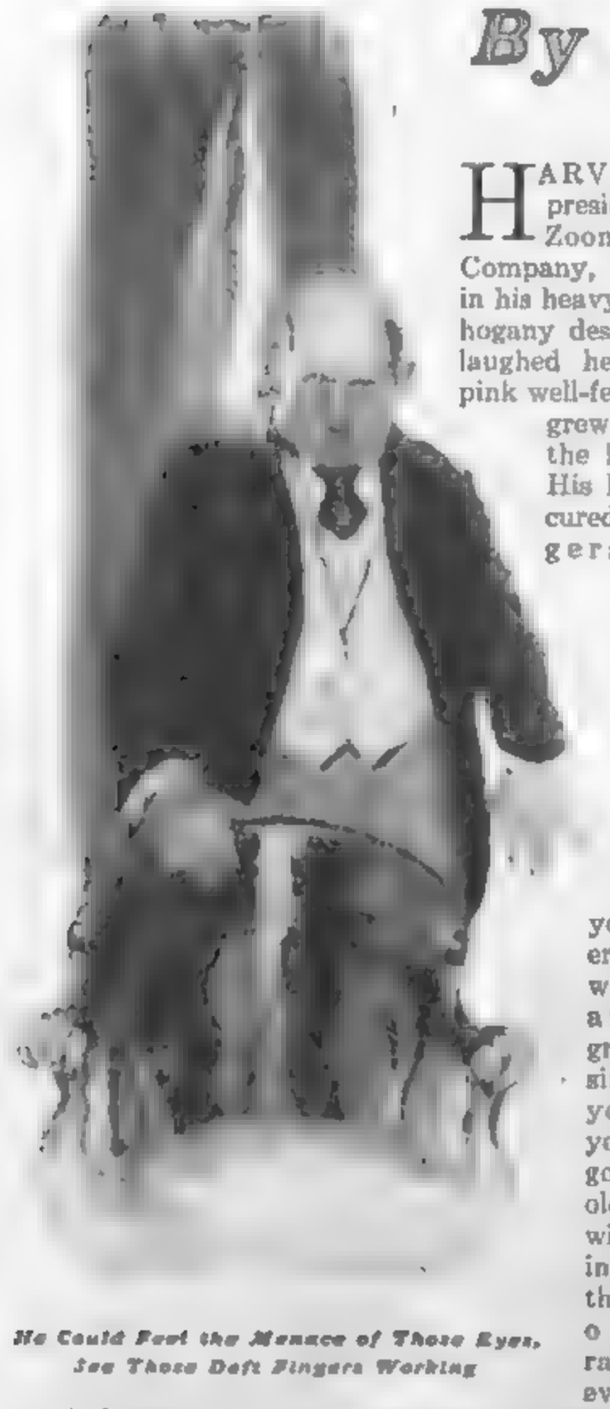
"Hey! Get Me a Pail of Water—Quick!" Says the Cop. I Did It

THE SUCKER LIST

It Works Both Ways From the Middle

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD



He Could Feel the Menace of Those Eyes, See Those Deft Fingers Working

HARVEY ZOOM, president of the Zoom Securities Company, leaned back in his heavy ornate mahogany desk chair and laughed heartily. His pink well-fed round face grew carmine with the humor of it. His highly manicured pudgy fingers patted the huge desk with its heavy bronze furnishings in appreciative glee.

"Honest, Harry," he chuckled, "no wonder you ain't never got on in the world—you ain't progressed a bit since I saw you fifteen years ago. You got the same old 1904 model with the door in the back an' the wheel out over the radiator an' everything."

His listener, tall and thin, with a funereal droop of mouth and eyelid, run a thin hand down a shiny stretch of black trousers and sighed deeply.

"I ain't got any kind of an automobile," he stated very clearly, as if the other had misunderstood. "I'm broke."

"Sure you are, Harry—an' why? You didn't understand what I meant when I was talkin' about automobiles. I was only making a comparison, y'understand. I know you ain't what you might call bubbling over with prosperity." Here Mr. Zoom eyed his heavily braided morning coat and striped trousers with complacent ease. "But it's like I told you when I saw you back in Omaha in 1904. If you're a retailer you take all the risks an' only get retail profits, an' if you're a wholesaler you take wholesale profits an' no risks whatever, absolutely. But no, Harry, you couldn't see it."

Mr. Zoom shook his head regretfully.

"No, I couldn't." The funereal one seemed to lose part of his lassitude in the vigor of the answer. "I was an honest crook. You know what I mean"—as Mr. Zoom smiled. "I never sold a widow anything phony—even if it was only a bottle of hair restorer. I never conned a man with a dozen kids and a few hundred dollars saved up to try an' let the bank mortgage a farm for him. I never put the work on somebody that was sick. I only conned those that could stand it."

Mr. Zoom allowed his round salmon face to cloud to a slightly darker shade.

"You don't mean to—to make any connection between that an' the securities business, do you?" he inquired.

"I ain't making any connections," said Harry.

"Because if you are," continued Mr. Zoom, "you got the entirely wrong angle on the securities business. You told me when you come in that you was no longer taking any chances with the lock-step an' the little stone pile. Well, neither am I, Harry." Mr. Zoom let his chest expand in conscious pride. "I ain't pulled one single solitary crooked deal in fifteen years. When I came up to this town from Omaha, after that Green Bear oil deal, I had thirty-eight thousand dollars, an' that grand jury indictment wasn't worth the paper what it was written on, y'understand.

"Well, the first thing I did, Harry, was to go an' hire one of the best sets of office suites in the best office building and opened up the office of the Zoom Securities Company. I furnished it up like a first-class harem. Then, Harry, I went out an' hired the best advertising man that I could find—not one of these squeamish fellas, but a fella that understands that business is business, y'understand. Then him and me got together an' put up every cent that was left practically, into a country newspaper campaign to sell stock in the Triangle Divide Oil Company. An' there was nothing phony about it, y'understand? There was such a company an' they did own land on which they expected to drill for oil. Not that they drilled right away of course. Ha, ha!"

"Meaning that they knew pretty well that there was no oil down there, eh?"

Mr. Zoom laughed again. It was good to laugh when one wore the smoothest of salmon-pink complexions and the neatest fitting of morning coats.

"How should we know?" he boomed. "We ain't supposed to know what's under the earth, are we? We ask the oil company if they expect to strike oil an' they say yes, they do, an' then we tell our suck—clients about it. Beside it we print in big letters all the money that a hundred dollars has made in certain well-known big companies an' what good chances Triangle Divide has to duplicate, y'understand."

The other nodded understandingly.

"I suppose," he said lugubriously, "you take Liberty Bonds an' everything?"

"Sure! Why take only four per cent when you can get maybe a hundred per cent if the Triangle Divide Company strikes oil?"

"From a dry hole."

"How should we know that? We tell them the company ain't struck any oil yet—but if they do strike a great big well, why, they will make a hundred per cent easy—an' they will!"

"The Government is gettin' pretty watchful now, they——"

"Sure they are," Mr. Zoom held up a wagging, fleshy forefinger. "An' so are we. We don't advertise our stocks in the papers any more. Not us, Harry. All our money spent in that direction has already brought in all the returns what we need. All our advertising money now goes into paper an' envelopes and a coupla good salaries. We—we got something that gets us where we want to go without no fuss or feathers—an' there ain't a noise in it."

The other, whose last name was Trimble, nodded admiringly.

"You always were a cuckoo for neatness and dispatch."

Mr. Zoom nodded complacently. "That's me all over," he acquiesced.

"But what's the scheme, Harvey?"

Mr. Zoom leaned forward and crossed two perfectly creased arms before him on the desk. "It's the sucker list! The greatest sucker list in the country, Harry. A list that cost us twenty-five thousand dollars to get, y'understand—an' it's a list that's worth a hundred thousand of anybody's money."

"Huh!"

"Think of it, Harry: Thousands of names all over the country from little ol' N' York to Fresno, an' from Fort Worth to Painesville, Ohio. All prize come-ons! Every one a simon-pure boob! We pared that list down ninety per cent to get only those who never kicked an' were good hopers—just so's we have only the woolliest sheep that ever got parted from wool that they didn't have the brains to keep."

A grim line crept about Mr. Trimble's mouth, a line that Mr. Zoom, busy chuckling, did not notice.

"Don't they ever tumble?"

"Tumble? Sure they tumble once in a while. But what good does it do them? In their own home town they don't dare to say anything for fear all the rest of the town will laugh at them. An' then if they come up here to see me—well I ask you, Harry, from the old days, what chance have they got except to be pushed gently out of the office if they get too loud an' rough?"

"But the old suckers, the ones that bite time after time, don't they ever get wise?" Mr. Trimble said it with a certain tenseness

In answer Mr. Zoom pressed a button beside his desk.

"Charlie, bring me that file with all the Murray correspondence in it."

The Figure Across the Way Finished Cleaning the Blue Steel Barrel and Rested It Across His Knee

A moment later with the bulky envelope before him he shuffled the contents and began:

"This guy Murray," he prefaced, "lives out in a little jerk town in Nevada—some little mining town. Honest, Harry, I can just see him now. I can almost draw a picture of him. You know—long white hair an' an old black slouch hat pulled down over his eyes—you know, Harry, like you see in the movies—reg'lar old Forty-Niner, y'understand. We caught him pretty nearly ten years ago. Here's the way his first letter goes:

Gold Hill, Nev.

ZOOM SECURITIES COMPANY.

Esquires: Please enclosed find $1700 [draft] for 2000 shares in Gilly River Extension Stock. Please mail same to G. Murray care of Gold Hill Post Office and oblige.

G. MURRAY.

Mr. Zoom handed the letter across the desk. "That's the way he got started," he explained; "an' on an' off for over all that time we've been selling him that sheep stuff, an' when he'd write in an' ask about the dividends or something he always got a nice letter with some clever excuse from our publicity department, y'understand—but now—why, we got to take his name off the list."

"Why?" inquired Mr. Trimble quietly.

Mr. Zoom brushed hurriedly through the file to reach the last few letters. He handed the first to Mr. Trimble.

"Read that!" he commanded.

Gold Hill, Nev.

ZOOM SECURITIES COMPANY.

Esquires: I am an honest man; ask anyone in Gold Hill. I invested all the savings of the last fifteen years through your company on a lot of promises that ain't come true. Am now inclosing all my stocks, which cost me $11,250 and ask that you send me a check at once.

G. MURRAY.

P. S. Send check to G. Murray, Gold Hill Post Office.

Mr. Zoom handed over another, written three weeks later.

Gold Hill, Nev.

ZOOM SECURITIES COMPANY.

Esquires: After three weeks have received your letter saying that you cannot buy back my stocks purchased of you. Out here we don't do business that way. You have ten days to mail said check, otherwise I'll start east.

G. MURRAY.

P. S. Mail check to G. Murray, Gold Hill Post Office.

"This is the last one." Mr. Zoom handed it across the desk.

Gold Hill, Nev.

ZOOM SECURITIES COMPANY.

Esquires: I'm coming. G MURRAY.

"Well," inquired Mr. Trimble, "what are you goin' to do when he shows up?"

Mr. Zoom laughed softly. "I ain't goin' to do nothing," he said softly. "Why should I? He'll come up to the office an' I won't see him. That'll settle that. If he gets too fresh we'll hafta throw him out. What can he do?" Mr. Zoom laughed again. "Can't you see him? The poor old mossback with his white long hair wandering round this town like a lost sheep. It'll be back to Gold Hill for G. Murray."

"Yeh?" said Mr. Trimble.

"Yeh," stated Mr. Zoom. "Ten thousand dollars outta me? Why, say, Harry, you oughta know me well enough to know that getting a dollar away from me ain't any harder than frying one of these elephants with a burning glass."

Mr. Trimble nodded.

"I always knew that," he stated; and then, as if struck by another thought: "Ain't it funny, Harvey, but I seen this picture of you in those advertisements, an' it ain't like you at all."

Another soft laugh. "'Course you wouldn't know me in that picture," Mr. Zoom chuckled. "I had an artist make up one of those fancy pen-an'-ink sketches—you know, of typical big-business men—eyeglasses with a ribbon, an' all that."

"But ——"

"If anyone said anything," Mr. Zoom hastened to explain, "it wasn't my fault if the artist didn't make the picture to look like me, was it?"

Mr. Trimble nodded as if this cleared up some long mooted question of his mind. "I see," he said.

The telephone tinkled. Mr. Trimble stood up and brushed his shabby black coat. "Well—I guess I'll be moving," he said.

Mr. Zoom stood up. "Gladda seen ya, Harry," he said. "If you're broke—why —— Not that I got any large amounts around just now" hastily as the other started to speak—"but if a five will help you out, why ——"

Mr. Trimble laughed bitterly. "I'm broke all right—but not that bad," he said slowly. "Besides, I got a little deal on that may lift me out of the hole an' put me back where I was."

"Well, good luck, Harry—an' remember what I told you—don't be a retailer."

Mr. Trimble looked straight at the president of the Zoom Securities Company.

"I won't be," he promised slowly; "you can bet your last dollar on that!"

II

ONCE more we find Mr. Harvey Zoom leaning back in the ornate mahogany desk chair—but he is not laughing heartily. Instead a slight frown of annoyance sits, slack-saddle, across his usually serene brow. He is patting the soft green desk blotter with nervous bulbous fingers. Before the broad mahogany desk Binney, the ferret-eyed office manager, rubbed his hands softly.

"Yes, Mr. Zoom," he said, as if repeating some previous statement, "there ain't any doubt about it but it's him."

"Didn't he give a card?"

"No, he just said 'G. Murray.'"

Mr. Zoom grunted. Occurrences such as this were not infrequent in the offices of the Zoom Securities Company, and all annoyed Mr. Zoom exceedingly. They disturbed the even tenor of an otherwise entirely satisfactory life. They splashed the tranquil waters of Mr. Zoom's nature. It irked him.

"Well," he shouted, "why do you stand there like a fool lookin' at me? Why didn't you tell him that I was entirely too busy to see him? Why didn't you send him away yourself without coming in here to me an' rubbing your hands, huh?"

Mr. Binney rubbed his hands the harder in his agitation.

"I—I—I was going to—Mr. Zoom, an' then—I—I ——"

"Well," roared Mr. Zoom, "what are you I-ing about? What ya mean by that, huh?"

Mr. Binney's hands grew red with friction.

"It's—it's—something about his eyes," he stuttered; "they—they scare you."

"They what? What d'ya mean by such kind of foolish talk? They scare you! Why, honest, Binney, if I didn't know you like a book, y'understand, an' know that you didn't have any more heart than a stone or something, I'd think you was some old woman dressed up to look like a man."

The chief clerk shrugged his shoulders. "Just the same," he muttered, "it's like what I said. He—he ——"

Mr. Zoom jumped to his feet and pounded the desk vigorously

"He's an' ol' mossback!" he shouted; "an' so are you—you ol' fool. What can he do to us? He can't get anything from us in a court. You still got brains enough left to know that, ain't you? You know this ain't out West, where he'd be a fish in his own water, don't you? Honest, you make me laugh. Now listen"—Mr. Zoom raised a menacing forefinger—"you go out there to this fella an' tell him Mr. Zoom is too busy to see him and he's going to be too busy to see him, an' that we can't do anything for him an' that if he comes round again we will have to call in the police. Y'understand, Binney?"

Mr. Binney nodded sullenly. "Just the same," he ended, "you didn't see his eyes."

The president of the Zoom Securities Company sat down heavily. He thought of the picture of G. Murray that he had drawn so fancifully for Harry Trimble. In the West Mr. Zoom had confined his attentions early in life to the prosperous farmers of Nebraska and to the south, but he had read of the men of the mining districts and the plains. Roughnecks with slouch hats, and handkerchiefs about their necks. Ruthless men, according to the books and magazines—handy with rifles and things like that. Mr. Zoom gazed thoughtfully at the soft green desk blotter and wondered about the rifles; and as he wondered a crafty look crept into his eyes.

Mr. Binney was just closing the door reluctantly.

"Binney!" he called. "Come here!"

Mr. Binney came.

"I was just thinkin' that maybe after all it would be better if we let him down a little easy—eh? Some of those Westerners are kinda quick. Suppose—suppose you just tell him that Mr. Zoom has gone out of the city for a coupla weeks or so."

Mr. Binney brightened slightly. "Maybe that will help a little bit," he admitted; "but—but still—I—I don't ——"

"You don't what?" snapped Mr. Zoom.

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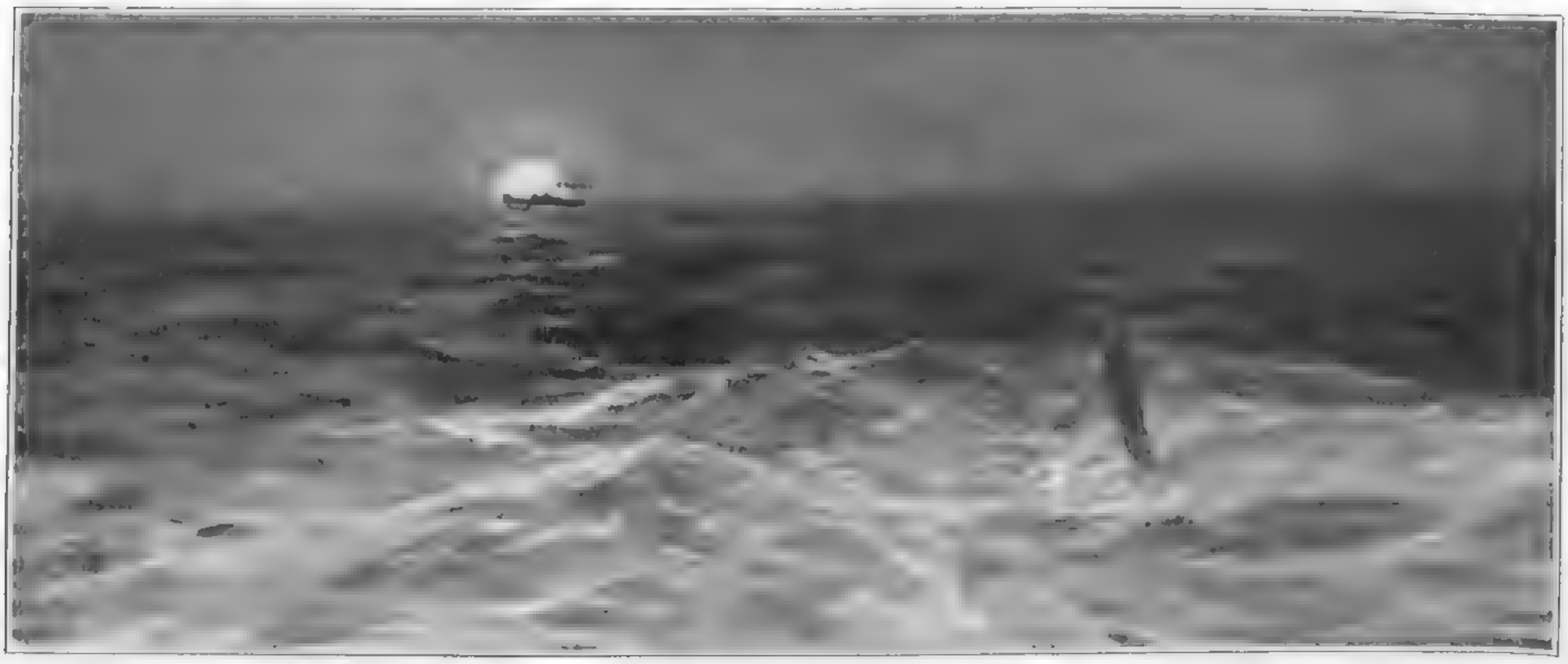
"You Make Me Tired!" He Jeered. "What's That Stuff Got to Do With Us, Huh? We Ain't Swindling Anybody, are We?"

SHIPS — By WILL IRWIN



ONE spring day in 1917 a little old-fashioned Clyde-built yacht of an oceangoing steamer was approaching the Spanish Coast. That was the month when the submarine campaign, as we know now, very nearly succeeded; for two days our wireless had been picking up S O S calls from all quarters of the ocean. We ourselves flew the Spanish flag, which rendered us nominally immune, but there was no telling what the boche would do in his present mood, especially since we carried several French and American personages of importance. Besides, those seas were full of floating mines, and a mine is no respecter of neutral flags. So we sat on deck that day, watching the Azores fade into the distance, and kept our thoughts off the main subject of interest by knocking the ship, which was far from a palace. And a personage among us so eminent that he cannot be quoted wandered from the subject to let his fancy play on ships in general.

"There ought to be an epic for a Kipling sometime," he said, "in the moral degradation and social downfall of a ship. She begins, young and beautiful, as a crack transatlantic liner, plying between New York and Liverpool or Southampton. Everything on the seas steps out of the way and takes off its hat when she passes. She's never delayed when she wants to dock—it's a case of make way for the lady. She's the queen of the seas; and almost any fine night when she's in port you will see her crew fighting over aspersions on her speed and accommodations or other slights on her honor."

The Fallen Ships of Port Arthur

"THE first stage in her downfall is when they transfer her to the Mediterranean run—New York and Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa. She's a lady and in society still, but after all a little *déclassée*. A few years of this, and she slides back a step farther; it's either some South American run or the Near East—the Indian Ocean and Java, say. That's equivalent to the boarding-house hall room and shabby-gentility. Then it's the slums for hers—the Far East. The last stage preceding coma and sudden death on some rock is when they make the poor old girl a coal boat on the China Coast.

"I never knew but one family of ships to fall lower than that. I was interested once in a company that had some coal boats on the China Coast, and the Japanese during their war with Russia bought six of them to fill with cement and sink at the entrance of Port Arthur Harbor."

I have thought of this whimsical dissertation a great many times since as I listened to the gossip of the busy little Atlantic and witnessed the social vicissitudes of its shipping. The war did strange things to many human lives; people who never could make good in peace succeeded; many successes of peacetime failed. Fine ladies soaked their pretty pink skins in the oil and steel filings of munition factories, and shopgirls sat on war boards with countesses. So it was with those machines to which in all times mankind has given human attributes—ships.

For example, take the rehabilitation of the St. Paul and St. Louis, which proudly flew the American flag all through the war. They were launched in the early nineties. At the time we were making a sporadic attempt to put American shipping back on the seas. Congress granted a mail subsidy; and we built these two vessels in American yards as the last cry. They had an enormous tonnage for those days—ten thousand net. They were of a hitherto unapproached luxuriousness, including several staterooms with private bath. But the amazing thing was their speed. Trip in and trip out, they made Liverpool from New York, given halfway decent weather, in seven days. "The greyhounds of the Atlantic" someone called them—it was the first time we heard that term. When the Spanish War came they were taken from the Atlantic run, rechristened the Harvard and Yale, and did service as scout cruisers for our fleet.

When, in 1899, they put off their uniforms of gray and reëntered civilian life the times were already drifting past them. The British and Germans had noted the advantages of speed combined with comfort and size. Tonnage shot up from ten to eighteen to thirty to forty thousand. The modest cabin with private bath evolved to suites with sitting room and sun balcony. The social cabin of the St. Paul and St. Louis grew into sun parlors and shipboard cafés; there were even, before the war, gymnasiums, swimming baths and elevators. Speed finally was increased until seven-day boats were as common as trawlers, and the Lusitania and Mauretania were doing the New York–Fishguard run in less than five days.

Just before the war—in 1912, if I remember—the St. Paul and St. Louis took the first downward step. It did not yet involve the growing social obscurity of the Mediterranean run. It was more as though a fine lady should sink to that position in society where she is often invited but is expected to help with the entertainment and the flowers. They were made second-class boats, carrying only one class of passengers above the steerage. They, who had borne princes, potentates and plutocrats, were now carriers for school-teachers taking that one long-waited trip to Europe, for the chauffeurs of millionaires who had sailed in larger and more fashionable craft, for other persons obliged to travel cheaply. Barring unexpected accident from reef, storm or collision it seemed that the Mediterranean and at last the slums of the China Coast were approaching for them.

I was on the St. Paul during her first eastward trip after the declaration of war, and I should have known what was going to happen to the old girl. On our full passenger list were, as I remember it, one duchess, three peeresses, one earl, two barons, five or six plain sirs and ladies, three generals, and millionaires and celebrities too numerous for mention. From that moment dated the social rehabilitation of the St. Paul. The Germans protested all along that they had no intention of sinking passenger vessels under the American flag. Though no one had much confidence in any German protestation these ships were considered at least relatively safe—and he who took unnecessary chances in this war was a reckless fool. Probably no vessels in the history of the Atlantic ever carried more eminence, ability and wealth than they in the ensuing four years.

However, they did not reach full rehabilitation until 1915. A few of the big, fast and luxurious craft were still in the passenger trade during the first autumn and winter. The war had proceeded for several months before the splendid Olympic, which did the run in six days, was made over for a transport. The Mauretania became a troopship at the very beginning. Her sister, the Lusitania, as the whole world knows, was barbarously sunk in May, 1915. With that disaster all the fast European liners disappeared from civilian traffic. No British, French or Dutch vessel capable of better than eight days remained in the merchant marine. And the St. Paul and St. Louis, reeling off the summer run in seven days, became once more—the greyhounds of the Atlantic!

A year or so later they became by the turn of fate not only society leaders but figures in history—war heroines if you will. In February, 1917, the Germans issued the declaration of unlimited submarine warfare. They specifically exempted the passenger vessels of the American Line, including the St. Louis, the St. Paul, and their equally fast British-built sisters, the Philadelphia and New York. It was provided that they might run still, if they left and made port on a certain given day and if they painted themselves in a ridiculous coat of red and white stripes.

To Sea, But Not in Clown Rig

IN SEAFARING circles this insolent German declaration made men clench their fists and cry for war. The thought of our liners—our only passenger liners—sailing the Atlantic lanes in that clown rig, while British tramps, French liners and even Norwegian coal boats gave them the hoot through their sirens—it was too much. All Yankee sailors girded themselves to the defense of their four manorial ladies—two native and two naturalized. When the St. Paul and St. Louis sailed again they were not in the clown rig which the Germans had proposed, but in the gray-and-camouflage uniform of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the United States Navy.

Week after week from that time forth they reeled off their seven or eight days' run, all portholes tight shut from sunset to sunrise, smoking forbidden on deck, lifeboats outboard through the danger zone, and destroyers scouring their course to depth-bomb the insulters of a lady's honor. And mighty good service they gave too!

In a year or so more, I suppose, they will have fallen again into obscurity. When the St. Paul, now resting up from her drowning accident, becomes convalescent, she will find herself once more on the fringes of society. But the old girls have come back and had their fling; and even if in the end they fall to the slums of the China Coast they'll remember that they have lived—oh boy, but they have lived!

The French Line, too, had her comebacks, though her rehabilitated ladies did not quite write themselves into history like ours. La France was the star French boat; commissioned in 1912, she shared with the Olympic, of the British White Star Line, and the Aquitania, of the Cunard, the honors of the ocean for luxury and finish.

She did her last civilian turn of the war before the end of 1914, and went into troop carrying. The fine first-class Touraine followed her. That left the Rochambeau, the Chicago and the Lorraine, all second-class boats before the war, to make the passenger run between Bordeaux and New York; to them was added L'Espagne, which the company transferred from the South American run. They too carried the great and wealthy who used to scorn anything short of a private suite on a six-day boat, and were now glad of a chance to pack themselves four in a cabin. Though this line, which runs both passenger vessels and freighters to all parts of the world, suffered severely through the submarine campaign its Bordeaux–New York packets were never touched. Regularly they zigzagged into the mouth of the Gironde, dropped anchor opposite Le Verdon to the "Whew!" of relief from a full passenger list; and regularly they slipped out again with their merry Breton crew grouped about the forward gun, dramatically scanning the far horizon.

This luck of the French steamers did not escape the notice of the Parisian gossip. The reassuring report spread that these steamers never would be touched, because the Germans needed them. In the first place, said Paris, the spies traveled on them. In the second place they carried the American-Swiss mails, by which the Germans slipped through their cipher messages. It happened, however, that these steamers were attacked. In the summer of 1917 a torpedo came whirring down the ocean and narrowly missed the bows of L'Espagne. In the cabin of the Rochambeau is a testimonial of the passengers to the captain for his gallant defense of the vessel when attacked by a submarine with gunfire. For an hour he fought the German, shot for shot, with bow and stern rifles, in the meantime maneuvering so cleverly that he got his ship away with no damage except a smashed rail, and with no loss of life.

The Luck of the Liners of France

A FEW voyages later a friend of mine traveling on the Rochambeau rose early the first morning out, opened his porthole and started to shave. He glanced outside—and a periscope was looking him right in the face. With one half of his face shaved and the other lathered he started aloft. As he mounted the companionway he was thrown off his feet by the sudden shift and roll of the vessel, and when he reached the deck the world was shrouded in a haze like a London fog. The bridge had seen the periscope, had altered the course, and had thrown out a smoke screen. So quickly did the smoke spread that no one is sure whether or not the submarine fired a torpedo. The theory of the Rochambeau is that Fritz, without any specific hostile intention, had come up for a morning breath of air, and that the surprise was mutual.

However, Parisian gossip did not miss this fine chance! The last time I heard this story, in a boulevard café, the narrator said: "And the boche opened his hatches and yelled through a megaphone: 'If we'd known it was you we wouldn't have come up!'"

As a matter of fact the French liners on the New York run probably escaped partly through the wide seas which the Bay of Biscay offered them for maneuvering and partly through the extraordinary if original seamanship of their skippers and officers—Bretons mostly, which is saying enough. Being Frenchmen their tendency was always to go it alone. They loathed by instinct the convoy system as too mechanical and hampering to one's style. It was arranged that a torpedo-boat convoy should always meet them a day or so out from Gironde. When, as sometimes happens in the best regulated of navies, the convoy missed connections those Breton skippers, it is said, gave a whoop of joy, shut down their wireless and went their own chosen way to the Gironde light.

Further, being Frenchmen, they did everything with a fine appropriate air of drama. The first two days on the westward run convinced the most careless passenger that he was sailing imperiled seas. From Bordeaux one ran twenty miles down the long estuary of the Gironde. Opposite Le Verdon, just inside the estuary mouth, the ship anchored. The crew of course had been making a genial drama of the work of getting under way; three Frenchmen cannot dig a ditch without a lot of conversation and human fuss; and six French sailors coiling ropes on deck make grand opera look quiet and colorless.

But when the anchor dropped at Le Verdon the drama took a deeper note. Stewards went round soaping the mirrors in the corridors and cabins, so that no gleam of reflected light might shine by night through a carelessly opened door. Stewardesses followed, pasting strips of paper over these same mirrors, to prevent harm from flying slivers of glass. The Breton gunners sprang to their pieces for target practice. Bang! A shell from the bow gun went clean over the target two miles away—a bad miss.

An extraordinary pantomime from the group round the gun. The officer was asking if his infants of that gun realized that we were in a war—an actual veritable war. Did the gentlemen of the bow gun realize that they were shooting at submarines, not seagulls? Kindly load now, my children, and be more careful this time! The backs of the crew, as they bent to their loading, registered intense depression. Bang! from the stern gun—and a spurt of water rose from the foot of the target, while the deckhands and the French passengers cheered, and the crew looked as though on the slightest provocation they would remove their pomponed caps and bow. Fore and aft the guns fired for a quarter of an hour, until the target was demolished; then the whistle and bell called to lifeboat drill.

We must all turn out for that, with our life preservers in place. The officers flew about seeing that every buckle of every preserver was sound and set, advising the ladies, admonishing the men.

"Gentlemen," said the officer of one boat to which I was assigned, "you are Frenchmen, Englishmen and Americans. I do not need to tell you to be brave, but only to obey orders. As for the ladies, we will take care of them!"

I am not sure but that all this was one of those unconventional but effective methods by which the French got results. The timid were not sailing the seas between 1914 and 1918. In the great Atlantic disasters during this period of sea murder there is no record of a panic. The problem was not to make the passengers keep their heads but to persuade them to observe ordinary precaution.

By the time the anchor chain began running rhythmically again and the whistle bade good-by to France the most unimaginative passenger knew that we were in a submarine war, and that his vessel, as well as the next one, stood to be sunk without warning during the coming forty-eight hours.

Well, returning to the subject, these second-class packets of the French Line, which burst into society when La France and La Touraine went into munitions, had also their day. I see one of them, years hence, when her inevitable moral downfall has set in, making an Oriental port, a little unsteady with the smuggled brandy in her forecastle, somewhat dopey with the contraband opium in her Chinese quarters.

A Lady With Eight Service Stripes

I HEAR her croaking from her aged joints to junks, mud scows and upstart windjammers: "Get out of my way; I've got eight service stripes on my funnel, I have. I ran the Atlantic submarine zone for four years and never dented a plate, I did. I was a swell, I was. I carried the aristocracy, I did. You poor damn pieces of kelp, get out of my way before I butt you out of my way! I'm a lady—get that? I'm a lady!"

The ship on which, last March, I finished my voyaging to and from the war had a rather different social history. She was born to the purple and will resume the purple when she puts off her war-work uniform. She was the Aquitania, of the Cunard Line. Like her rival, the Olympic, of the White Star, like the two giant German liners which we seized and put to work as captives, she was the last cry in the luxury of private suites, gymnasiums, sun parlors and cafés. She was the mammoth of the British mercantile marine. On all the seven seas only one German liner was larger. She was designed to make the transatlantic run in less than six days. In the first month of the war she enlisted. Before October, 1914, the British Army had ripped out of her three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of fittings and turned her into a hospital ship. In that capacity she sailed the Mediterranean during the Dardanelles campaign. By the summer of 1917, when submarine warfare reached an intensity never before dreamed of, the Germans began shooting up hospital ships. It was well understood that with their heavy-handed sense of drama they would try above all things to get the star vessels of the various Allied transatlantic lines—like the Olympic, La France and this same Aquitania. Even the Holland-American Line, though its vessels had a guaranteed free passage, laid up its great Rotterdam in harbor.

The British Navy—which, by the way, had a wonderful system of intelligence—learned that the Germans were making a special attempt to get the Aquitania. They determined to take no more chances with her. So for a year she lay behind booms and mine fields in the Solent. When the armistice came she was refitted again. Furnished forth with

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SALVAGE: A TISH STORY

II

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WE KNEW, of course, that Tish's fine brain was working on the problem of rescuing Charlie Sands; and Mr. Burton was on the whole rather keen about it.

"I've got to get a German officer some way," he said. "She's probably planning now to see Von Hindenburg about Sands. She generally aims high, I've discovered. And in that case I rather fancy myself taking the old chap back to Hilda as a souvenir." He then reflected and scowled. "But she'd be flirting with him in ten minutes, damn her!" he added.

Tish refused both sympathy and conversation during the afternoon.

On Aggie's offering her both she merely said: "Go away and leave me alone, for heaven's sake. He is perfectly safe. I only hope he took his toothbrush, that's all."

It is a proof of Tish's gift of concentration that she thought out her plan so thoroughly under the circumstances, for the valley was shelled all that afternoon. We found an abandoned battery position and the three of us took refuge in it, leaving Tish outside knitting calmly. It was a poor place, but by taking in our folding table and chairs we made it fairly comfortable, and Mr. Burton taught us a most interesting game of cards, in which one formed pairs and various combinations, and counted with coffee beans. If one had four of any one kind one took all the beans.

Unfortunately at That Moment Aggie Slipped and Slid Into the Room Feet First in a Sitting Posture

It was dusk when Tish appeared in the doorway, and we noticed that she wore a look of grim determination.

"I have been to the top of the hill," she said, "and I believe that I know now the terrain thoroughly. In case my first plan fails we may be compelled to desperate measures—but I find my present situation intolerable. Never before has a member of my family been taken by an enemy. We die, but we do not surrender."

"You can speak for your own family, then," Aggie said. "I've got a family, too, but it's got sense enough to surrender when necessary. And if you think Libby Prison was any treat to my grandfather ——"

Tish ignored her.

"It is my intention," she went on, "to appeal to the general of his division to rescue my nephew and thus wipe out the stain on the family honor. Failing that, I am prepared to go to any length." Here she eyed Aggie coldly. "It is no time for craven spirits," she said. "We may be arrested and court-martialed for being so near the Front, to say nothing of what may eventuate in case of a refusal. I intend to leave no stone unturned, but I think it only fair to ask for a vote of confidence. Those in the affirmative will please signify by saying 'aye.'"

"Aye," I said stoutly. I would not fail my dear Tish in such a crisis. Aggie followed me a moment later, but feebly, and Mr. Burton said: "I don't like the idea any more than I do my right eye. Why bother with the general? I'm for going to V—— and breaking up the pinochle game, and bringing home the bacon in the shape of a Hun or two."

However, I have reason to think that he was joking, and that subsequent events startled him considerably, for I remember that when it was all over and we were in safety once again he kept saying over and over in a dazed voice: "Well, can you beat it? Can you beat it?"

In some way Tish had heard, from a battery on the hill, I think, that headquarters was at the foot of the hill on the other side. She made her plans accordingly.

"As soon as darkness has fallen," she said to Mr. Burton, "we three women shall visit the commanding officer and there make our plea—without you, as it will be necessary to use all the softening feminine influence possible. One of two things will then occur: Either he will rescue my nephew or—I shall."

"Now see here, Miss Tish," he protested, "you're not going to leave me out of it altogether, are you? You wouldn't break my heart, would you? Besides, you'll need me. I'm a specialist at rescuing nephews. I—I've rescued thousands of nephews in my time."

Well, she'd marked out a place that would have been a crossroads if the German shells had left any road, and she said if she failed with the C. O. he was to meet us there, with two baskets of cigarettes for the men in the trenches.

"Cigarettes!" he said. "What help will they be against the enemy? Unless you mean to wait until they've smoked themselves to death."

"Underneath the cigarettes," Tish went on calmly, "you will have a number of grenades. If only we could repair that machine gun!" she reflected. "I dare say I can salvage an automatic rifle or two," she finished; "though large-sized firecrackers would do. The real thing is to make a noise."

"We might get some paper bags and burst them," suggested Mr. Burton; "and if you feel that music would add to the martial effect I can play fairly well on a comb."

It was perhaps nine o'clock when we reached the crest of the hill, and had Tish not thoughtfully brought her wire cutters along I do not believe we would have succeeded in teaching headquarters. We got there finally, however, and it was in a cellar and—though I do not care to reflect on our gallant army—not as tidy as it should have been. Mr. Burton having remained behind temporarily the three of us made our way to the entrance, and Tish was almost bayoneted by a sentry there, who was nervous because of a number of shells falling in the vicinity.

"Take that thing away!" she said with superb scorn, pointing to the bayonet. "I don't want a hole in the only uniform I've got, young man. Watch your head, Lizzie!"

"The saints protect us!" said the sentry. "Women! Three women!"

Tish and I went down the muddy incline into the cellar, and two officers who were sitting there playing cribbage looked at us and then stood up with a surprised expression.

Tish had assumed a most lofty attitude, and picking out the general with an unfailing eye she saluted and said: "Only the most urgent matters would excuse my intrusion, sir. I ——"

Unfortunately at that moment Aggie slipped and slid into the room feet first in a sitting posture. She brought up rather dazed against the table, and for a moment both officers were too surprised to offer her any assistance. Tish and I picked her up, and she fell to sneezing violently, so that it was some time before the conversation was resumed. It was the general who resumed it.

"This is very flattering," he said in a cold voice, "but if you ladies will explain how you got here I'll make it interesting for somebody."

Suddenly the colonel who was with him said: "Suffering Crimus! It can't be! And yet—it certainly is!"

We looked at him, and it was the colonel who had been so interested in Charlie Sands at the training camp. We all shook hands with him, and he offered us chairs, and said to the general: "These are the ladies I have told you about, sir, with the nephew. You may recall the helpful suggestions sent to the Secretary of War and forwarded back to me by the General Staff. I have always wanted to explain about those dish towels, ladies. You see, you happened on us at a bad time. Our dish towels had come, but though neatly hemmed they lacked the small tape in the corner by which to hang them up. I therefore ——"

"Oh, keep still!" said the general in an angry tone. "Now, what brings you women here?"

"My nephew has been taken prisoner," Tish said coldly. "I want to know merely whether you propose to do anything about it or intend to sit here in comfort and do nothing."

He became quite red in the face at this allusion to the cribbage board, et cetera, and at first seemed unable to speak.

"Quietly, man," said the colonel. "Remember your blood pressure."

"Damn my blood pressure!" said the general in a thick tone.

I must refuse to relate the conversation that followed—hardly conversation, indeed, as at the end the general did all the talking. . . .

At last, however, he paused for breath, and Tish said very quietly: "Then I am to understand that you refuse to do anything about my nephew?"

"Who is your nephew?"

"Charlie Sands."

"And who's Charlie Sands?"

"My nephew," said Tish.

He said nothing to this, but shouted abruptly in a loud voice: "Orderly! Raise that curtain and let some air into this rat hole."

Then he turned to the colonel and said: "Thompson, you're younger than I am. I've got a family, and my blood pressure's high. I'm going out to make a tour of the observation posts."

"Coward!" said the colonel to him in a low tone.

The colonel was very pleasant to us when the other man had gone. The general was his brother-in-law, he said, and rather nervous because they hadn't had a decent meal for a week.

"The only thing that settles his nerves is cribbage," he explained. "It helps his morale. Now—let us think about getting you back to safety. I'd offer you our humble hospitality, but somebody got in here to-day and stole the duckboard I've been sleeping on, and I can't offer you the general's cellar door. He's devoted to it."

"What if we refuse to go back?" Tish demanded. "We've taken a risky trip for a purpose, and I don't give up easily, young man. I'm inclined to sit here until that general promises to do something."

His face changed.

"Oh, now see here," he said in an appealing voice, "you aren't going to make things difficult for me, are you? There's a regulation against this sort of thing."

"We are welfare workers," Tish said calmly. "Behind us there stand the entire American people. If kept from the front trenches while trying to serve our boys there are ways of informing the people through the press."

"It's exactly the press I fear," he said in a sad voice. "Think of the results to you three, and to me."

"What results?" Tish demanded impatiently. "I'm not doing anything I'm ashamed of."

He was abstractedly moving the cribbage pins about.

"It's like this," he said: "Not very far behind the lines there are a lot of newspaper correspondents, and lately there hasn't been much news. But perhaps I'd better explain my own position. I am engaged to a lovely girl at home. I write to her every day, but I have been conscious recently that in her replies to me there has been an element of—shall I say suspicion? No, that is not the word. Anxiety—of anxiety, lest I shall fall in love with some charming Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. girl. Nothing could be further from my thoughts, but you can see my situation. Three feminine visitors at nightfall; news-hungry correspondents; all the rest of it. Scandal, dear ladies! And absolute ruin to my hopes!"

"Bosh!" said Tish. But I could see that she was uncomfortable. "If there's trouble I'll send her our birth certificates. Besides, I thought you said the general was your brother-in-law?"

Aggie says he changed color at that but he said hastily: "By marriage, madam, only by marriage. By that I mean—I—he—the general is married to my brother."

"Really!" said Tish. "How unusual!"

She said afterward that she saw at once then that we were only wasting time, and that neither one of them would move hand or foot to get Charlie Sands back. Aggie had been scraping her skirt with a table knife, and was now fairly tidy, so Tish prepared to depart.

"On thinking it over," she said, "I realize that I am confronting a situation which requires brains rather than brute force. I shall therefore attend to it myself. Good night, colonel. I hope you find another duckboard. And—if you are writing home present my compliments to the general's husband. Come, Aggie."

At the top of the incline I looked back. The colonel was staring after us and wiping his forehead with a khaki handkerchief.

"You see," Tish said bitterly, "that is the sort of help one gets from the Army." She drew a deep breath and looked in the general direction of the trenches. "One thing is sure and certain—I'm not going back until I've found out whether Charlie Sands is still in that town over there or whether he has been taken away so we'll have to get at him from Switzerland."

Aggie gave a low moan at this, and Tish eyed her witheringly.

"Don't be an idiot, Aggie!" she observed. "I haven't asked you to go—or Lizzie either. I'd be likely," she added, "to get through our lines unseen and into the very midst of the German Army—with one of you sneezing with hay fever and the other one panting like a locomotive from too much flesh."

"Tish——" I began firmly. But she waved her hand in silence and demanded Aggie's flashlight. She then led the way behind the ruins of a wall and took a bundle of papers from under her jacket.

"If the Army won't help us we have a right to help ourselves," she observed. And I perceived with a certain trepidation that the papers were some that had been lying on the table at headquarters.

"'Memorandum.'" Tish read the top one. "'Write home. Order boots. Send to British Commissary for Scotch whisky. Insect powder!' Wouldn't you know," she said bitterly, "that that general would have to make a memorandum about writing home?"

Underneath, however, there was an aëroplane picture of the Front and V——, and also a map. Both of these she studied carefully until several bullets found their way to our vicinity, and a sentry ran up and was very rude about the light. On receiving a box of cigarettes, however, he became quite friendly.

"Haven't had a pill for a week," he said. "Got to a point now where we steal the hay from the battery horses and roll it up in leaves from my Bible. But it isn't really satisfying."

Tish gave him a brief lecture on thus mutilating his best friend, but he said that he only used the unimportant pages. "You know," he explained—"somebody begat somebody else, and that sort of thing. You haven't any more fags about you, have you?" he asked wistfully. "I'll be sandbagged and robbed if I go back without any for the other fellows."

"We can bring some," Tish suggested, "and you might show us to the trenches. I particularly wish to give some to the men in the most advanced positions."

"You're on," he said cheerfully. "Bring the life savers, and we'll see that you get forward all right."

Tish reflected.

"Suppose," she said at last—"suppose that we wish to be able on returning to our native land to state that we have not only been to our advanced positions but have even made a short excursion into the debatable territory—that is, into what is commonly known as No Man's Land?"

"All of you?" he asked doubtfully.

"All of us."

He then considered and said: "How many cigarettes have you got?"

"About a hundred packages," Tish replied. "Say, five to you, and the rest used where considered most efficacious."

"Every man has his price," he observed. "That's mine. I'm taking a chance, but I've seen you round, so I know you're not spies. And if you get an extra helmet out

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"If He Comes Back Before I Return, Lizzie," She Said, "Capture Him, But Don't Shoot"

THE HUNTING CHEETAH

By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THIS is the story of a hunting cheetah, but the keynote of it is delay; otherwise the thing could not have transpired. Skag had been waiting in Poona or within forty miles of there for nearly a month. The waiting had been a stiff ordeal, because, since meeting Carlin Deal, all relative values were changed.

Driven by his restlessness and enticed by his love of the Jungle, he had wandered up into the Western Ghats as far as Khandalla, and there had fallen upon experiences that left him in the entire possession of an Indian servant and a Great Dane dog.

Nels, he had been told, was one of the four greatest hunters in India. The things they said about Nels' character strained his American credulity; so much so that he wouldn't have risked repeating them to anybody. But the creature's physical perfection challenged the whole world.

After going first to the railway offices to see whether the man he was waiting for had reached Poona, he usually took Nels out toward the Ghats for a full day's tramp through the broken shelving hills. Nels would travel close beside him for hours; but if he ever did break away Skag had only to call quietly "Nels, steady!" and Nels would return joyfully. He never sulked.

Every morning now Bhanah carefully stowed in Skag's coat neat packets of good and sufficient food for himself and the dog at noontime. Skag had never been cared for in his life; he had neither training nor inclination to direct a servant. But there was no need. The old man knew perfectly well what was right to be done; and he was committed with his whole heart to do it.

The order of Skag's life was being softly changed; but he knew that his servant did many kind things for him which were very comfortable. He was a little bothered when Bhanah called him "My Master," because he had not yet learned that servants in India never use that title except in affection, which has nothing to do with servitude.

The Hush in the Air Seemed to Have Laid a Bond of Silence on All These Creatures

The morning came when the man Skag was waiting for had arrived. Now it must be known that this man was none other than Carlin's oldest brother, Roderick Deal, an officer of high rank in the railway service. Carlin had said that all arrangements must be made with her oldest brother; and some tone within her tone had impressed him with concern which amounted to apprehension. The sense of difficulties was vague; but it was there.

It was because he was all a man, and a clean man, that Skag walked into Roderick Deal's office quite naturally and met the hand of Carlin's oldest brother with a light in his eye which that Indian Sahib found good to see.

Roderick Deal overtopped the American by two inches. He was slender and lithe. His countenance was extraordinary to Skag's eye for its peculiar pallor; as if the dense black hair cast a shadow on intensely white flesh—especially below the temples and across the forehead. There was attraction. There was power. Skag saw this much while he found the eyes; then he saw little else. He decided that Sanford Hantee had never seen really black eyes before; the size startled him, but the blackness shocked. It was in the fortune of his life that he should never find a problem so unsolvable as those eyes.

Roderick Deal offered his guest a chair, gave orders to a servant at the door and returned to sit opposite. Skag felt the impact of dynamic force before he spoke.

"You will not expect enthusiasm from me, my son, when as the head of one of the proudest families in all India I render official consent—upon conditions—to your marriage with my sister Carlin. . . . You are too different from other men."

Skag had something to say, but he found no words.

"You are to be informed that the only sister of seven brothers is a most important person. She is called the Seal of Fortune in India—which is to say that good fortune for all her brothers is vested in her. If calamity befalls her there is no possible escape for them. This is the established tradition of our Indian ancestors.

"We smile among ourselves at this tradition as much as you do; but there are reasons why we choose to preserve it, among many things from those same Indian ancestors. We have no cause to hate them. Hate is not in our family as in others of our class; but we never forget that it is our class."

The brooding pain in the man was a revelation. Carlin had said: "There are things you must understand."

"You are already aware that we are English and Indian; but you do not conceive what that means," continued Roderick Deal. "It is my duty to speak. All life appears to me first from the English standpoint; but you see the shadow of India under my skin. All life appears to my sister first in the Indian concept; but you will not easily find the shadow of India under her skin. We have one brother who is darker than the average native. . . . Are you prepared to find such color in one of your own?"

The question was gently spoken, but the eyes were like destiny.

"Any child of hers will be good to me," Skag answered softly.

A glow loomed in the blacknesses, and Roderick Deal flashed Skag a smile that reminded him, at last, of Carlin.

"European men, in the early days, were responsible for the branding now carried by thousands in India; carried with shame and the bitterest sort of curses. But our line is unique in this regard: We are conditioned by a pride as great as the shame I have spoken of. On account of it no one of us may enter marriage without public ceremony of as much circumstance as is expedient"—the storm lights had gone down and a half-deprecatory, half-embarrassed expression made the face look so quite like any other man's that Skag smiled—"because we are descended from two extraordinary romances, both of which were celebrated by the marriage of an imperial Indian woman—one Brahman, one Rajput—with a British man of noble family—one Scotch, one Irish. Carlin will tell you the stories; she loves them."

Again the smile like Carlin's.

"So she must come down to Poona, where she was born; and the ceremony must be performed in the cathedral here, by the bishop himself—who is a real man, by the way, as well as distinguished."

That was all right.

"You are to be published at the time of your marriage in all the English and Vernacular printed sheets throughout India, specifically as a scientist whose research will take you much into Jungle life."

Roderick Deal paused for reply. Skag considered a moment and said tentatively:

"If my work will come under that head?"

"Oh, quite! There is no question. And now I am come to the explanation of my delay: There have been preparations to make; dealings with Indian Government. As you will understand, Government would be entirely unapproachable by any man himself desiring such an appointment. But influence is able to set in operation the examination of his records; and if they are good enough the rest can be accomplished.

"Carlin convinced me that you would make no serious protest; and I am assuring you that these conditions are really great fortune to you. But they are imperative; it must be this way or not at all."

Skag was given opportunity to speak; but he had nothing to say—yet.

"You must enter the service of Indian Government, in the Department of Natural Research. The appointment will give you distinction not to be scorned and a salary better than my own, which is very good."

After a moment's thought Skag said:

"Will it tie me up?"

"Not in the least. On the contrary, it will make you free."

"What about my obligations?"

"Your obligations will be entirely vested in reports, which you will turn in at your discretion. I understand that you already have materials which would be considered highly valuable. Also, I hear that you have fallen heir to Nels, the great hunting dog. Of the four that are well known he is easily the best. And he is young; he will bring you experiences out of the Jungle such as no man could find alone. What the Indian Research Department wants is knowledge of animals."

"Why, that's exactly what I want!"

"Your Department will facilitate you immensely. I speak positively, because the initial work is finished; there remains nothing but that you shall come with me to the department offices and become enrolled. However, not

before you are properly outfitted. My tailoring house will take care of you."

"Will I have to wear a uniform?"

"Not a uniform exactly, but strictly correct—half military and half hunting; perfectly suitable and very comfortable. You'll be quite at home in it at once. It's the sort for you." The eyes measured Skag's outlines appraisingly, but betrayed nothing.

"We have not finished. The matter of clothing is adjacent to another not less important. A foreigner in this country is nothing better than a wild man, without a servant."

"I have one"—Skag spoke with inward satisfaction—"Bhanah the old cook, who did serve Police — "

"Not Police Commissioner Hichens' Bhanah?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"He came to me."

"Did you negotiate with him?"

"No."

"Then, will you kindly tell me why?"

"I do not know."

There was a marked pause. The eyes had become wide.

"Well—really! . . . Are you the sort of thing I've been hearing about?"

Roderick Deal's expression was kindly quaint, and Skag answered the look rather than the words:

"How should I know what that is?"

"You have astonished me! And I am pleased. From Bombay to Calcutta and from Himalaya to Madras you will find no more valuable man than that same Bhanah. He is called old; but he is not old. If you have noticed, the term is always spoken as if it were one with his name—because of his learning. He is the man of men for you. How did he come to you?"

"He brought Nels, with the note that the dog was a gift. When he spoke he said he was committed before the gods to serve me as long as he lived."

"How did his voice sound?"

"A queer level tone."

"There is no doubt. It is enough for one day!"

The words were spoken with almost affectionate inflections. Skag was puzzled. Her brother stepped to the door and spoke to a servant; returning to his seat, he smiled openly into Skag's eyes before speaking:

"Now you will come with me. We must lose no time."

"Yes; I want to get back to Hurda as soon as I can."

"Not before the monsoon breaks. It is due any day now—any hour. Till ten days after it has broken no sane man will take train."

"I want to get back. I think I shall risk it."

"You will pardon me—you are not allowed!"

The tone was perfect authority. The eyes smoldered, but the lips smiled.

"I ——"

"You are not used to be in any way conditioned. I understand that. But I am not willing to be responsible to my only sister for the smashed body of her one man. Oh, I assure you not! And you may one day grant that the guardianship of an older brother is not a bad thing to have. Why —— I beg your pardon; but, of course, you have not been here long enough to know the situation."

Roderick Deal stopped abruptly and looked away, considering.

"I will put it in one word and tell you that one moment any train, on any track, may be perfectly safe; and the next moment it may be going down the khud with half a mountain. Again, we exercise the utmost care in all bridge building—with no reservation of resources; but almost every year a bridge or more goes with the crash."

"The crash?"

"The reason why we say the great monsoon 'breaks' is not because itself breaks, but because—whatever happens to be underneath, you understand."

The floor of protest had dropped away. Skag's face said as much.

"The tailors will need until the rails are safe to get you fitted; and before the monsoon comes I suggest that you take your hunter up into the cheetah hills. Cheetahs are not supposed by those at home to attack men. Many of them will not; but they are unreliable. The forfeits they have taken from unbelief have made them a bad reputation among the English."

"The cheetahs I have seen in cages have been mild, compared with tigers."

"Cheetah kittens are snared and broken at once by hard handling; meaning that it is not the cheetah himself but what is left of him which one sees either in the kennels of the princes or in the foreign cages. You will remember my warning about his character?"

"Thank you; yes."

"Good! I have known men to prefer not. . . . Then you will carry yourself alert in any kind of Jungle. If you sight a cheetah, be prepared. He may not attack. He may. Few men have eyes good enough to follow him. One should be a perfect shot. Are you that?"

"I am a good shot; but I don't like to kill animals."

"Then I am the last man to commend you to the cheetah hills—if it were not for Nels. He is entirely competent to take care of you—unless in one possible emergency: They sometimes, but rarely, work in pairs. If ever the dog should be occupied with one and another should be in sight, be sure your unwillingness to kill does not delay you to the instant of charge."

"You imply that it is necessary to carry a gun in any kind of Jungle—always?"

"Always wise, of course! But I consider it less imperative just now, because the animals are not what we call fighting. They are waiting for the great monsoon. So you might take your dog up into the cheetah hills."

"I don't see how a dog ——"

"He'll break the cheetah's back and cut his throat before the real start is made at you. But Bhanah will tell you, whatever; and he is entirely reliable. You may depend upon him without reservation."

"That's a big thing to know."

"India has many good servants, but Bhanah is a rare man."

The unquenchable fires in Roderick Deal's eyes began to feed upon some enigma in Skag's own. Skag endured it a moment and then interruption became expedient:

"Does the monsoon come on schedule?"

"It does."

"What is it like?"

"It is as much an experience as a spectacle. I'm not attempting to describe the thing itself; it should be seen. But across the southwestern part of India it includes the procession of the animals—all animals from all covers, running together."

"There is something like that in the Far North of America," Skag said. "It is called the passage of the Barren Ground Caribou. They move south before the first winter storms in thousands. I've heard that sometimes their lines extend out of sight. They have no food, but they do not stop to forage. Our Northern hunters say that nothing will stop them."

"That's interesting—immensely! I've not heard of it."

"But I didn't mean to interrupt you."

"Our creatures move in a trance of panic straight away from the coming rains. I say a trance, because they appear to be oblivious of one another; hunter and hunted go side by side, without noticing."

The drive of Skag's life quest was working in him as if nothing had ever given it pause.

"Do they go fast?"

"The timid and lumbering come out first, hurrying; they increase in numbers—all sorts—and run faster, till those near the end go at top speed. It's a thing to see! Bhanah will tell you when and where to watch it; but be careful and get under good roofing in time. And then, after the tracks are set right, if you must reach Hurda in order to come back with Carlin —— Man, God help you if you do not give my sister the best of your gifts!"

"Why, I belong to her!"

Their hands met; and Skag's soul rose up, without words, to answer a white flame out of the inscrutable eyes.

Early the following morning Sanford Hantee Sahib said to his servant:

"Bhanah, what do you know about cheetahs?"

"Such little as a man may possess, Sahib."

"Are you willing to give some of it to me?"

"All that I am and all that I can belongs to my Master."

"Is that the regular ——"

"Nay, nay! It is right for my Master to consider that I serve him not for a price. This is true service; such as men in my land bring to things holy. Those who serve for the weight of silver render the weight of their hands."

"I don't want you to begin thinking that I'm holy, though—you understand that."

"There are meanings which will appear to the Sahib in time; it is not suitable that they come from me. But this much may be spoken: If my Master serves in a great

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The Cheetah Lifted and Met Nels, Body Against Body, in Mid-Air

RETURNED GOODS

By Temple Bailey

PERHAPS the most humiliating moment of Dulcie Cowan's childhood had been when Mary Dean had called her Indian giver. Dulcie was a child of affluence. She had always had everything she wanted; but she had not been spoiled. She had been brought up beautifully and she had been taught to consider the rights of others. She lived in an old-fashioned part of an old city, and her family was churchly and conscientious. Indeed, so well-trained was Dulcie's conscience that it often caused her great unhappiness. It seemed to her that her life was made up largely of denying herself the things she wanted. She was tied so rigidly to the golden rule that her own rights were being constantly submerged in the consideration of the rights of others.

So it had happened that when she gave to Mary Dean a certain lovely doll, because her mother had suggested that Dulcie had so many and Mary so few, Dulcie had spent a night of agonized loneliness. Then she had gone to Mary.

"I want my Peggy back."

"You gave her to me."

"But I didn't know how much I loved her, Mary. I'll buy you a nice new doll, but I want my Peggy back."

It was then that Mary had called her Indian giver. Mary had been a sturdy little thing with tight-braided brown hair. She had worn on that historic occasion a plain blue gingham with a white collar. To the ordinary eye she seemed just an every-day freckled sort of child, but to Dulcie she had been a little dancing devil, as she had stuck out her forefinger and jeered "Indian giver!"

Dulcie had held to her point and had carried her Peggy off in triumph. Mary, with characteristic independence, had refused to accept the beautiful doll which Dulcie bought with the last cent of her allowance and brought as a peace offering. In later years they grew to be rather good friends. They might, indeed, have been intimate, if it had not been for Dulcie's money and Mary's dislike of anything which savored of patronage.

It was Mary's almost boyish independence that drew Mills Richardson to her. Mills wrote books and was the editor of a small magazine. He came to board with Mary's mother because of the quiet neighborhood. He was rather handsome in a dark slender fashion. He had the instincts of a poet, and he was not in the least practical. He needed a prop to lean on, and Mary gradually became the prop.

She was teaching by that time, but she helped her mother with the boarders. When Mills came in late at night she would have something for him in the dining room—oysters or a club sandwich or a pot of coffee—and she and her mother and Mills would have a cozy time of it. In due season Mills asked her to marry him, and his dreams had to do with increased snugness and with shelter from the outside world.

They had been engaged three months when Dulcie came home from college. There was nothing independent or practical about Dulcie. She was a real romantic lady, and she appealed to Mills on the æsthetic side. He saw her first in church with the light shining on her from a stained-glass window. In the middle of that same week Mrs. Cowan gave a garden party as a home-coming celebration for her daughter. Dulcie wore embroidered white and a floppy hat, and her eyes when she talked to Mills were worshipful.

He found himself swayed at last by a grand passion. He thought of Dulcie by day and dreamed of her by night. Then he met her by accident one afternoon on Connecticut Avenue, and they walked down together to the Speedway, where the willows were blowing in the wind and the water was ruffled; and there with the shining city back of them and the Virginia hills ahead, Mills, flaming, declared his passion, and Dulcie, trembling, confessed that she too cared.

Mills grew tragic: "Oh, my beloved, have you come too late?"

Dulcie had not heard of his engagement to Mary. Mills told her, and that settled it. She had very decided ideas on such matters. A man had no right to fall in love with two women. If such a thing happened, there was only one way out of it. He had given his promise and he must keep it. He begged, but could not shake her. She cared a great deal, but she would not take him away from Mary.

Mary knew nothing of what had occurred; she thought that Mills was working too hard. She was working hard herself, but she was very happy. She had a hope chest and sat up sewing late o' nights.

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"Poor Millie!" She Said Softly; "Poor Old Millie!"

FREE AIR

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

X

CLAIRE had rested for two days in Miles City; had seen the horse market, with horse-wranglers in chaps; had taken dinner with army people at Fort Keogh, once the bulwark against the Sioux, now nodding over the dry grass on its parade ground.

By the Yellowstone River, past the Crow Reservation, Claire had driven on through the real West, along the great highway. The Red Trail and the Yellowstone Trail had joined now, and she was one of the new Canterbury pilgrims. She kept pace with large cars touring from St. Louis or Detroit to Glacier Park and Yellowstone, and found herself companionable with families of workmen headed for a new town and a new job, and driving because a flivver, bought secondhand and soon to be sold again, was cheaper than trains.

"Sagebrush tourists" these camping adventurers were called. Claire became used to small cars with curtain lights broken, bearing wash boilers or refrigerators on the back, pasteboard suitcases lashed by rope to the running board, frying pans and canvas water bottles dangling from top rods. And once baby's personal laundry was seen flapping on a line across a tonneau!

"A Dozen Times Every Evening I'ce Turned to the Telephone to Call You Up and Beg You Let Me Nip In and See You"

The sagebrush tourists were happy—incredibly happier than the smart people being conveyed in a bored way behind chauffeurs. They made camp; covered the hood with a quilt from which the cotton was oozing; brought out the wash boiler, did a washing, had dinner, sang about the fire; gran'ther and the youngest baby gamboling together, while the limousinvalids, insulated from life by plate glass, preserved by their steady forty an hour from the commonness of seeing anything along the road, looked out at the campers for a second, sniffed, rolled on, wondering whether or not they would find a good hotel that night—and why the deuce they hadn't come by train.

If Claire Boltwood had been protected by Jeff Saxton or by a chauffeur she, too, would probably have marveled at cars gray with dust, at the unshaved men in their fleece-lined duck coats, and women wind-burned beneath the boudoir caps they wore as motoring bonnets. But Claire knew now that filling grease cups does not tend to delicacy of hands; that when you wash with a cake of petrified pink soap and half a pitcher of cold hard water you never quite get the grease off—you merely get through the dust stratum to the Laurentian grease formation, and mutter "Oh, nice clean grease doesn't hurt food," and go sleepily down to dinner.

The great transcontinental highway was colored not by motors alone. It is true that the old West of the stories is almost gone; that Billings, Miles City, Bismarck are more given to Doric banks than to gambling hells. But still are there hints of frontier days. Still trudge the prairie schooners; cowpunchers in chaps still stand at the doors of log cabins—when they are tired of playing the automatic piano; and blanket Indians, Blackfeet and Crows, stare at five-story buildings—when they are not driving modern reapers on their farms.

They all waved to Claire. Telephone linemen, lolling with pipes and climber-strapped legs in big trucks, sang out to her; traction-engine crews shouted; and these she found to be her own people. And sometimes in the "desert" of yet-unbroken land she paused by the great highway and forgot the passion to keep going.

She sat on a rock by a river so muddy that it was like yellow milk. The only trees were a bunch of cottonwoods untidily scattering shreds of cotton, and the only other vegetation left in the dead world was dusty green sagebrush with lumps of gray yet pregnant earth between; or a few exquisite green-and-white flushes of the herb called snow-on-the-mountain. The inhabitants were jack rabbits or American magpies in sharp black-and-white livery, forever trying to balance their huge tails against the wind, and yelling in low magpie their opinion of tourists.

She did not desire gardens then, nor the pettiness of plump terraced hills. She was in the real West, and it was hers, since she had won to it by her own plodding. Her soul—if she hadn't had one it would immediately have been provided, by special arrangement, the moment she sat there—sailed with the hawks in the high thin air, and when it came down it sang hallelujahs, because the sagebrush fragrance was more healing than piny woods, because the sharp-bitten edges of the buttes were coral and gold and basalt and turquoise, and because a real person, one Milt Daggett—though she would never see him again—had found her worthy of worship.

She did not often think of Milt; she did not know whether he was ahead of her or had again dropped behind. When she did recall him it was with respect quite different from the titillation that dancing men had sometimes roused; or the impression of manicured agreeableness and efficiency that Jeff Saxton carried about.

She always supplicated the mythical Milt in moments of tight driving. Driving, just the actual getting on, was her purpose in life, and the routine of driving was her order of the day: Morning freshness, rolling up as many miles as possible before lunch, that she might loaf afterward. The invariable two P. M. discovery that her eyes ached, and the donning of huge amber glasses, which gave to her lithe smartness a counterfeit scholarliness. Toward night, the quarter hour of level sun glare which prevented her seeing the road. Dusk, and the discovery of how much light there was after all, once she remembered to take off her glasses. The worst quarter hour when, though the roads were an amethyst rich to the artist, they were also a murkiness exasperating to the driver, yet still too light to be thrown into relief by the lamps. The mystic moment when night clicked tight, and the lamps made a fan of gold, and Claire and her father settled down to plodding content—and no longer had to admire the scenery!

The morning out of Billings she wondered why a low cloud so persistently held its shape, and realized that it was a far-off mountain, her first sight of the Rockies. Then she wished for Milt to share her exultation.

Rather earnestly she said to Mr. Boltwood: "The mountains must be so wonderful to Mr. Daggett, after spending his life in a cornfield. Poor Milt! I hope ——"

"I don't think you need to worry about that young man. I fancy he's quite able to run about by himself. And—of course I'm extremely grateful to him for his daily rescue of us from the jaws of death, but he was right; if he had stayed with us it would have been inconvenient to keep considering him. He isn't accustomed to the comedy of manners ——"

"He ought to be. He'd enjoy it so. He's the real American. He has imagination and adaptability. It's a shame—all the *petits fours* and Bach recitals wasted on Jeff Saxton, when a Milt Dag ——"

"Yes, yes; quite so!"

"No, honest! The dear honey lamb—so ingenious; and really rather good-looking. But so lonely and gregarious—like a little woolly dog that begs you to come and

play; and I slapped him when he patted his paws and gamboled. It was horrible! I'll never forgive myself. Making him drive on ahead in that nasty patronizing way—I feel as if we'd spoiled his holiday. I wonder if he had intended to make the Yellowstone Park trip? He didn't ——"

"Yes, yes! Let's forget the young man. Look! How very curious!"

They were crossing a high bridge over a railroad track along which a circus train was bending. Mr. Boltwood offered judicious remarks upon the migratory habits of circuses, and the vision of the Galahad of the Teal bug was thoroughly befogged by parental observations, till Claire returned from youthful romance to being a sensible Boltwood, and decided that after all Milt was not a lord of the sky-painted mountains.

Before they bent south, at Livingston, Claire had her first mountain driving; and once she had to ford a stream, putting the car at it, watching the water curve up in a lovely silver veil. She felt that she was conquering the hills as she had the prairies.

She pulled up on a plateau to look at her battery. She noted the edge of a brake band peeping beyond the drum, in a ragged line of fabric and copper wire. Then she knew that she didn't know enough to conquer.

"Do you suppose it's dangerous?" she asked her father, who said a lot of comforting things that didn't mean anything.

She thought of Milt. She stopped a passing car. The driver "guessed" that the brake band was all gone, and that it would be dangerous to continue with it along mountain roads.

Claire dustily tramped two miles to a ranch house, and telephoned to the nearest garage, in a town called Saddle Back.

Whenever a motorist has delirium he mutters those lamentable words, "Telephoned to the nearest garage."

She had to wait a tedious hour before she saw a flivver rattling up with the garage man, who wasn't a man at all, but a fourteen-year-old boy. He snorted: "Rats, you didn't need to send for me! Could have made it perfectly safe. Come on!"

Never has the greatest boy pianist received such awe as Claire gave to this contemptuous young god with grease on his peachy cheeks. She did come on. But she rather hoped that she was in great danger. It was humiliating to telephone to a garage for nothing. When she came into the gas-smelling garage in Saddle Back she said appealingly to the man in charge—a serious, lip-puffing person of forty-five, "Was it safe to come in with the brake band like that?"

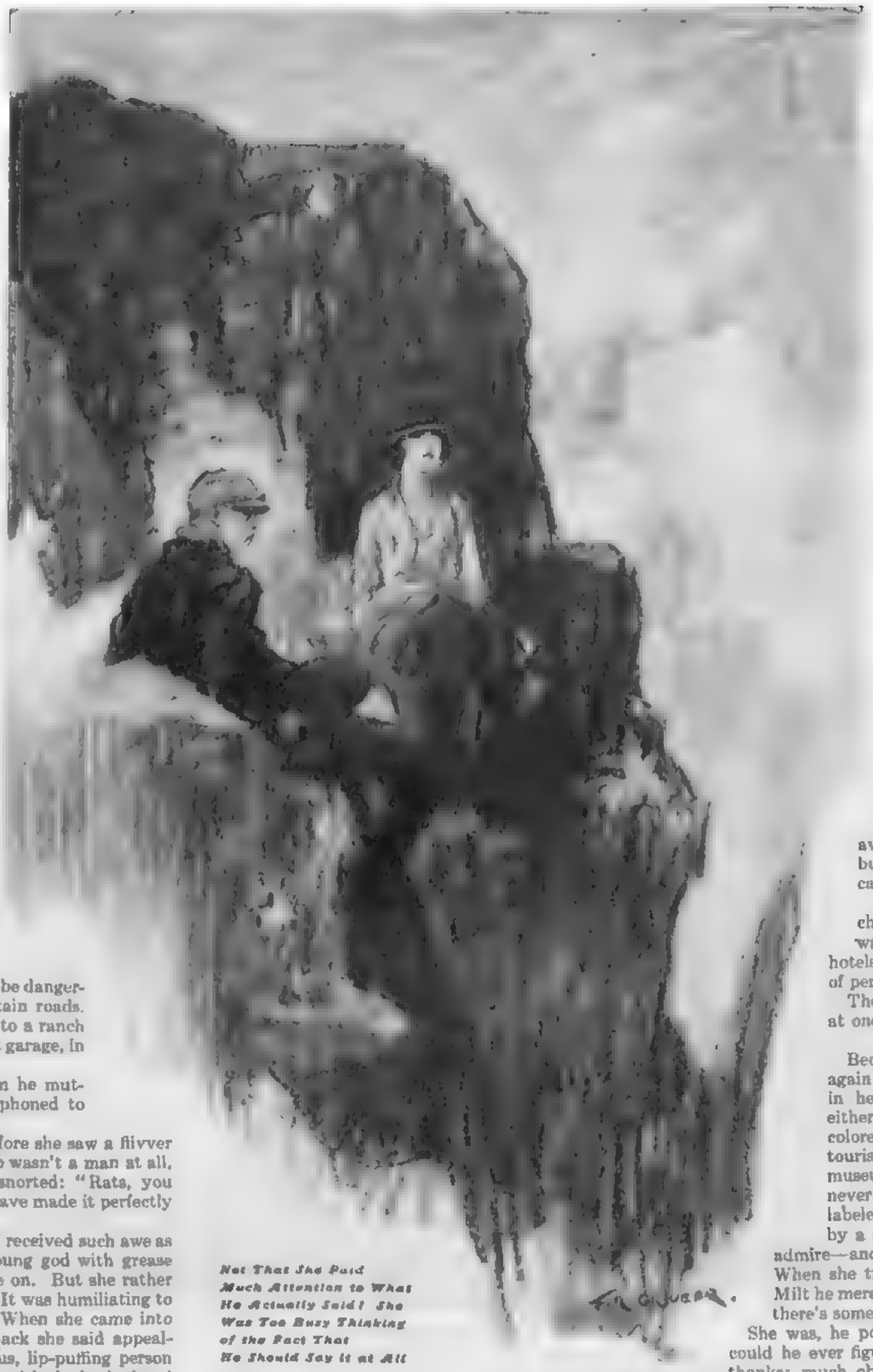
"No. Pretty risky. Wa'n't it, Mike?"

The Mike to whom he turned for authority was the same fourteen-year-old boy. He snapped, "Heh? That? Naw! Put in new band. Get busy! Bring me the jack. Hustle up, uncle!"

While the older man stood about and vainly tried to impress people who came in and asked questions, which invariably had to be referred to his repair boy, the precocious expert stripped the wheel down to something that looked to Claire distressingly like an empty milk pan. Then the boy didn't seem to know exactly what to do. He scratched his ear a good deal, and thought deeply. The older man could only scratch.

So for two hours Claire and her father experienced that most distressing of motor experiences—waiting, while the afternoon that would have been so good for driving went by them. Every fifteen minutes they came in from sitting on a dry-goods box in front of the garage, and never did the repair appear to be any farther along. The boy seemed to be giving all his time to getting the wrong wrench and scolding the older man for having hidden the right one.

When she had left Brooklyn Heights Claire had not expected to have such authoritative knowledge of the Kalifornia Kandy Kitchen, Saddle Back, Montana, across from Tubbs' Garage, that she could tell whether they were selling more Atharva cigarettes or Polutropons. She prowled about the garage till she knew every pool of dripped water in the tin pail of soft soap in the iron sink.



Not That She Paid Much Attention to What He Actually Said! She Was Too Busy Thinking of the Fact That He Should Say It at All

She was worried by an overheard remark of the boy wonder: "Gosh, we haven't any more of that decent brake lining. Have to use this piece of mush." But when the car was actually done nothing like a dubious brake could have kept her from the glory of starting. The first miles seemed miracles of ease and speed.

She came through the mountains into Livingston. Kicking his heels on a fence near town, and fondling a gray cat, sat Milt Daggett, and he yelped at her with earnestness and much noise.

"Hello!" said Milt.

"Hel-lo!" said Claire.

"How dee do," said Mr. Boltwood.

"This is so nice! Where's your car? I hope nothing's happened," glowed Claire.

"No. It's back here from the road a piece. Camp there to-night. Reason I stopped—struck me you've never done any mountain driving, and there's some pretty good climbs in the park; slick road, but we go up to almost nine thousand feet. And cold mornings. Thought I'd tip you off to some driving tricks—if you'd like me to."

"Oh, of course. Very grateful."

"Then I'll tag after you to-morrow, and speak my piece."

"So jolly you're going through the park."

"Yes; thought might as well. What the guide books call 'Wonders of Nature.' Only wonder of Nature I ever saw in Schoenstrom was my friend Mac trying to think he was soused after a case of near-beer. Well—see you to-morrow."

Not once had he smiled. His tone had been impersonal. He vaulted the fence and tramped away.

XI

WHEN they drove out of town in the morning they found Milt waiting by the road, and he followed them till noon. By urgent request he shared a lunch, and lectured upon going down long grades in first or second speed, to save brakes; upon the use of the retarded spark and the slipped clutch in climbing. His bug was beside the Gomez in the line-up at the park gate when the United States Army came to seal one's firearms and to inquire on which mountain one intended to be killed by defective brakes.

He was just behind her all the climb up to Mammoth Hot Springs.

When she paused for water to cool the boiling radiator the bug panted up; and with the first grin she had seen on his face since Dakota, Milt chuckled: "The Teal is a grand car for mountains. Aside from overheating, bum lights, thin upholstery, faulty ignition, tissue-paper brake bands and this here special aviation engine, specially built for a bumblebee—it's what the catalogues call a powerful brute!"

Claire and her father stayed at the chain of hotels through the park. Milt was always near them, but not at the hotels. He patronized one of the chains of permanent camps.

The Boltwoods invited him to dinner at one hotel, but he refused and ——

Because he was afraid that Claire would again find him intrusive, Milt was grave in her presence. He couldn't respond either to her enthusiasm about cañon and colored pool or to her rage about the tourists, who, she alleged, preferred freak-museum pieces to plain beauty; who never admired a view unless it was labeled by a signpost and megaphoned by a guide as something they ought to admire—and tell the folks back home about. When she tried to express this social rage to Milt he merely answered uneasily, "Yes, I guess there's something to that."

She was, he pondered, so darn particular. How could he ever figure out what he ought to do? No, thanks; much obliged, but guessed he'd better not accept her invitation to dinner. Had promised a fellow down at the camp to have chow with him.

If in this Milt was veracious he was rather fickle to his newly discovered friend; for while Claire was finishing dinner a solemn young man was watching her through a window.

She was at a table for six. She was listening to a man of thirty in riding breeches, with a stock and a pointed nose, who bowed to her every time he spoke, which was so frequently that his dining gave the impression of a man eating grapefruit on a merry-go-round. Back in Schoenstrom, fortified by Mac and the bunch at the Old Home Lunch, Milt would have called the man a dude, and though less noisily than the others—would have yelped: "Get onto Percy's beer-bottle pants! What's he got his neck bandaged for? Bet he's got a boil."

But now Milt yearned: "He does look swell! Wish I could get away with those things. Wouldn't I look like a fool with my knees buttoned up, though! And there's two fellows in dress suits. Wouldn't mind those so much. Gee, it must be awful where you've got so many suits of trick clothes you don't know which one to wear.

"That fellow and Claire are talking pretty swift. He doesn't need any piston rings, that lad. Wonder—wonder what they're talking about? Music, I guess; and books and pictures and scenery. He's saying that no tongue or pen can describe the glories of the park, and then he's

trying to describe 'em. And maybe they know the same folks in New York. Lord, how I'd be out of it! I wish ——"

Milt made a toothpick out of a match, decided that toothpicks were inelegant in his tragic mood, and longed: "Never did see her among her own kind of folks till now. I wish I could jabber about music and stuff. I'll learn it. I will! I can! I picked up autos in three months. I—Milt, you're a dub! I wonder can they be talking French, maybe; or Wop or something? I could get onto the sedan styles in highbrow talk as long as it was in American.

"I could probably spring linen-collar stuff about 'Really a delightful book, so full of delightful characters,' if I stuck by the rhetoric books long enough. But once they begin the *parlez-vous, oui, oui*, I'm a gone goose. Still, by golly, didn't I pick up Dutch—German—like a mice? Back off, son! You did not! You can talk Plattdeutsch something grand—as long as you keep the verbs and nouns in American. You got a nice character, Milt, but you haven't got any parts of speech.

"Now look at Percy! Taking a bath in a finger bowl. I never could pull that finger-bowl stuff: pinning your ears back and jiu-jitsing the fried chicken, and then doing a high dive into a little dish that ain't—that isn't either a washbowl or real good lemonade. He's a perfect lady, Percy is. Dabs his mouth with his napkin like a watchmaker tinkering the carburetor in a wrist watch.

"Lookit him bow and scrape—asking her something. Rats, he's going out in the lobby with her! But —— Oh, thunder, he's all right! Neat. I never could mingle with that bunch. I'd be web-footed and butter-fingered. And he seems to know all that bunch—bows to every maiden aunt in the shop. Now if I was following her I'd never see anybody but her; rest of the folks could all bob their heads silly and I'd never see one blame thing except that funny little soft spot at the back of her neck. Nope, you're kind to your cat, Milt, but you weren't cut out to be no parlor-organ duet."

This same meditative young man might have been discovered walking past the porch of the hotel, his hands in his pockets, his eyes presumably on the stars—certainly he gave no signs of watching Claire and the man in riding breeches as they leaned over the rail, looked at mountain tops filmy in starlight, while in the cologne-atomizer mode Breeches quoted:

Ah, 'tis far heaven my awed heart seeks
When I behold those mighty peaks.

Milt could hear him commenting: "Doesn't that just get the feeling of the great open, Miss Boltwood?"

Milt did not catch her answer. Himself he grunted, "I never could get much het up about this poetry that's full of Ah's and 'tises."

Claire must have seen Milt just after he had sauntered past. She cried: "Oh, Mr. Daggett! Just a moment!"

She left Breeches and ran down to Milt. He was frightened. Was he going to get what he deserved for eavesdropping?

She was whispering: "Save me from our friend up on the porch!"

He couldn't believe it. But he took a chance. "Won't you have a little walk?" he roared.

"So nice of you—just a little way, perhaps," she sang out.

They were silent till he got up the nerve to admire: "Glad you found some people you knew in the hotel."

"But I didn't."

"Oh, I thought your friend in the riding pants was chummy."

"So did I!" she rather snorted.

"Well, he's a nice-looking lad. I did admire those pants. I never could wear anything like that."

"I should hope not—at dinner! The creepy jackass, I don't believe he's ever been on a horse in his life! He thinks riding breeches are the ——"

"Oh, that's it? Breeches, not pants?"

"—— last word in smartness. Overdressing is just ten degrees worse than underdressing"

"Oh, I don't know. Take this sloppy old blue suit of mine —"

"It's perfectly nice and simple, and quite well cut. You probably had a clever tailor."

"I had. He lives in Chicago or New York, I believe."

"Really? How did he come to Schoenstrom?"

"Never been there. This tailor is a busy boy. He fitted about eleventeen thousand people last year."

"I see. Ready-mades. Cheer up. That's where Henry B. Boltwood gets most of his clothes. Mr. Daggett, if I ever catch you in the aren't-I-beautiful frame of mind of our friend back on the porch I'll give up my trip to struggle for your soul."

"He seemed to have soul in large chunks. He seemed to talk pretty painlessly. I had a hunch you and he were discussing sculpture anyway. Maybe Rodin."

"What do you know about Rodin?"

"Articles in the magazines. Same place you learned about him!" But he did not sound rude. He said it chucklingly.

"You're perfectly right. And we've probably read the very same articles. Well, our friend back there said to me at dinner, 'It must be dreadful for you to have to encounter so many common people along the road.' I said, 'It is,' in the most insulting tone I could; and he just rolled his eyes and hadn't an idea I meant him.

"Then he slickered his hair at me and mooed: 'Is it not wonderful to see all these strange manifestations of the secrets of Nature!' and I said, 'Is it?' and he went on: 'One feels that if one could but meet a sympathetic lady here, one's cup of rejoicing in untrammeled Nature ——'

"Honest, Milt—Mr. Daggett, I mean—he did talk like that. Been reading books by optimistic lady authors. And one looked at me, one did, as if one would be willing to hold my hand if I let one.

"He invited me to come out on the porch and give the double-O to handsome mountains as illuminated by terrestrial bodies, and I felt so weak in the presence of his conceit that I couldn't refuse. Then he insisted on introducing me to a woman from my own Brooklyn, who condoled with me for having to talk to Western persons while motoring. That such people should live! That the sniffy little Claire should once have been permitted to live! And then I saw you!"

Through all her tirade they had stood close together, her face visibly eager in the glow from the hotel; and Milt had grown taller. But he responded: "I'm afraid I might have been just as bad. I haven't even reached the riding-breeches stage in evolution. Maybe never will."

"No, you won't. You'll go right through it. By and by, when you're so rich that father and I won't be allowed to associate with you, you'll wear riding breeches—but for riding, not as a donation to the beauties of Nature."

"Oh, I'm already rich. It shows. Waitress down at the camp asked me whose car I was driving through."

"I know what I wanted to say. Since you won't be our guest will you be our host? I mean, as far as welcoming us? I think it would be fun for father and me to stop at your camp to-morrow night at the Cañon, instead of at the hotel. Will you guide me to the Cañon if I do?"

"Oh—terribly—glad!"

XII

NEITHER of the Boltwoods had seen the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The Cañon of the Yellowstone was their first revelation of intimidating depth and color gone mad. When their car and Milt's had been parked in the palisaded corral back of the camp at which they were to stay they three set out for the cañon's edge, and stopped, dumb.

Mr. Boltwood declined to descend. He returned to the camp for a cigar. The boy and girl crept down seeming miles of damp steps to an outhanging pinnacle that still was miles of empty airy drop above the river bed. Claire had a quaking feeling that this rock pulpit was going to slide. She thrust out her hand, seized Milt's paw, and in

(Continued on Page 58)

"It's Jeff Saxton! Out Here to See Copper Mines. Says We're to Wait Dinner Till He Comes"

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

"I'm Getting Married To-Day, and Chance It. This Morning, This Very Morning, I Leap Off the Deck!"

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XVII

THE gift of hiding private emotion and keeping up appearances before strangers is not, as many suppose, entirely a product of our modern civilization. Centuries before we were born or thought of there was a widely press-agented boy in Sparta, who even went so far as to let a fox gnaw his tender young stomach without permitting the discomfort inseparable from such a proceeding to interfere with either his facial expression or his flow of small talk. Historians have handed it down that, even in the later stages of the meal, the polite lad continued to be the life and soul of the party. But though this feat may be said to have established a record never subsequently lowered, there is no doubt that almost every day in modern times men and women are performing similar and scarcely less impressive miracles of self-restraint. Of all the qualities which belong exclusively to man and are not shared by the lower animals, this surely is the one which marks him off most sharply from the beasts of the field.

Animals care nothing about keeping up appearances. Observe Bertram the Bull when things are not going just as he could wish. He stamps. He snorts. He paws the ground. He throws back his head and bellows. He is upset, and he doesn't care who knows it. Instances could be readily multiplied. Deposit a charge of shot in some outlying section of Thomas the Tiger, and note the effect. Irritate Wilfred the Wasp, or stand behind Maud the Mule and prod her with a pin. There is not an animal on the list who has even a rudimentary sense of the social amenities; and it is this more than anything else which should make us proud that we are human beings on a loftier plane of development.

In the days which followed Lord Marshmoreton's visit to George at the cottage, not a few of the occupants of Belpher Castle had their mettle sternly tested in this respect; and it is a pleasure to be able to record that not one of them failed to come through the ordeal with success. The general public, as represented by the uncles, cousins and aunts who had descended on the place to help Lord Belpher celebrate his coming of age, had not a notion that turmoil lurked behind the smooth fronts of at least a half dozen of those whom they met in the course of the daily round.

Lord Belpher, for example, though he limped rather painfully, showed nothing of the baffled fury which was reducing his weight at the rate of ounces a day. His uncle Francis, the bishop, when he tackled him in the garden on the subject of intemperance—for Uncle Francis, like thousands of others, had taken it for granted, on reading the report of the encounter with the policeman and Percy's subsequent arrest, that the affair had been the result of a drunken outburst—had no inkling of the volcanic emotions that seethed in his nephew's bosom. He came away from the interview, indeed, feeling that the boy had listened attentively and with a becoming regret, and that there was hope for him after all, provided that he fought the impulse. He little knew that, but for the conventions, which frown on the practice of murdering bishops, Percy would gladly have strangled him with his bare hands and jumped upon the remains.

Lord Belpher's case, inasmuch as he took himself extremely seriously and was not one of those who can extract humor even from their own misfortunes, was perhaps the hardest which comes under our notice; but his sister Maud was also experiencing mental disquietude of no mean order. Everything had gone wrong with Maud. Barely a mile separated her from George, that essential link in her chain of communication with Geoffrey Raymond; but so thickly did it bristle with obstacles and dangers that it might have been a mile of no man's land. Twice, since the occasion when the discovery of Lord Marshmoreton at the cottage had caused her to abandon her purpose of going in and explaining everything to George, had she attempted to make the journey; and each time some trifling, maddening accident had brought about failure. Once, just as she was starting, her Aunt Augusta had insisted on joining her for what she described as "a nice long walk"; and the second time, when she was within a bare hundred yards of her objective, some sort of a cousin popped out from nowhere and forced his loathsome company on her. Foiled in this fashion, she had fallen back in desperation on her second line of attack. She had written a note to George, explaining the whole situation in good, clear phrases and begging him as a man of proved chivalry to help her. It had taken up much of one afternoon, this note, for it was not easy to write; and it had resulted in nothing. She had given it to Albert to deliver, and Albert had returned empty-handed.

"The gentleman said there was no answer, m'lady!"

"No answer! But there must be an answer!"

"No answer, m'lady. Those was his very words," stoutly maintained the black-souled boy, who had destroyed the letter within two minutes after it had been handed to him. He had not even bothered to read it. A deep, dangerous, dastardly stripling, this, who fought to win and only to win. The ticket marked "R. Byng" was in his pocket, and in his ruthless heart a firm resolve that R. Byng and no other should have the benefit of his assistance.

Maud could not understand it. That is to say, she resolutely kept herself from accepting the only explanation of the episode that seemed possible. In black and white she had asked George to go to London and see Geoffrey and arrange for the passage—through himself as a sort of clearing house—of letters between Geoffrey and herself. She had felt from the first that such a request should be made by her in person and not through the medium of writing; but surely it was incredible that a man like George, who had been through so much for her and whose only reason for being in the neighborhood was to help her, could have coldly refused without even a word. And yet what else was she to think? Now more than ever she felt alone in a hostile world. Yet to her guests she was bright and entertaining. Not one of them had a suspicion that her life was not one of pure sunshine.

Albert, I am happy to say, was thoroughly miserable. The little brute was suffering torments. He was showering anonymous advice to the lovelorn on Reggie Byng—excellent stuff, culled from the pages of weekly papers, of

which there was a pile in the housekeeper's room, the property of a sentimental lady's maid—and nothing seemed to come of it. Every day, sometimes twice and thrice a day, he would leave on Reggie's dressing table significant notes similar in tone to the one which he had placed there on the night of the ball; but, for all the effect they appeared to exercise on their recipient, they might have been blank pages. The choicest quotations from the works of such established writers as Aunt Charlotte of Forget-Me-Not, and Doctor Cupid, the heart expert of Home Chat, expended themselves fruitlessly on Reggie. As far as Albert could ascertain—and he was one of those boys who ascertain practically everything within a radius of miles—Reggie positively avoided Maud's society. And this after reading Doctor Cupid's invaluable tip about "Seeking her company on all occasions," and the dictum of Aunt Charlotte to the effect that "Many a wooer has won his lady by being persistent"—Albert spelled it "persistuent," but the effect is the same—"and rendering himself indispensable by constant little attentions." So far from rendering himself indispensable to Maud by constant little attentions, Reggie, to the disgust of his backer and supporter, seemed to spend most of his time with Alice Faraday. On three separate occasions had Albert been revolted by the sight of his protégé in close association with the Faraday girl, once in a boat on the lake and twice in his gray car. It was enough to break a boy's heart, and it completely spoiled Albert's appetite—a phenomenon attributed, I am glad to say, in the servants' hall to reaction from recent excesses. The moment when Keggs, the butler, called him a greedy little pig, and hoped it would be a lesson to him not to stuff himself at all hours with stolen cakes, was a bitter moment for Albert.

It is a relief to turn from the contemplation of these tortured souls to the pleasanter picture presented by Lord Marshmoreton. Here, undeniably, we have a man without a secret sorrow, a man at peace with this best of all possible worlds. Since his visit to George, a second youth seems to have come upon Lord Marshmoreton. He works in his rose garden with a new vim, singing to himself stray gay snatches of melodies popular in the 'eighties.

Hear him now, as he toils. He has a long garden implement in his hand, and he is sending up the death rate in slug circles with a devastating rapidity.

Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay!
Ta-ra-ra BOOM . . .

And the boom is a death knell. As it rings softly out on the pleasant spring air, another stout slug has made the Great Change.

It is peculiar, this gayety. It gives one to think. Others have noticed it; his lordship's valet among them.

"I give you my honest word, Mr. Keggs," says the valet, awed, "this very morning I 'eard the old devil a-singin' in 'is barth, chirrupin' away like a blooming linnet!"

"Lor!" says Keggs, properly impressed.

"And only last night 'e give me 'arf a box of cigars and said I was a good, faithful feller! I tell you, there's somethin' happened to the old buster, you mark my words!"

XVIII

OVER this complex situation the mind of Keggs, the butler, played like a searchlight. Keggs was a man of discernment and sagacity. He had instinct and reasoning power. Instinct told him that Maud, all unsuspecting the change that had taken place in Albert's attitude toward her romance, would have continued to use the boy as a link between herself and George; and reason, added to an intimate knowledge of Albert, enabled him to see that the latter must inevitably have betrayed her trust. He was prepared to bet a hundred pounds that Albert had been given letters to deliver and had destroyed them. So much was clear to Keggs. It only remained to settle on some plan of action which would reëstablish the broken connection. Keggs did not conceal a tender heart beneath a rugged exterior; he did not mourn over the picture of two loving fellow human beings separated by a misunderstanding; but he did want to win that sweepstake.

His position, of course, was delicate. He could not go to Maud and beg her to confide in him. Maud would not understand his motives, and might leap to the not unjustifiable conclusion that he had been at the sherry. No, men were easier to handle than women. As soon as his duties would permit—and in the present crowded condition of the house they were arduous—he set out for George's cottage.

"I trust I do not disturb or interrupt you, sir," he said, beaming in the doorway like a benevolent high priest. He had doffed his professional manner of austere disapproval, as was his custom in moments of leisure.

"Not at all," replied George, puzzled. "Was there anything ——"

"There was, sir!"

"Come along in and sit down."

"I would not take the liberty, if it is all the same to you, sir. I would prefer to remain standing."

There was a moment of uncomfortable silence—uncomfortable, that is to say, on the part of George, who was wondering if the butler remembered having engaged him as a waiter only a few nights back. Keggs himself was at his ease. Few things ruffled this man.

"Fine day," said George.

"Extremely, sir, but for the rain."

"Oh, is it raining?"

"A sharp downpour, sir."

"Good for the crops," said George.

"So one would be disposed to imagine, sir."

Silence fell again. The rain dripped from the eaves.

"If I might speak freely, sir?" said Keggs.

"Sure. Shoot!"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I mean, yes, go ahead!"

The butler cleared his throat.

"Might I begin by remarking that your little affair of the 'eart, if I may use the expression, is no secret in the servants' 'all? I 'ave no wish to seem to be taking a liberty or to presume, but I should like to intimate that the servants' 'all is aware of the facts."

"You don't have to tell me that," said George coldly. "I know all about the sweepstake!"

A flicker of embarrassment passed over the butler's large, smooth face—passed and was gone.

(Continued on Page 53)

"I Came Here to Tell You Everything. I'll Do It Now—Only It Isn't So Easy"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14, 1919

A Homemade Product

CEDING Alsace-Lorraine to France in no wise prejudices the future well-being of the German people; nor does ceding part of East Prussia to Poland. Those lands are inhabited mainly by French and Poles. The German people lose nothing by losing them. Turning the Saar mines over to France may shorten their coal supply, but it cancels that much of their liability for war damages. As to the future well-being of the German people, the big thing in the peace treaty is the bill for damages. That puts them heavily in debt, but ever since the signing of the armistice, and before, they knew that was coming.

Restoring the economic plant, increasing production, making and selling goods constitute now the great problem before the German people. The debt is a handicap. But the peace treaty does not foreclose their opportunity to produce, make and sell goods, build up credits, take up the activities by which they gained a livelihood and a growing surplus before the war.

In the big problem that now confronts them of regaining and increasing material prosperity they have another handicap, as heavy as any imposed by the treaty and one that no treaty could have relieved them of. That is the unofficial, unorganized individual ill will with which the German name is regarded over a large part of the world. One of their heaviest tasks is to overcome that and reestablish unofficial individual good will. That is a homemade task. After all is said about the harshness of the peace treaty the heaviest difficulties that afflict the people of Germany are a strictly homemade product. Clemenceau, Orlando, Lloyd George, and all other foreign treaty makers played only a comparatively insignificant part in bringing the people of Germany into their present plight. Mainly it was the work of persons with German names, citizens of Germany. And after all is said about handicaps, the people of Germany will make their own future. What they do will be the determining thing, and not what the treaty makers set down. Their own doing this month and this year is more important than the doing at Versailles.

Settle This

WHAT are commonly called public utilities—steam railroads, electric railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, electric light and power plants—were valued by the Census Bureau in 1912 at more than twenty-four billion dollars, which was nearly one-third the total wealth of the country aside from real estate. If you take out real estate, farm equipment and products and personal belongings, such as clothing, furniture, vehicles—these public utilities account for nearly half the total wealth of the country. In one way or another every economic activity depends upon them. If they are managed wrong nobody can escape the consequences. They are all under public control.

Many people still want government ownership and operation—principally some labor people who regard government ownership as the easiest way to raise wages. It is a method by which labor can get one dollar at a cost of two dollars to the community, and that would finally be a bad bargain for labor itself. Then there are noisy folks who want any sort of exciting change. They are only spectators. From their point of view the livelier the show the better. That, at bottom, is why many of them are so sympathetic to Bolshevism. It is an exciting act—for the safe onlooker.

But the country does not want government ownership. With the deficit of the railroads in government hands now running at the rate of seven hundred million dollars a year and many dissatisfactions over a service that costs twenty-five per cent more; seeing how many knots have been tied in the wire service in a few months; with the Shipping Board still the same sort of storm center that it has always been; and so on and so forth—the country is decidedly thumbs down to government ownership.

That means that these utilities, upon whose efficiency and sound growth the business of the country depends, must rely upon private capital. If they cannot attract private capital they cannot grow; their service must become increasingly inadequate with an increasing handicap on the country's industry. And to-day literally thousands of people the country over—not plutocrats, but persons belonging to the body of investors of moderate means, who absorb the great bulk of ordinary bond issues—are saying: "Never invest a dollar in a railroad or any other public utility."

That is not said very much in print, for in print it has a bad look; but it is being said privately all over the country, as anybody who circulates about will easily find out.

New York City settled its traction problem after vast agitation, on the basis of private management and a partnership between the city and the companies. That settlement was accepted by the city only a few years ago; but the companies are in bankruptcy now, traction affairs were never more unsettled, and hundreds of New Yorkers are saying: "Never invest in a public utility."

Chicago settled her traction affairs in 1907, after twenty years of turmoil and strife, on the basis of a partnership between the city and the companies, whose property was appraised by independent experts and that appraisal accepted as the legitimate investment on which the companies should be entitled to five per cent. The settlement was accepted by the voters, and everybody drew a long breath.

Now rising costs of operation and refusal to permit increased fares have brought the companies so near to bankruptcy that prior-lien bonds, bearing the city's certificate that they were issued in accordance with the settlement, sell at seventy-two cents on the dollar; traction affairs were never more unsettled and hundreds of Chicagoans are saying: "Never invest in a public utility."

Exceptions must be noted. In many localities regulatory bodies have met the situation raised by higher costs with genuine conservatism. But in many others they have not, and the ill repute of public-utility investments spreads. Electric railways of the country carried fourteen billion passengers in 1917. To a majority of city folks they are fairly a necessity of life. One mile of them out of eight, the country over, is now in the hands of receivers. This includes some of the most important mileage, as in New York City. That is not encouraging to investors.

Many regulatory bodies, like the Interstate Commerce Commission formerly, take the question to be whether a public-service agency, under private ownership, can scrape through. If it can probably avoid actual bankruptcy they give no relief. But that is not the real question. Just avoiding actual insolvency does not at all meet the situation. If public-service companies are put in a position where it is nip and tuck between solvency and insolvency private capital will not go into them. The harm has been done.

The public has a choice between two horses with which to do the day's work—public ownership or private ownership. For good reasons it chooses the private-ownership horse, and then hamstrings it. Rejecting government ownership the public must rely upon private capital for the maintenance and extension of these immensely important public services. If it does not make the conditions attractive to private capital it simply breaks the staff that it has chosen to walk with. Barely scraping through, just avoiding bankruptcy, will not answer. There must be better assurance than that.

This is the gist of the railroad problem: The country does not want government ownership. The only alternative is reliance on private capital. Unless railroad investments are made attractive to private capital the public simply hamstrings its horse. That is a bitter pill to our dinner-coat and patent-leather proletariat who do not want anything made attractive to private capital. But it is the cold and fundamental fact in the whole public-utilities situation. Cant and demagogy will do what they can to mislead; our scant professional proletariat will obstruct as much as possible; some elected persons will have a haunting fear of being called friends of plutocracy; but if private capital is to be our instrument we must give it conditions in which it will function efficiently—not the mere breath of life but assurance that legitimate bond interest will be paid—and a fair show to earn dividends that can increase as a reward of good management.

If we are not ready to meet that condition squarely and without shuffling we may as well hand the utilities over to the joy-riding theorists.

Compromising

THERE is less enthusiasm for a League of Nations in the United States now than there was two months ago—not so much because of criticism of the pact as because of what has happened at Versailles.

The United States accepted the spirit of the celebrated fourteen points without reservation. Europe accepted them with very important reservations, as events have disclosed. The peace settlement as so far formulated does not closely conform to the fourteen points in letter or in spirit; and any pretension to the contrary is rather irritating to common sense.

The spirit of the fourteen points was that imperialistic national aims in the way of annexations, conquests and invidious economic advantages—which are merely a projection of the old dynastic ambitions that made most of Europe's wars—should be completely discarded; that the guiding principle of the peace settlement at every point should be the present well-being and future security of the people affected, as distinguished from the states. The people everywhere on the Continent were to choose their own political allegiances and have the freest possible opportunity to achieve such happiness and prosperity as they were capable of—subject, in the case of enemy countries, to just debts for damage wantonly inflicted on others and to reasonable guarantees of future good behavior. The idea was that this arrangement would remove the chief provocations to war, and Europe, settled on that basis, would be as strongly devoted to peace as the United States was, so the United States could whole-heartedly enter into a compact with it for the preservation of peace.

Peace—that was the United States' whole motive for urging and joining a League of Nations. It regarded a League of Nations as the best possible means of insuring peace. The League had no other attraction for this country.

Europe, it appears, was not in quite the mood we thought. The old imperialistic ideas and motives that made for war and not for peace were still alive and kicking. The spirit in which it sat down to the peace table was by no means the democratic, idealistic spirit of the famous fourteen points. Naturally the United States was disappointed and chilled.

But its great object still is peace. Back of the dickerings at Versailles—some of them sordid enough—tremendous forces make for peace, forces far beyond the control of imperialistic statesmanship. Mentionable among them are the rising power of real democracy, the attitude of the plain people in various articulate cases, such as British and French labor organizations, and above all the plain economic necessities of the case. Economically and politically the alternative to peace, for Europe, is ruin.

The League of Nations, compromised at points though it is, is still the only practicable step toward assured peace. The pull of conditions will strengthen it. We take half a loaf and shall presently get the other half.

Theory and Practice

WE HAVE heard the remark that Mr. Wilson at Versailles committed a fault that was once rather common among young men out West—to wit: He sat in a poker game with players of superior skill and experience. The remark was made with a derogatory meaning.

The President, in his White House study, three to five thousand safe miles from the facts in the case, formulated a set of principles by which the world's peace settlement should be guided. They well expressed the feeling of the United States. But cool-eyed experience might have foreseen that when those points were taken up for concrete action by men with different traditions and ambitions and inclinations they were pretty sure to get more or less bent and cracked.

It has been held that the President should not have played poker at all; should not have negotiated and dickered and compromised, but should have grandly laid down his program, folded his arms and said: "On that I stand." He might have stood, but probably he would have got nowhere.

And when all is said, the peace settlement, as formulated to this writing, contains much more of the idea of the fourteen points than it omits. With admitted faults, it is the most democratically minded big peace ever formulated in the world. The imperialists have been forced to compromise too. No theory, however good, ever went into practice without undergoing important modifications. Where the object is really imperialistic concessions are made to the spirit of the hour by professing an ultimate democratic intention. Democracy itself is compromise. That is its spirit—a free flux of political opinions in which those that attract the majority shall be accepted by everybody. Only Czarism and Bolshevism propose to reject compromise.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Octavus Roy Cohen
An Autobiography

I OCCURRED in Charleston, South Carolina, on the twenty-sixth day of June, 1891. I was the first and only son of poor but honest parents who are still poor but honest.

I have been educated partially and by main force. When I attained the shaving age of sixteen my folks dispatched me to Clemson College, S. C., for a course of instruction in civil engineering, the big idea being that I was to graduate and solve the problems then confronting Goethals in Panama.

But I fooled 'em. At the fag end of a hectic freshman year, during which I had persistently ignored mathematics and engineering and absorbed myself in the intricacies of Harold MacGrath and Robert W. Chambers, I became one of a wild-eyed band of insurgents who staged a revolution. We parted company with the college very suddenly. It was entirely the college's idea.

I returned. I lasted until mid-junior year. Once again I found that my views of college life did not accord with those of the faculty. Goethals lost an able assistant and I broke my scholastic record. Usually I was fired from a school only once.

I went West, young man, and got as far as Birmingham, Alabama, before my money gave out. I tried my hand at practical engineering and emerged with greater respect for the faculty which had fired me.

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Sophie Kerr
An Autobiography

WHEN I go back to my home town in Denton, Maryland, every once in so often someone says to me that in my childhood I used to gather my little playmates round me and tell them bright stories of adventure, thus proving beyond a doubt that my fiction tendency manifested itself early. As a matter of fact my particular friends would probably have cordially bade me shut up if I had tried anything like that. I don't remember really feeling the "cosmic urge" to write until I was at college, and then I wrote mostly essays all full of fine thoughts about things I knew nothing at all about. But I suppose the essays pointed the way, for pretty soon I began to break out into stories. The first one was printed in the Ladies World. They paid me three dollars for it and it was half a column long and simply reeking with heartbreak, of course, for I was seventeen when I wrote it. Then The Country Gentleman printed one, and after that there were some others. But art via fiction seemed mighty long to me, and so after college I determined to do newspaper work. Somehow or other I wished myself onto the Pittsburgh Gazette and Chronicle Telegraph, and did a woman's page and music criticism, and later a Sunday supplement for them. After Pittsburgh came New York and a magazine job—on the Woman's Home Companion—and after some years of that I began to write stories again. My fourth book, The See Saw, is out this year. And now I want to write another book and then some plays, heaven help me! As to my personal characteristics, I am extravagant, not very amiable, a reactionary Republican in politics, can't play bridge, and am very fond of motoring, hats, seabeaches and satinwood furniture.

William Hamilton Osborne

THIS shows William Hamilton Osborne having his picture taken while engaged, apparently, in braving the terrors of Bolshevism in the Pacific Northwest. He is a lawyer by profession, in active practice. Some time ago his attention was directed to an anonymous article appearing in the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It was entitled The Literary Trade. It set forth the remarkable advantages of becoming a short story writer. It was profusely illustrated. One picture portrayed a young author taking three silk-hatted editors out to lunch. Mr. Osborne read and reread the article and determined to look into the matter. He shut himself up in a room and turned out his first short story and sent it to a magazine. It was accepted inside of ten days. He thereupon made a journey to the offices of the magazine with the idea of taking the editor out to lunch. He was introduced to nine editors—his story had been accepted by all nine. He left immediately and went back and wrote another. He has been writing ever since. He believes firmly that every man should have two paying occupations particularly every writer. His idea is that the one occupation affords relief from the other, furnishes actual experience from which material may be drawn, and eke out incomes atrociously assaulted by the H. C. of L. He is a native of Newark, New Jersey, and is proud of it. His one great ambition is some day to startle the world with the great Newark novel of the age.

OLD MEN'S PEACE

By THOMAS BEER

MR. SHERMAN CODY always woke his grandson by a series of genial roars directed from the kitchen, above which Johnny slept. This was a prelude to their morning contention. Having roared thrice, Mr. Cody marched upstairs and slammed open Johnny's door.

"If you ain't ever goin' to get up, why, of course, I can eat breakfast all by myself. Ev'rythin's gettin' cold."

"Oh, I'll get up," Johnny said from under his pillow as if sulkily.

"Well, when I was your age if I wasn't up by seven o'clock they'd of thought I was sick an' sent for the doctor!"

"I said I'd get up, grandpapa!"

"Well, see you don't go to sleep again then!"

"Well, I won't."

"Well, don't!"

This gambit having been duly enjoyed by both players, Mr. Cody withdrew and Johnny tumbled out of bed into his bathtub, splashed water over the oilcloth floor and peered across the bright cornfields to the Potter kitchen porch. In summer the Potters had breakfast at half past six, and now Johnny could see Rhoda Potter's blue apron above the glitter of sun-illumined pans, though the trellis of trumpet vine kept him from glimpsing her dark hair. So, assured that she lived and was well, he pulled on his shirt and overalls and tramped downstairs at a reluctant gait. His next move was to affront his grandfather somehow. It was impossible for Mr. Cody to relish breakfast without a quarrel.

"Ham again! Grandpapa, I should think you'd get tired of ham, and it ain't good for you anyhow."

"I've been eatin' ham for breakfast for pretty near seventy years and it never hurt me any that I can see," Mr. Cody snarled, loading his idol's plate.

"It's bad for your temper," said the idol, selecting a baked apple.

"If you'd get up an' go to work decent an' act like a Christian once in a while I wouldn't have any temper. I'm as reasonable a man as there is in the whole state of Ohio! Anybody in Zerbetta can tell you so too!"

"Reasonable?" sniffed Johnny; "you're just about as reasonable as Ed Potter!"

This was an inspiration of the second. Johnny was watching Rhoda Potter a quarter mile away wring dishcloths on her steps. The wire fence between the Cody cornfield bottom and the Potter orchard divided Mr. Potter and Mr. Cody entirely, and made their descendants wary in meeting publicly. The taunt threw Cody into a happy rage. He yelled and began to comment on Johnny's life and habits while the young man ate.

"You ain't even got sense enough to stay with your own folks! I hear you was dancin' with Rhody Potter at the party. That's a fine thing to do when ——"

"I didn't dance with her," Johnny corrected. "I just sat an' talked to her. I'm not goin' to be rude to Rhoda just because you and Potter don't speak."

"I ain't spoke to Ed Potter for ten years! I wouldn't speak to him if he come crawlin' on his belly to ask I would!"

"Well, that's awful silly," said Johnny, signaling the cook for more coffee and bringing the game to a finish.

"It ain't neither! An' you ain't any business speakin' to me like that! Ain't I all the folks you've got? Ain't I raised you up ever since your papa an' mamma died off an' left you? You shut your mouth! You're old enough an' ugly enough to know better!"

Johnny swung about and planted his feet on the window sill composedly. He had arranged the proper and usual climax. It was now time to make up. Presently his grandfather would tender abject truce. He rolled a cigarette and contemplated his feet with satisfaction. They were really very handsome and efficient feet and they rather consoled him for his face. Johnny would have been remarkable in a world where clothing was unknown, but he was obliged to treasure as unique the compliment rendered by the wife of one of his instructors at Agricultural College when she said that his eyes were beautiful and that his hair was a nice shade of red. Now, awaiting amnesties, he stared past his toes at the Potter farmhouse. Rhoda was speaking to her small brother, Phil; and directly Phil ran down the yard and over the turnpike to the Widow Braley's residence, his bare legs twinkling like bronze in the amazing midland sun.

"Johnny, I Wish You Wouldn't Keep Saying You're Ugly. You Keep Talking as if You Were a Chimpanzee or Something!"

"Johnny," said Mr. Cody, stirring meekly, "I didn't mean to say you're really ugly. I didn't mean that."

Johnny wriggled his toes to express contemptuous wrath and puffed a cloud of smoke.

"Oh, I didn't, Johnny. You come on an' finish your breakfast!"

"I have."

"But ——"

"I think," said the conqueror with lazy cruelty, "that I'll go into town an' see if I can't get a job at the machinery works. I'm pretty healthy an' ——"

"Now, Johnny ——"

Johnny laughed and turned to grin at the suppliant. Mr. Cody beamed, seeing forgiveness, and rubbed his beard.

"You're awful easy to scare, grandpapa. Say, there's something happened at Potter's!"

The Widow Braley and her son Claude were coming up the Potter yard hastily with Phil, and as they gained the porch steps a motor, the red-and-black car of Doctor Case, shot into sight about the curve of the road from town.

"Potter's taken sick," said Johnny; "that's what it is."

"Ed Potter sick?" Mr. Cody sneered after a long and tremulous breath. "The wicked they flourish like a green bay tree! Ed can't be sick! Why, he's two years younger'n me!"

Johnny saw the hired men of the two farms drifting up to the Potter house and a flurry of skirts in the kitchen door. He worried for Rhoda and felt his grandfather shifting fretfully at his side. The feud was a hollow myth, he knew, and in a moment Mr. Cody panted: "Whyn't you go on over an' find out what's happened? You're friends with the girl an' little Phil. I don' mind if you do. It's only Christian."

"Don't you get scared, grandpapa," said Johnny. He jumped the sill and got to the whispering group in less than four minutes.

"It's this here acute indigestion," Mrs. Braley explained. "He ate a lot of pancakes an' went out in the hot sun. Doctor Case is fixin' him up now."

Rhoda showed herself in the door and gave him a brisk nod as if she were not much surprised by his presence there. The hired men began to gossip with him about seasonable things—ailing cows, the heat and the corn it was hurting. Mrs. Braley went in to help boil water, and Mr. Potter's groans—not at all feeble—were very audible.

"He's better," Phil reported, coming out. "Claude Braley's holdin' his head."

Johnny thought grimly that a real use for Claude had been found at last. The farm hands chuckled. Since his return from Oklahoma the widow's son had done little but talk and he was rising to the state of a neighborhood nuisance.

"Claude better set up for a sick nurse," said someone.

"I want all of you to go away excepting Johnny," Rhoda ordered, appearing beyond the door screen.

Johnny flushed, though this tribute to embarrassment showed only on his ears, where the freckles were not so pervasive, and looked sidelong at her rosy arms. It was hard to dare the glory and look straight at Rhoda.

"Tell your grandfather that he isn't so very sick," she said softly. "I expect he wants to know?"

"Of course he does!" Johnny laughed. "They're a couple of old frauds! Grandpapa was near cryin'."

Mr. Cody received Rhoda's message with an attempt at derision.

"A lot I care whether Ed Potter gets well or dies off!"

"Oh, of course you don't," Johnny yawned, trying to remember the exact shade of her gown.

"Well, I don't!"

"I know you don't, grandpapa."

It was so plain that he did care that Johnny left the farm to their hired men for the day and sat with the nervous veteran. He was forced to laugh when at sunset Rhoda telephoned that her father wanted Mr. Cody, and the old man scuttled hatless without a word.

The reconciliation had no witnesses; but Johnny, watching Rhoda hem a towel in the Potter sitting room, listened to the fall of the shrill aged voices from the upper floor. Their conversation floated as a sort of treble burden on the smooth tide of Claude Braley's recital to Rhoda. Claude, superb in blue serge and white breeches, was here a very correct man of leisure; and he talked—Johnny thought—extremely well, his subjects being his career in Oklahoma as an oil broker and the wealth of his associates there. Johnny had not heard Claude in this part before. In male gatherings he held forth endlessly on the gallantries and amorous triumphs of his Western days. Rhoda listened and nodded, her head high against the ruddy wall paper.

"It must be awful interesting out West," she said. "I wonder if it isn't kind of slow for you back here?"

"Oh, well, I'd been away for four years and mamma isn't as young as she was. I thought I'd better come back."

This was a contrast to Claude's reason for coming home as given at the swimming place to an unmixed circle. That tale involved a lady. Johnny bit his lip, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"Johnny," Rhoda asked, "don't you ever get restless?"

"I got so homesick at college that I haven't got over it yet. No, I'd as leave stay here, Rhoda. I've been to New York an' Washington."

Claude looked at him with a certain patronage, and in the lamplight Johnny noticed how black his hair glistened and how nobly his nose arched.

"I'd sort of like to go West and see the sights," Rhoda observed, biting off her thread, and the admission set Claude going again. He spoke of the splendors of Tulsa quite continuously, until Phil Potter, washing his legs in the kitchen, drawled loudly that it was half past ten, and Mr. Cody came downstairs full of sentiment.

"Ed's doin' fine," he chirped, walking home by the road, "and he'll be all right pretty soon."

"Sure," said Johnny. "The wicked flourish like a green bay tree, don't they?"

This occasioned a lecture on Christian charity and respect due the old, to which Johnny gave no attention whatever, his thoughts busy with the motion of her hands on the fabric, and the bend of her throat. Queer, that she was twenty and still unwed!

"And you'd ought to be glad that me an' Ed have made it up, Johnny, because now you and Rhody can see each other all you've a mind to." The grandfather giggled and drove his elbow into Johnny's ribs.

"Don't get so athaletic, grandpapa." Johnny blushed safely under the moonless sky. "You'll bust yourself."

But he was very happy. The air moved about him tenderly, grateful as the touch of sun-warmed water on

(Continued on Page 30)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Children love the flavor!

It's Campbell's way of bringing out the richness of the plump and meaty beans, Campbell's way of blending in the savory sauce of red ripe tomatoes, Campbell's spicing, Campbell's cooking, Campbell's principle of using only the best of everything, that make these beans the favorite kind with so many children—as well as grown-ups. Slow thorough cooking makes these beans easy to digest. Serve them often!

One Size — 15c a Can — One Kind

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' PORK AND BEANS

RED-AND-WHITE LABEL — WITH TOMATO SAUCE

(Continued from Page 28)

naked limbs. The dew, wetting his feet, brought up the perfume of pennyroyal and parched grass. The owls hooted with a seraphic intonation at variance with their custom. He stared at the July stars and pitied them, stranded in heaven, distant from this splendid earth; and sat on the veranda watching the lamps of the Potter paradise cease on the darkness, one by one, wondering which oblong glimmer was her intimate glow. It was exquisite to be able to sit close to her, under her own roof, to see her hem towels by lamplight! He had no hope of more than this. He was very humble in his respectful passion. He smoked a last cigarette, patted Cassius, the cat, and went to bed.

Now began an exchange of visits during Mr. Potter's invalid period. The Codys walked over to eat dinner or supper, the Potters drove over to eat dinner or supper. Johnny spent several dollars in new collars and gay socks—not with a purpose of fascinating Rhoda but because Claude Braley often came along, casual and uninvited; and Johnny so despised this handsome idler that he was forced to compete, since he had the means. Sometimes when the old men were chatting secretly in a porch corner, Johnny took her to drive in his car and enjoyed her alone for a modest space. He found that they were agreed in their amusement over the peace.

"It's a pity one way, Johnny. They haven't got anybody to get mad about any more. I don't know what papa'll do."

"You might tell him to try cussin' Claude Braley some," he suggested, steering wide to avoid one of the widow's pigs, which had chosen midroad for a nap.

"Claude does talk a lot," she conceded, "but he means well. I think men that are as good-looking as that get sort of spoiled."

"Claude," said Johnny, "is my notion of a pest."

This was the harshest thing he ever said of Claude toher, but the handsome sojourner annoyed him, and his persistent dancing with Rhoda at the summer parties in Zerbetta was much remarked. She had other suitors, worthy and virtuous young men of whom Johnny approved, and he wished that the old men, instead of whispering and giggling foolishly in corners, would interfere to blight Claude with invectives.

"You don't look like you was as cheerful as you ought to be," Mr. Cody declared.

"I ain't," said Johnny, just descended from shaving.

The sight of his broken nose and the angularities of his jaw were always depressing. "Well, you'll get over that mighty quick," said Mr. Cody.

The cryptic nature of this prophecy interested Johnny briefly, but he had a young horse to break that afternoon and so forgot it until next day, when he was hailed in Zerbetta Square by friends with the most congratulatory gestures and all the clerks in Sully's harness shop grinned and shook hands when he entered. The proprietor remarked that the Courier had got Johnny's name printed straight for once.

"What's the Courier got about me?"

"Why, just that you're engaged. Ain't you seen it?"

With a dizzy drowned feeling Johnny read that Mr Edwin Potter announced the engagement of his daughter, Rhoda May, to Mr. John Sherman Cody. It added that no date had been set for the wedding.

"You've kept awful quiet about this," said Sully.

"I should say I have!" Johnny gulped and rushed out into the hot square. But the Courier office was locked and he could not kill the editor immediately, so he hurried to a saloon where there was a telephone booth.

"The Courier's got it in that I'm engaged to Rhoda, grandpapa! What ——"

"Yes? Well, Ed told 'em to send us out twenty copies. Have they got all the names spelled right?"

Johnny stood in the booth and sweated with shame after he had rung off. Presently he dashed for the street and found his car, but Claude was sitting in it, gloriously draped in white duck and scented as a bride.

"Hello," said Claude, wringing his wet hand. "Congratulate you, old man! Mind givin' me a lift home?"

"I don't mind anything," Johnny grunted.

His thoughts ran in twisted designs of anger and despair. Rhoda would never forgive him. She would never believe him guiltless in the matter. What fools old men were!

"You ought to fetch Rhoda out to Tulsa so's she could see some real life," Claude told him.

"If everybody in Tulsa lives like you say you an' your gang do, I wouldn't take a cow there," said Johnny absently.

"You're awful respectable," Claude jeered.

"I ain't so respectable you're afraid to be seen with me though," Johnny growled, slowing at the Braley gate.

"The world isn't all Sunday-school picnics," Claude retorted. Johnny found Mr. Cody among the sweet-pea beds and lost his temper utterly at the beaming glance that welcomed him.

The Reconciliation Had No Witnesses; But Johnny Listened to the Fall of the Shrill Aged Voices From the Upper Floor

"Say, this is a fine thing you an' old Potter have cooked up!"

"Now, don't you get up on your high horse like Rhody done," Mr. Cody bleated. "I never saw the beat of it! Here's you an' her actin' like me an' Ed had poisoned your vittles on you after you've been makin' eyes at each other for years."

"You two old fools ain't any right tellin' a girl who she should get married with, an' you know it! She'd as soon have a bedbug round as me! She ——"

Mr. Cody's faded eyes spilled two solemn and protesting drops. Johnny softened and was silent.

"Ed an' me wanted to see you an' her settled down before we died off. It'd be nice to see some babies."

This indelicate idea made Johnny yelp. He kicked a sweet-pea stake brutally.

"Well, the next time you want to marry me off, for the Lord's sake tell me about it!"

"Now, Johnny! There ain't anything nicer'n settlin' down quiet and peaceful with a nice girl, an' you've got your mamma's money, an' anything I can give you, an' ——"

"Oh, you go on pickin' flowers! I'm goin' over to talk to Rhoda!"

"Now, Johnny, don't you hurt that girl's feelin's by sayin' you ain't willin', after Ed an' me have gone to all this trouble to fix it up nice and peaceful. We ——"

Johnny skirted the barnyards, where the hired men were assembling the cows, and stumbled on Phil Potter by the boundary fence assisting a pet rabbit in her maternal cares.

"Rhoda's in the kitchen," said the brother, snickering.

"Well, you go tell her to come ——"

"Aw, go tell her yourself! I ain't engaged to her," Philip drawled.

Johnny approached the house cautiously, but Rhoda came round the vast woodpile by the kitchen door and saw him. She advanced, a dishpan in her hands and her brow obscured by the dark hair he adored. She was very grave but not angry, and his body drooped in base sorrow before her kindness as she smiled.

"Well," he choked, "this is an awful thing they've gone and put on you, Rhoda. Honest, I hadn't nothin' to do with it. Honest, I hadn't!"

"I don't guess either of us did," she said after a pause.

"I certainly didn't. Well," he mumbled without looking up, "now we've got to fix it so's you can get out of it without lookin' foolish. It's all over town. I've just been there."

Rhoda dropped the pan on the chopping block and laughed. Through his pain he was glad that she could laugh.

"Well, we can't do anything right off, Johnny. Papa isn't at all well yet. Doctor Case said we'd have to be careful of his heart. We'd better wait a while. And he thinks it was a nice easy way to fix it up. Old men are funny, aren't they? You see, all they think of is how to have everything nice and peaceful, like they want it. I expect they didn't think of how it would be to be married to a girl when you didn't want to."

A wild and bitter desire to set her right on this point rose in Johnny's soul and stuttered out in a poor sentence:

"Well, of course, Rhoda, any fellow'd be glad to get a girl like you."

"It's awful nice of you to say that, Johnny. Well, I guess we'd better wait a while."

Johnny wiped the sweat circling in the roots of his red hair and assented. Looking back he could see her sitting on the block, her blue gown splashed with shadow from the oak leaves swaying overhead, and woe spurred him to a run. He lurched into the tall corn of the field below and crouched there, grinding his hands on his burning face. After a while he knew that his fingers were dripping—not sweat but tears.

Zerbetta now showed a friendly and festal solicitude in regard to these affianced. They were widely entertained and applauded. Even the great Mr. Reid, president of the First National Bank, wrote letters of good will. Persons came calling from Cypress, the ancillary village ten miles west, and young husbands gave Johnny sympathetic advice. He saw Rhoda suffering the like ministration from their wives at parties. He managed to forestall Mr. Cody's move to hire an architect for the construction of a residence to shelter their bliss, but it became apparent that the resulting scandal when they broke would be colossal.

Johnny knew that this betrothal was the large event of the Zerbettan calendar for 1914. It outdid the war, when that calamity loosed itself in August. He hoped that Claude in his capacity of care-free adventurer would wander to Europe. Claude was a nuisance. He gave Johnny unasked aid in the purchase of Rhoda's ring. Rhoda wore it.

"It would look queer if I didn't for a while anyhow, Johnny, and it is ever so pretty."

The stones sent up sparkles of glory on the round of her chin, which he wanted to kiss. Johnny writhed.

"Yes, it's pretty," he said. "Claude says it's just as nice as any he ever saw in Tulsa. That's sayin' a lot for it! Even an ugly fellow can give his girl somethin'."

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Do you want *mere size*—

or do you want *quality?*

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Reclaiming Northern France

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

IF I WERE God, and could make a decree by a simple nod of my august head, I should immediately and forthwith promulgate the fiat that all of our overseas troops in France before going home should take a farewell trip in rubberneck wagons through that strip of battle-scarred territory from the Vosges, through Belgium to Nieuport and the sea. And this I would do, granting that I was God, not from any puny motive to rouse hatred against the Hun in our men—but solely to complete their education in war. It would be, so to speak, their final course of military instruction.

For the best part of the past two years they have seen war at long and close range; they have been taught by precept, example and grim participation. Some of that northern region has been destroyed by their own guns. But thus far the instruction has been intensive, detailed, instead of panoramic. Each soldier has had his fixed place, his definite responsibility. He is like a person standing in a small spotlight of intense illumination. The spotlight moves with him every step he takes. It shows him exactly where next to place his foot. Inside that small white circle he knows his way about extremely well—none better!—and he can tell you bloodcurdling tales, for that moving spotlight has taken him into some pretty lively quarters. But all outside that small intensely illuminated circle of personal experience—the big movements, the wide perspective—are shrouded in absolute darkness.

And so to complete and vivify this restricted personal experience I should like to put him through this final panoramic course, so that he might behold in the large, with his own eyes, the stupendous, insensate havoc of the thing we call war. I should not, as God, be interested in fixing in his mind any particular propaganda as to who was to blame; or as to how much indemnity France and Belgium should claim; or as to whether he should go straight home and vote the Republican or the Democratic ticket. But by all the arts which I as the Almighty Artist possessed, I should burn into his brain certain pictures, so that when the word "war"—any war—was mentioned, there would instantaneously leap before his eyes a vision: The ghastly specter city, Ypres; a blinded soldier, a baby on his knee, sitting with his wife in a dank cave in the midst of a ruined village; a group of emaciated, famine-stunted children in a clinic, their skinny arms thin as pipestems, awaiting examination for tuberculosis; a wayside Christ without his cross, flung high on a heap of rubbish, his arms upraised as if in protest to the sky; a hundred hungry women with babies in their arms standing in a blinding snowstorm to receive food and clothes. And behind these particular pictures as a background I would brand the gaunt, smitten desert of dead cities, dead factories, dead fields—mile upon weary mile. And the purpose of this last panoramic course of instruction would not be to create hate but simply to impress as with a white-hot branding iron the indefinition of that word "war." And then, as God, I would let it go at that. Each man, with the picture in his head, should work out his own line of action to please himself. All this is merely another way of saying that no pen can picture that northern desolation, no cinema can render it, no lecturer describe it. It must be actually seen with the eyes—and seen, not in scraps and fragments, but in the large.

Evacuation of Walking Wounded in the Toul Sector, 1918

Two Main Types

IN JANUARY I took the trip by automobile from Paris to the channel ports in order to see what was doing up in those devastated districts. The answer at that time was next to nothing. The pot was boiling merrily down in Paris, and a cloud of dense smoke and some political stench were rising therefrom, but so far as actual governmental assistance to those poor unfortunate inhabitants of the north was concerned, you could have put the whole amount inside a thimble.

In March I made another trip, with an eye particularly to the problems of the civilian population—those who had stayed during the German occupation, and those evacuated refugees who had returned since the armistice. And it is the result of those two trips as regards the living conditions in the liberated districts of Northern France that I am going to set down here.

First of all, there are two types of population in that northern region: The people who have remained during the entire period of the war without evacuation, such as the inhabitants of Lille; and the people who were evacuated during the final July–November, 1918, offensive to Belgium. As the German Army retreated through Belgium these fleeing refugees were kicked back through the Hun lines. The rapidly pursuing British Army thrust them still farther to the rear. And after the armistice this final wave of refugees, just about spent from sheer human misery and fatigue, washed slowly back to the districts whence it started in Northern France.

These are at present the two big sources of population. Later, when winter lets up its harsh grip on the land, there will be a third lot. In summer, hundreds of thousands of refugees who fled during the first months of the war will return. But just now they are awaiting warm weather, which is imminent; they are awaiting indemnities—not quite so imminent—with which to reconstruct their affairs; and also they are awaiting the return of the Goddess of Peace, who at this particular point in the road seems still so remote that nobody can tell whether the lady is actually approaching or retreating. Undoubtedly from July on there will be an exodus of scores of thousands of refugees northward. But at present it is not with this third class we have to deal.

A German Way to Kill the Sick

WHERE do they live, these people? Well, in such towns as Lille, Cambrai, Valenciennes—where only certain quarters are demolished—they live where they lived before. In towns and villages absolutely demolished there is obviously not much life. Until the destroyed and deliberately contaminated water supplies can be restored there exists a grave menace of epidemic. And once such an epidemic took hold among that undernourished, tuberculosis-infected population it would blot them out like a plague. In certain districts, therefore, permission to return has been refused.

An example of the deliberate water contamination was recently found in the city hospital of Valenciennes, used during the occupation by the boches. When the city, in March, again took over the hospital it was found that the water meter of the building had been loosened from the pipes and the breach packed round with compressed manure so that the supply would be gradually contaminated. Repeated instances of this and other methods of wholesale water contamination render the resettling of towns, without a previous technical examination of the water sources, extremely dangerous.

Nevertheless, in spite of such dangers the people have begun to return. Villages, apparently lifeless, abandoned to the wind and the bat and the rat, will reveal upon close examination two or three score of cave dwellers, refugees living in dark cellars or in crazy lean-tos, while the man of the house cleans up the wreck.

In Péronne, a town of five thousand before the war, about two hundred and fifty have returned, and more are constantly straggling in. There is a tiny shop which two or three times a week receives supplies from Amiens, fifty kilometers away. Péronne is the supply center of twenty-three communes, and men, demobilized poilu farmers, tramp ten, twenty, thirty kilometers into that center for food or farm equipment or seed. They trudge that long distance through slush and snow, only to find too often that the transportation has broken down and nothing from Amiens has come through. In which case they turn round and trudge patiently back again.

Even Lens—once a powerful industrial city, now a vast rubbish heap—has its small band of pioneers. In the wilderness of dead ruins you will not see them. As in Péronne, their subterranean dwellings and shacks of rusty corrugated iron escape

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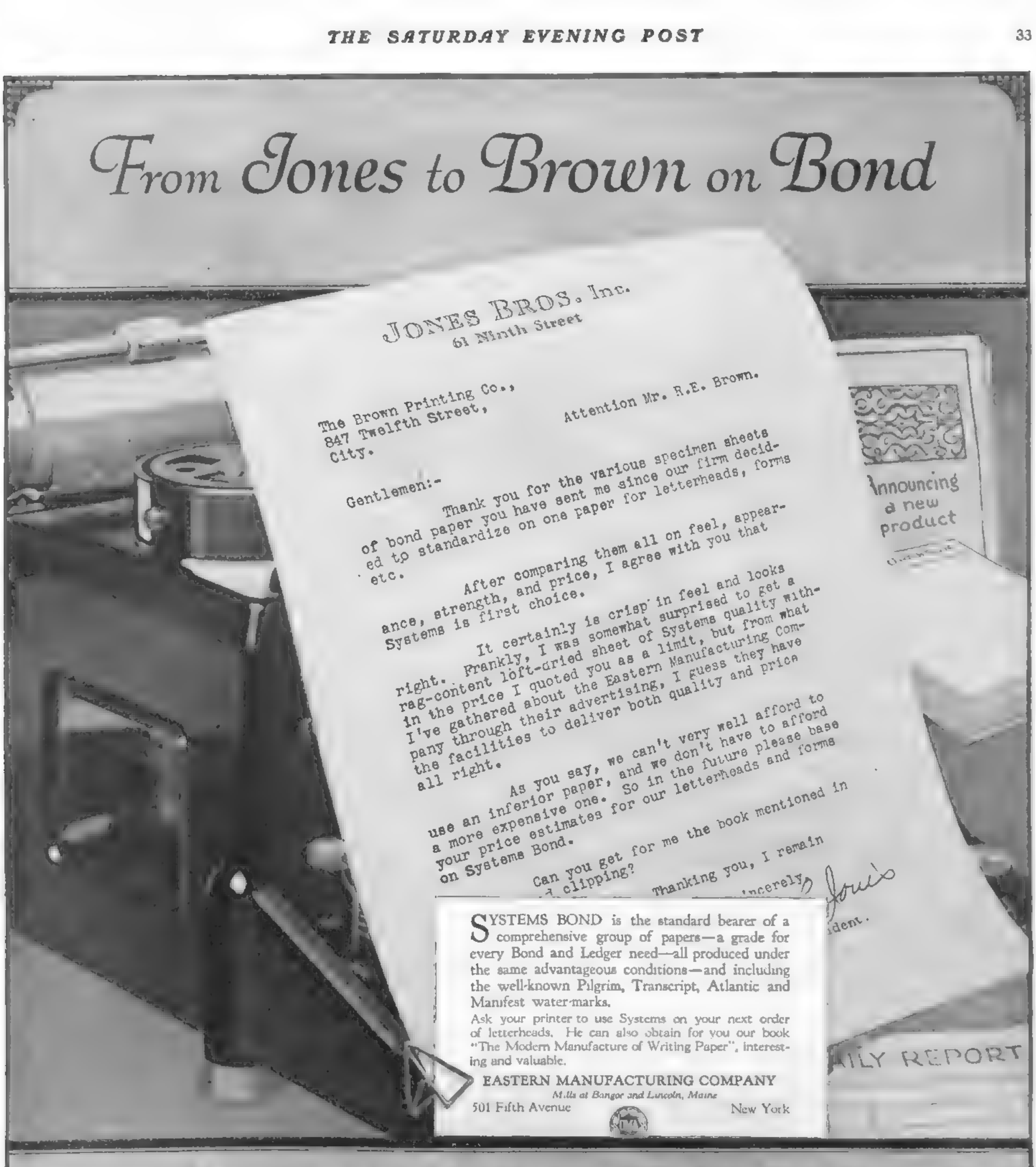
An American Cemetery on the Champagne Front

From Jones to Brown on Bond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It certainly is crisp in feel and looks right. Frankly, I was somewhat surprised to get a rag-content loft-dried sheet of Systems quality within the price I quoted you as a limit, but from what I've gathered about the Eastern Manufacturing Company through their advertising, I guess they have the facilities to deliver both quality and price all right.
As you say, we can't very well afford to use an inferior paper, and we don't have to afford a more expensive one. So in the future please base your price estimates for our letterheads and forms on Systems Bond.
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(Continued from Page 32)

the eye. But motor through the place at nightfall and you will mark here and there little spirals of feathery smoke curling up against the pale sky, and tiny red stars, like fireflies, gleaming out through the gloom. These are the first advance guard of those who have begun to reclaim the land. But the efforts of these pioneers, gallant as they are, are merely microscopic, accidental, compared with the vastness of the wreck as a whole. Nothing big, constructive or permanent can be done until the government takes hold with indemnities and building plans. And when that will be—who knows?

I have spoken before, in another article, of the difference in the spirit, the morale, between the French and the Belgians in the liberated regions. This difference of reaction of two peoples under the German rule struck me most forcibly in January. I perceived the difference in morale without being able to account for it. The French, as a result of the occupation, were sad, apathetic, listless, embittered toward their own government and suspicious of everyone. They seemed less energetic, less disposed to pitch in and start all over for themselves. In short, they were sick and dejected and bitter and hard. Even the hatred of their conquerors lacked the stamina, the keen, almost joyous, strike-back quality which distinguished the hate of the Belgians. There is something admirable about a clean-cut hearty hater—a hater who can't be bluffed or bullied or soft-soaped, who hates his enemy root and branch. Now the Belgians were root-and-branch haters. Their hatred of the Hun was as healthy as a stiff west wind, for they got the hatred out of their systems. They struck back all the time. The French civilians in the north, on the contrary, were more philosophic, stoic, repressed. They hated perhaps the more because they showed it less.

This difference in morale I perceived, without knowing why it was so because I did not possess the key to the situation. And the key to the whole situation is the difference in the type of German occupation that prevailed in Belgium and that of Northern France. In order to understand the problem of these refugees in the liberated regions it is necessary to get hold of a few bottom facts. And if in what follows I talk more of Lille and the surrounding districts it is because that comparatively small area represents as much population as all the rest of the invaded territory put together. So there you get the type condition. And you get it good and hard!

The Trail of Destruction

IT IS almost impossible for the world at large to realize what complete isolation Northern France suffered during the occupation, and the consequent depression of inactivity which resulted after four years of that brutal repressive rule. The civilians could not move about from town to town. They could not go out after dark. They could not resist by concerted governmental action, as was done in Belgium, the brutal encroachments of the foe. Every man had to stand the strain as best he might, a mere solitary human unit, with no government, no newspapers to reenforce his strength. They knew nothing. They could organize nothing. An iron lid of isolation, of sequestration, was clapped down right over their heads. Spies were everywhere, and German officers. Factories were closed. There was no work. Men and women had been deported to Germany to slave for their conquerors. Other women had been assigned as personal servants to German officers. A part of this brutal repression arose from the fact that Lille was German Headquarters upon the British Front. All this section of France was practically battle line. Whereas up in Belgium, save for a small western slip, most of the country was far removed from the guns.

In another place I have written how in Belgium a big national committee mobilized the workers, and by food, employment and constant encouragement held the country firm. One phase of this gigantic organization—Hoover's Committee for Relief in Belgium—which handled the food situation, functioned in Northern France even as it did in Belgium. But with a difference. For the iron hand of repression operated on this committee just as it operated on the French inhabitants. That iron hand was always seeking a pretext to curtail the power of the Americans, to thrust them entirely off the map. The committee never had free converse with the civilians. A German liaison officer was invariably along. There were, of course, secret underground means of communication. But it goes without saying that such means could not be so effective as the open, organized relief system which prevailed in Belgium.

Here one of the chief factors in sustaining the morale of the people, outside of food, was the immense *ouvroir* system which the Hoover commission introduced. Hundreds of millions of francs' worth of raw materials, chiefly cotton and wool, were bought in the open market, shipped into Belgium, and made up into clothes in thousands of workshops scattered all over the land. This system at one master stroke furnished the people with work, with money, with clothes. Together with food it saved the morale of the nation. But this system could not be worked in Northern France. Consequently there was a dreary stagnation, not only physical but spiritual, which settled down like a miasma over the land. No news, no work, no hope, no friends. And black suspicion and distrust purposely fostered everywhere. Four years of that kind of atmosphere left its deep taint in the inhabitants. It was inevitable.

Then suddenly, on October 19, 1918, the Huns departed. It was six o'clock in the evening. They ordered the inhabitants on pain of death to stay inside their houses. And after four years the French had learned the lesson of obedience! Behind their doors they listened fearfully while terrible detonations of explosions shook the earth and the air. Were they dynamiting the entire city? The next morning when they came forth, hesitatingly, not a Hun was in sight. But after their army had decamped their destruction units had blown up every bridge, every railway station, wrecked every railroad, every canal that connected Lille with the rest of the outside world. To be exact, they blew up twenty-six bridges in Lille alone, and some sixteen thousand in Northern France.

And so the people were again cut off! The iron ring of isolation which the Germans forged still held. And now arose a situation in that tormented northern district which, if anything, was even more grim than that which existed under the occupation—for under the Huns there was at least transportation. And transportation meant food. Not much, it is true, for the food commission could ship in only the bare minimum which sustains life. And of supplementary food they had practically none. Their fields yielded not wheat and beans, but hand grenades and marmites, rotting horses and dead men. Eggs, chickens, cows—every fresh thing was eagerly grabbed up by the Germans.

To show the scarcity of certain necessities, in January, when I visited the devastated regions, not one cow, one pig, one chicken did I see. In late March, when I came again, in a six days' motor trip up and down and across the land I counted altogether four cows and half a dozen chickens. And this four months after the armistice! But with chickens selling from seven to ten dollars apiece it can be easily seen they were beyond the dreams of refugees who had lost everything save what was inside their skins. This extreme scarcity of food made them rely almost wholly upon the outside supply sent in.

Then the Germans left and cut their means of transportation. You perceive their dilemma? The Mexicans have a way of preventing the pursuit of an enemy by hamstringing his horse. They cut the big heel tendons which enable the beast to go. That was what the Germans did in the north. The liberated districts found themselves free, but hamstrung, unable to move, cut off from the outside world of food.

And the war in its final phase was continuing so intensely that nobody, it seemed, had much time for these poor abandoned unfortunates. Were they not free? All the world rejoiced at their freedom. Fêtes, bands, banquets in their honor were the order of the day. Their heroism was lauded. The Hun was execrated. The extent of damage was computed—and meantime the people starved. They stretched out their hands to the banqueters down in Paris and cried: "Stop talking! Give us food! We are starving!"

These cries were mostly suppressed by the censor before they reached Paris. But they broke out here and there in letters and radical newspapers. These were the first few weeks after the armistice when everything was in chaos and transportation had gone to pieces all over France. You might start for some place, but only heaven knew whether you would ever arrive. Foodstuffs lay in train yards and rotted; train masters tore their hair.

There was, in short, a complete breakdown or break-up in transportation. Partly this was because the roadbeds and rolling stock were in deplorable condition. But even more it was because the government was torn between its military and its civilian ministries, each demanding to boss the game. In addition French public interest, I am bound to say, seemed much more centered in welcoming Alsace-Lorraine back into the fold and distributing trainloads of Christmas toys to the children than in feeding the starving civilians in the north. It seemed to those most interested—namely, to the famished inhabitants—that there was a good deal of false, misplaced enthusiasm flying about. In justice it must be added that in the first two months following the armistice a hysterical excitement and an equally hysterical depression filled the air. Nobody stuck to his post. Not only restless doughboys but also restless diplomats and even nations jumped their job and went A. W. O. L. I am not here placing blame; I am only saying what happened. And thus it was as it was.

The Tangled Jungle of French Routine

AND the people of the north, during this trying period of thus-it-was-as-it-wasness, did the inevitable human thing. They starved. And when they were tired of starving they died. This sounds brutal. The stark fact was vastly more so. For this poor, tattered and mauled population, harried by the Hun, forsaken apparently by its own government, caught it both going and coming. After four years of starvation and repression, driven forth into Belgium, kicked back by the retreating Germans, thrust still farther back by the hurrying Allies, they footed it many weary kilometers with blistered feet through mud and snow; or they huddled forty and fifty together in troop trains without heat or food, and stood twenty and thirty hours at a stretch; and after all that they were dumped down at a station without adequate provisions or food or lodgings to receive them. And this, coming on top of their accumulated sufferings, was too much for many. They died. They died of hunger, of fatigue, of cold.

That, briefly stated, is the case for the civilians of Northern France. No wonder upon my arrival I found them apathetic, listless, bitter!

That finishes the first phase of the story. And now we come to the second phase, the definite organization of relief. Let me put into a separate paragraph, and let it go at that, the stupendous difficulties that everybody interested, French and American alike, has experienced during this period in getting anything achieved. All governments, I suppose, if one could take a cross-section of them at this time, would reveal the same internal disorganization. There was a discouraging mass of formalities to be complied with before one could move a step. A path had to be blazed through the jungle of French routine and administrative lethargy. If you removed your eye for a single second from an operation that operation silently curled up its legs and died. There was, it appeared, a lot of rotten food left over from various armies, and it seemed a heaven-sent chance to work it off on the refugees—and at a good fat price, you understand. In addition, the French administrative system is bureaucratic to a degree, complicated, wedded to form, and positively distrustful of individual initiative. No use to lay the cards face up on the table and say: "The situation is—thus. The urgency is—thus. We must act—thus." That is not the French governmental way of playing the game. It must be played inch by inch, no matter what the urgency. It's the way very old people do things. And the French, in their fixed adherence to rules and tradition, are very, very old.

The organization which undertook, at the request of the French

(Continued on Page 36)

The Grave of an American Aviator Who Served With the French

THE Hupmobile should have—and does receive from most owners—the care to which every piece of fine machinery is entitled.

Granted this attention, it is a fact that most Hupmobiles are practical strangers to the repair man.

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But he will lay still greater emphasis on the continuous, willing service he enjoys *from his car*.

This service, of course, is the cornerstone of the unusual economy which distinguishes the Hupmobile.

The Comfort Car

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 34)

Government, to render first aid to the civilians of the north was the Committee for Relief in Belgium—the C. R. B. It already had four years' experience in Belgium and Northern France. It had the facilities for buying, shipping and distributing vast quantities of food. It worked with the French Government—which supplied the funds—and with the French committees in each commune, who made out the lists of needs. It was in this way an ideal organization for the immediate succor of the people. That succor came under three main heads: Food, lodgings, clothes.

As may be guessed the first obstacle the C. R. B. came up against with a mighty bump was—transportation. If you could look at a railway map of the liberated regions during this period you would see a lot of little cross-barred black lines which suddenly fade out into nothing, as rivers in a Western desert go suddenly underground. Perhaps fifty or one hundred kilometers farther on that railway will reappear again and begin to function. In between are the Bad Lands—wrecked bridges, inundated fields, mined roads. Now the obvious thing was to bridge these breaches by a camion haul. Obvious if you had the camions. But the camion service in France, as I have said, was on its last legs—with spare parts as precious as rubies. Moreover, the army needed the camions for victualing.

So when the C. R. B. asked its own particular government ministry for camions that ministry asked another ministry, and the second ministry asked a third, and so on and so on. The buck was worn so smooth by constant passing that it became absolutely unrecognizable as a buck. And during this polite interchange the warehouses were packed to the roofs with food and clothes—and the people were dying of hunger and cold.

Work for the Children

The food commission, by its French liaison branch, pointed out to the government that if certain of these wrecked railway systems were fixed it would obviate the long camion hauls and pull the country together. These repairs in time, by dint of constant hammering, were achieved. Camions, however, were still used to connect the different points of distribution. As I write this the transportation problem has eased up somewhat; but it is still acute and it is bound to remain acute until the situation is faced squarely and not, as now, glancingly, over one shoulder.

However, by the application of inexhaustible energy this stubborn phase of the problem began to yield, and a string of big warehouses was stretched along the northern border. Some of these I visited. Here were stored thousands of tons of food, clothes and raw materials. One single item consisted of an entire naval station purchased from the United States for fifty-seven million francs. That plant contained everything, from teaspoons up to tractors, electric plants, farm trucks, automobiles and aëroplanes! Upstairs were packed millions of dollars' worth of raw materials, cotton and woolen goods, purchased in England in 1916. Here also I saw thousands of bales of clothes, the result of the American Red Cross clothes drive. These clothes were given away. Everything else was sold. The method of distribution was this: The mayor of the town or the French committee gave the needy person a receipt, good for a certain number of francs' worth of merchandise; the person presented this ticket to the C. R. B., who handed him the merchandise, turned in a memorandum of the transaction to the mayor, who in turn forwarded a monthly statement to the French ministry which financed the enterprise.

One of the most important pieces of work which the C. R. B. undertook was the relief of the famine conditions in the north. As has been said, this same powerful purchasing and distributing machine had been feeding Northern France, even as it had been feeding Belgium, for four years. But the number of calories per capita was the irreducible minimum. And that, in plain English, means that each person got what would barely keep him alive. After the armistice Mr. Hoover and Mr. Poland, the two big chieftains controlling the food situation, decided to double the ration per person, to rush in generous amounts of nourishing foods and fats, and to bring this starved, depressed population up to normal. But to double the food doubled the strain on the transportation. Nevertheless, the scheme was initiated.

In addition it was realized that in an impoverished population where all the people are below par something extra in the way of feeding must be done for the children, for the children of the liberated regions were discovered to be in a piteous state. Doctor Calmette, one of the most distinguished physicians in France, made a thorough examination of the children of Lille and declared their condition was appalling. I give the main outlines of his report. He found the children "markedly anæmic, undeveloped, tuberculous. Forty per cent of the children examined were actively infected with tuberculosis. They were from three to four years smaller than they normally should be. A girl of sixteen was stunted to the size of a girl of twelve. A boy of ten was as small as a normal boy of seven."

So terrible had been the iron pressure that he found none of the adolescents had grown since 1916.

This frightful situation the American committee proposed to meet in characteristic American fashion. They proposed to feed, with an especially nourishing school lunch, all the children—not some but all; to give them fats; to poke into their small tummies as much tissue-building grub as these young extensible organs would hold. And thus ward off future disease. Upon this special feeding campaign the C. R. B., the Red Cross and the French experts stood solid. They argued that such physical reconstruction—and particularly in France, depleted in race stock—was about as fundamental and important a piece of reconstruction as could be done, for it underlay all commercial and industrial life.

But such a broad scheme was not to be. The reason? It cost money. That money came out of the French purse—out of the various municipal budgets. And the French are poor just now. They are prone, as a people, to look at a sou a long, long time before they bid it good-by. And in their behalf it must be said that there are not any too many sous rolling round loose these days in devastated Northern France. The towns and the people therein are as poor as the proverbial church mouse. So, perforce, they began in a smaller way. Instead of feeding a supplementary meal to all the children they chose the worst section in Lille, examined the primary school children, and then assigned the most defective cases for special diet and medical aid. These amounted to about two thousand. Careful statistics of these children are being kept to show their improvement. These statistics will be presented before the various municipal boards, and it is expected that they will result in a general system of supplementary lunches for anæmic children throughout the liberated regions. It should be said that the idea of supplementary school feeding for undernourished children is not a new one in France. Lille had such a system before the war. It is just a question of reinstalling the system immediately, without loss of time, not only because the children are emaciated and rundown but also because the housing and sanitary conditions are in such an appalling state that should an epidemic arise it would sweep the country like a plague.

I watched one morning the physical examination of some of the anæmic children of Lille. They chanced that day to be a group of little girls, ranging from six to fourteen. It was a scene for a great painter. Conceive a schoolroom with distempered walls. A big stove going in the center, for it was snowing outside. Nurses in uniforms—French, English, American. Seated by a table the French examining physician—a stout, kind-faced man with a halo of tightly curling flame-red hair and whiskers, and a silver windpipe which caused him to talk in a whisper. On a bath towel behind the stove the little girls shed their tattered garments, dozens of them, layer on layer, and stepped forth before the examiner in the issue garments of Nature, breath fluttering, eyes wide and dark, like shy, affrighted animals. Shrunken arms, hollow chests, the fretwork of ribs all too visible. And yet despite these plain signs of fragility and disease they were exquisitely beautiful little ivory miniatures of women that were to be.

"Breathe!" whispered the doctor, laying his red whiskers against a fragile chest.

The child breathed. And immediately one heard a sound issuing from the interior of that thin little torse like the rusty creaking of an ancient windmill.

"Cough!" whispered the doctor.

The child coughed. He tapped her here and there. He whispered. She responded in a whisper. Not knowing his defect she thought this whispering was a part of the game, the mystery. And always there was that soft dark affright in her eyes. Thus the procession passed. They breathed. They whispered to this strange firm-fingered man who laid a big tickly red beard against their palpitating chests, and their eyes grew wide with apprehension. It was a scene wistful, poignant—with tragedy lurking in the background. For most of them had tuberculosis. One little maid there was over in the corner who, refusing to be disrobed, clutched tightly her ragged garments and wildly sobbed and sobbed. She did not like this business of Suzanne and the Elders!

But afterward, in the adjoining schoolroom, where was celebrated the supplementary meal, not the slightest tinge of sadness prevailed. Here was young France at food. Girls on one side, boys on the other, seated at long tables with plates of beans—shades of the army!—and an appetizing Irish stew. For the dessert a cup of cocoa. In order to inculcate prohibition habits among these young citizens the cups were first filled with pure water and the children were told they must empty their cups for the cocoa which they loved. This innocent ruse did not find great favor among these juvenile citizens, wine drinkers from infancy. Some of them surreptitiously emptied their cups not into their mouths but on the floor. And one young Machiavelli traded his water to his neighbor on one side for a hunk of bread which he stole from his neighbor on the other side. But how these starved ragged little Oliver Twists stuffed and gorged. How they came up for a second and third help. And got it too!

This finishes the food situation as it has been handled by the American commission. Another equally important problem which came up simultaneously with that of food was the housing question. A portion of that final wave of refugees returning after the armistice had homes. But many thousands of houses had been deliberately dynamited for no military advantage by the retreating Huns. I must interject here that fact which has become a commonplace to every refugee and to every British and American worker in these districts, namely, that the cleaning up of these wastes after the German hordes is not like the cleaning up of ordinary war-destroyed areas—for example those made by the Americans. It is like cleaning up after some great, horrible, unclean, licentious beast.

The Navy in Northern France

To return to the question of housing. It was decided to erect temporary barracks for the homeless multitudes. But more easily decided than done. For where should they get the lumber? Where should they get transportation? And where should they get labor to construct the same?

It is right here at this point in my story that the United States Navy enters. Now there is something fine, romantic, bracing connected with the sea and those who live by the sea. A big gallant ship is about the best-looking thing on the globe. A young naval officer in his gold-braided cap and long cape comes his ship a close second. And a gob—a slim, clean-limbed, square-jawed, cool-eyed kid of a gob—in his blues and his little round white hat, beats the world for style. But in Northern France there is no ocean, no lake, and only the veriest little minnows of rivers that a gob could toss a pebble across. The situation looks on the face of it like a purely landsman's enterprise.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, in my last trip to the liberated regions, remote from the faintest salty whiff of the sea, I came upon nothing less than the United States Navy in all its beauty and power and pride. I found ships, a whole fleet of them, anchored in and round Lille; I found gobs by the hundreds—clean-limbed, cool-eyed, zestful youngsters—navigating those uncharted northern wastes; I found smart naval officers, handsome—ahem!—as a maiden's dream in their gold-braided caps and long capes; I found ships' galleys—I ate in one; sick bays for the gobs with the flu; a sky pilot to preach to them. There was even a ship's brig—occupied! And when I saw all this—the United States Navy so far from its native waters, the gobs going about their strange landsman's job with the same casual sang-froid and efficiency that they exhibited aboard ship—I mentally thanked the gods that be for America. Here at least was no rotten political tangle; no ulterior motive; no dark Machiavellian plots and counter plots; no graft; no glory. Here was plain democracy and brass tacks. Gobs, volunteers from Kansas, Idaho, Maine, putting over a good clean job just because a good clean job was the most important thing needed at that particular moment in that particular corner of the globe. It wasn't the Navy's job. It was a landsman's job. But the Navy was there and the job was there, and high urgency brought them together.

As this is the United States Government's contribution to the civilians of Northern France, and as it is also a unique episode in the history of the Navy, I am going to relate the story from the beginning. When the housing of the refugees came up it was a hard nut to crack on account of the factors which I have recorded above. But there was a certain United States naval aviation station which with the let-up of the submarine game found itself idle. When the war ended two naval officers came down to Paris to see if they could not dispose of the station equipment and clear out immediately for America. The C. R. B., on the hunt for barracks, offered to buy the station outright down to the final tack. The deal went through.

"But see here—I ought to have an engineer to supervise the construction of those barracks," said Mr. Poland.

(Continued on Page 73)

A Few of the Convalescents at Base Hospital Number 36, Nantes

A Man's Business Judgment about Shoes

THE good sense of the business man rarely loses sight of *quality* and *value* —even when he is thinking most about *style*.

He expects his shoes to wear well and keep their shape and smart appearance.

He knows how to appreciate the Regal resource of fine leather and excellent workmanship—and the enduring Regal style, built soundly into the shoe.

The Regal principle of concentrating on the universal styles and excellent leathers meets his approval as "good business."

It means *simplicity* in manufacturing and selling—not complexity and needless expense.

It means command of the market for desirable leather—buying when the market is *right*—purchasing leather as an *investment*, sure of the public approval.

The "Crispin" Oxford is a good example of the way this business policy works out.

The Regal "Crispin"—$9.00

Soft, fine, genuine Calfskin—Black and Dark Brown. Vamp and toe beautifully designed to fit easily, yet preserve the smart, trim style lines. Blucher pattern—medium heavy leather sole—⅛ inch heel. (Canadian price slightly higher, *because of import duties.*)

A most desirable purchase, indeed, these days when genuine Calfskin is so hard to find.

Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities and over a thousand Regal Agency Stores in other cities and towns

REGAL SHOE COMPANY, 268 Summer Street, BOSTON

REGAL SHOES

FOR INSTANCE, JOE STITT

By SEWELL FORD

WHETHER it was due to class consciousness or soggy pancakes would be rather a nice point to decide offhand. At any rate Cassius Marr's morning mood was distinctly ungracious. Had you asked Cassius he would have managed to show that it was all the same thing; cause and effect, seed and the sower. If you were of those who could afford serfs in the kitchen your griddle cakes would be light and well browned. If your wife had to get up and mix the batter herself, as must Minnie Marr if they were to have breakfast cakes at all, you'd have the thick pallid kind. For when Minnie should have been taking a domestic-science course she had been stitching uppers in Peck Brothers' shoe factory. So there you were, right back to the capitalistic system.

Cassius was rather ingenious at that sort of thing. Not as a public debater. Lord, no! Get up on a soap box in South Bolton Square and talk like that to the New Hampshire proletariat—meaning the shoe workers and mill hands—and you'd be hooted down. But some day they'd have better sense. Meanwhile one could go on; read, keep abreast, do private propaganda.

There was Joe Stitt. Cassius believed he was making him see the new light. Slowly, to be sure. But he had voted the Socialist ticket last presidential election. That was something. True, Joe's class consciousness was wavery at times. He still shuddered when Bolshevism was mentioned. But he was a beginning, a wedge.

At the moment he was more of a prop for the cigar case in the South Bolton Variety Store. As Cassius ripped open the bundles of morning papers he was trying to sketch out for Joe how a soviet government would operate in, for instance, a town like this; what would happen to the local industries, to the upper classes. He may have been a trifle more bitter than usual. Six soggy pancakes had been his share.

Yet how should the young woman in the heather sport suit who came into the store just then know that she had cut short one of his most convincing arguments; or have any hint of his hostile mental attitude toward society in general? She was aware only that he was not very nice to her, grunting his answers, barely giving her a glance.

A fair look at her might have been worth while too, for the heather sport suit was thoroughly becoming to her athletic figure. Then there was the healthy freshness of her cheeks, and the frank smiling eyes. These details Cassius Marr had missed—willfully. He had heard the low purr of the waiting motor outside, caught a glimpse of the Peck chauffeur standing obsequiously at the open door of the limousine, and remembered reading in the local paper that the Pecks were entertaining guests. That was enough for him. Now Joe Stitt had been more observant.

"Some swell queen, eh? And more or less of a husk," he remarked with an appreciative leer as she left.

"Huh!" grunted Cassius. "Another social parasite. Economic peacocks, every last one. And who supports 'em, Joe? You and me."

Joe Stitt's popeyes rolled in mild amazement from Cassius to the screen door and back again. How his intermittent activities as helper at the Hub Pool Parlors could in any way contribute to the support of this somewhat radiant young person who was visiting Evelyn Peck ——

"I don't getcher, Cash."

"That's just the trouble. If you did you'd be helping put a stop to it."

Which only left Joe more puzzled than ever. He was tapping the end of a cigarette on the back of his left hand—a trick he had borrowed from the elegant manners of his favorite movie hero—and was trying to frame a further query, when the screen door again swung outward and the quick energetic tread of heavy shoes disturbed his meditations.

Enter Waldo Worthington Ames. No, he didn't look it. That is, if from the name you have conjured up a pale, highbrow type. Waldo Ames was anything but pale of face. You can't go bareheaded from June to November without acquiring a color that will last through even a New England winter. Nor was his brow particularly high. In fact it was well covered by a mop of neutral tinted hair that bushed out over his ears and was inclined to curl over his collar at the back.

Rather a chunky, compactly built young man, Waldo, especially about the shoulders. He was not above medium height yet he had the tall man's trick of carrying his head well forward, as though ready to stoop for a low door. It gave him that alert active look which his heavy shoulders and slow-moving eyes tried in vain to negative. With the thick-soled shoes he wore wide-ribbed golf stockings, baggy knickerbockers of a particularly atrocious cinnamon brown and a slip-on sweater so tight that it would have been more appropriately called a stretch-on. This had been of another offensive shade of brown, but it had faded. Such, to the outward view, was Waldo.

"I say, Cash; remember what number film my camera takes?" he asked in lieu of other greeting as he tramped noisily across the store and pushed by the contemplative Joe.

He was already back of the counter fumbling in the film rack when Cassius glowered across at him. It may be melodramatic to glower, but that is what Cassius was doing. Absolutely. As you have seen, he was in that sort of mood; furthermore, he had that kind of eyes. Probably there were merely bright brown eyes with wide pupils, but in certain lights and at certain times they had the effect of being purple. Glowering or not, you would notice Cassius Marr's eyes, for though they were not popped, as were Joe Stitt's, they stood out from the pasty commonplaceness of his other features as—well, as two candied cherries dropped on a lemon-meringue pie.

"Used to be two twenty-four, didn't it?" suggested Cassius.

"Sure! That's it. Here's one too. M-m-m-m, lemme see. Oh, yes! Smoking tobacco. And how about that scientific magazine, the one with the —— Ah! Here we are. No. Had that one. Hasn't the June number come in yet?"

Waldo had dropped his first two purchases on the counter and was pawing through the periodicals, strung on wires like a Monday wash above and on either side of the opening where Cassius was marking the morning papers. Presently, when he was so minded, Cassius reached back of him, produced the required magazine and tossed it at Waldo.

It was an eloquent though wordless expression of the scorn, contempt and a few other things which Cassius felt for the customer in the atrocious brown knickers. Even a moderately sensitive person would have felt something of this silent blast of ill will so suddenly loosed. But young Mr. Ames seemed blissfully ignorant of it all.

"Good!" He had deftly caught the magazine and was thumbing the pages. "Charge," he added, halfway to the door. Then he stopped. "Came near forgetting that blamed film, after all. Going to try for some more bird pictures. Got a new lens. Corker. So long, Cash."

And the screen door banged behind him.

"Bird pitchers now, eh?" commented Joe Stitt, grinning. "Same old nut!"

"Him?" Cassius glared toward the street. "He's no nut. You and I are the nuts, Joe. He's meat."

Joe indulged in another popeyed stare.

"How's that?"

"Ah, what's the use telling you?"

The glowering eyes rested witheringly on Joe for a moment, then turned away. Why not? Didn't Joe know that Waldo Ames was one of the fat buzzhers? This was Cassius Marr's pronunciation of the word. He meant bourgeoise, of course. He was most familiar with it in print. He had heard it spoken but once; either Spargo or Debs had used it, he wasn't sure. Useful word too, especially when describing such fellows as Waldo. Better than "face grinder" or bloodsucker. Much. Fat buzzher! That was Waldo Worthington Ames to the life.

Having a more limited vocabulary and a narrower viewpoint Joe Stitt could only add: "He's a lucky stiff. Always was. Gets what he wants."

"Yes, but why?" Cassius was demanding with sullen ferocity. "It's the system. Born in the ruling class. Owns the means of production. That's why."

"Yeah," responded Joe vaguely.

Joe knew that former members of the Ames family had built the cotton mill, established the Bolton Falls Electric Light Company and founded the First National. Everybody knew that. Also that the Ames house, until Alvin Peck had built that big white stucco affair on the hill, had been the show place of the town. True, the rambling semicolonial home looked rather old-fashioned and seedy now. It needed painting. The grounds were not being kept up. But then, with only Waldo and an old maid sister living there, what could you expect?

And Waldo was such a nut! First one fad and then another. He had been a good deal that way when the three of them, Waldo, Cash and Joe, used to go to grammar school together. Then when he had come back from college, where he hadn't been much of a success, so far as Joe could judge, he'd been even worse. No taking his father's place in the mills or the works or the bank. Just fooling round with things—wireless telegraphy, carrier pigeons, an Angora-goat farm. Later he had fixed up a shop in the attic and monkeyed with an invention, a new ice-cream freezer. Yes, he made something out of that. Some put it as high as ten thousand. Now it was bird pictures.

"You'll see," said Joe, wagging his head. "He'll get 'em."

"Bah!" observed Cassius.

He was conscious of class, no doubt; perhaps more so of those six soggy pancakes.

II

IT WOULD be unfair, however, to stress strongly the culinary defects of Minnie Marr. This dislike of Cassius for Waldo Ames was no passing whim. It was something fixed, established, rooted deep. You might say it was a habit of thought, which had grown as Cassius had grown. Not always was it so obvious as on this morning of the pancakes, but it was there; a sullen, steady, smoldering dislike.

Almost everything that Waldo Ames did or was Cassius could find fault with; his atrocious brown knickers, his absurd fad for going without a hat, his very intentness on what he happend to be doing. Then there was his manner of seeming a bit crude in his speech and actions. Cassius knew it was all a pose. What was his game, anyway? Did Waldo Ames think, by pretending to keep up the intimacy of their schooldays, he could make him forget the difference between their stations, the unbridged gulf? Huh! And the purplish tint would come into his eyes.

So you may guess whether it was indifference or that Waldo was surprisingly unobservant when, late the next evening, he stormed into the Variety Store to make Cassius Marr a confidant of his great discovery. It was nearly eleven o'clock and Cassius was preparing to lock up for the night.

"I say, Cash! Remember that roll of films I bought here yesterday? Well, I've just developed it. I want you to look. Here, swing over that light. There!"

He had begun talking the moment he opened the door, and by the time he finished he was leaning over the counter thrusting out a handful of damp negatives.

If there was one thing more than another in which Cassius was little interested it was amateur snapshots. For one reason, handling them was part of his job. All summer long he developed films for vacationists, shut himself in a stuffy dark room for hours on end to do it. And such negatives as he had to fuss over! Half of them too thin, half too thick. Always the same views: Glen Rock, with a picnic group in the foreground; the mill dam, with its ten-foot waterfall; the stone bridge over West Branch Creek; endless silly picnic groups. By Labor Day he hated the sight of 'em. As for these fool things that Waldo wanted him to inspect at this hour of the night —— Still, he held them under the electric bulb and ran them through casually. He yawned.

"Your usual stunt. Double exposures."

"Yes, but all of them, every last one!"

Waldo spread them out, the whole dozen.

"That's so," admitted Cassius grudgingly. "Don't usually spoil more'n half, do you?"

"That's not the point." Waldo picked up one of the negatives. "Tell me, Cash, how I could get anything like that round here?"

"Huh! Palms, eh?"

Cassius could not help betraying mild surprise.

"Regular palmettos, forty feet high, and a glimpse of the sea beyond." Waldo was indicating with a solution-stained finger. "Here's a bathing group too. And look at that stretch of white beach. Miles of it, all mixed up with the top of that big hickory in Baker's woodlot. That's where I was shooting at that brown thrasher. I took five snaps trying to get him."

Cassius nodded.

"You didn't get much. Shutter too quick. Early-morning light too, wasn't it?"

"Oh, I suppose so," admitted Waldo. "But what gets me, Cash, is the rest of it—palms and so on. How did all that tropical stuff come there?"

Cassius shrugged his shoulders. "Lord! How should I know?"

"But it was a fresh film, and I haven't been two miles from home. Yet you see what comes out. I could hardly believe my eyes. It's uncanny. Can't you suggest any way that ——"

"Ah, you're liable to do most anything, you are."

The tone plainly indicated that Cassius felt no responsibility. But Waldo only became more confidential.

"You didn't notice these two," he insisted, sorting them out and holding them in a favorable light. "Same girl in each, isn't it? Yes, you can tell by the striped parasol. This is the better portrait though. Shows her profile. Say, that's what I call a nice-looking girl! Eh?"

"Do you?" Cassius smiled sourly. "She must be a wonder then. First on record, isn't she?"

(Continued on Page 41)

The COFFEE *House is coming back*

The Coffee House, in the good old days, was the rendezvous of congenial spirits. Noted for quaintness and picturesqueness, it was here the master minds of the age were wont to foregather and sharpen the wit with merry quip and jest, to weigh matters of great moment, and give one to another, "something craggy to break the mind upon."

THE tendency of the time is toward the revival of the good old fashioned Coffee House—where men may meet and mingle with the freedom of a club. And chat, and be sociable, and toast their friends to their hearts' content in the modern "cup that cheers but does not *inebriate.*"

A delightful old custom is coming back—and we shall all be better for it! Good coffee is man's drink. It is cheering and soothing. It humors his whims and moods. It appeals to his better self and inspires his better nature. Good coffee is conducive to good humor, good temper, good health, good fellowship and —*good citizenship.*

Coffee is a civilizer—a stabilizer. In the councils of state, at the banquets of the great, in the conferences of men of affairs—wherever mighty matters portend, and calm matured judgment is required—there you will find *coffee.*

Who may say how much of the work of the world is aided and abetted by the cup of good coffee? In America, it is the great universal drink, the common heritage of *rich and poor,* of great and small. We may all have coffee. Nobody need be without it—we may get it *everywhere.*

So long as the world *lasts,* we shall have coffee. It is one of nature's greatest gifts. "To know it is to love it."

Coffee—*the American drink*

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"ONCE UPON A TIME-"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. R. GRUGER

THE children's hour—filmed! There is hardly any pleasure so keen as taking children to the motion picture theatre.

Heavens above, how they *do* enjoy themselves!

Mother used to set aside a regular children's hour, and read or tell stories.

But now, they go to one of the better theatres where Paramount and Artcraft Pictures are playing.

To tell the truth, Mother vastly prefers this to the old children's hour.

Because *she* enjoys it, too. Doubly, in fact,—the children's enjoyment and her own as well.

The public has sensed the fact that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation can be depended on to keep *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures just what all parents would like them to be—both for themselves and for the youngsters.

Which is just another of the underlying reasons why ten thousand communities are *for* them.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Asst. Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to May 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore *in* "The Test of Honor"
*Enid Bennett *in* "The Haunted Bedroom"
Billie Burke *in* "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Marguerite Clark *in* "Come Out of the Kitchen"
Ethel Clayton *in* "Vicky Van"
*Dorothy Dalton *in* "The Lady of Red Butte"
Dorothy Gish *in* "I'll Get Him Yet"
Lila Lee *in* "Rustling a Bride"
"Oh! You Women" A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin *in* "The Home Town Girl"
Shirley Mason *in* "The Final Close-Up"
*Charles Ray *in* "The Busher"
Wallace Reid *in* "The Roaring Road"
Bryant Washburn *in* "Something to Do"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Hall Caine's Production
"Little Women" from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book
A William A. Brady Production
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" starring William Faversham
"The False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "Footfree"
D. W. Griffith's Production "The Girl Who Stayed at Home"
*Wm. S. Hart *in* "The Money Corral"
Mary Pickford *in* "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone *in* "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

(Continued from Page 38)

"Maybe so." Evidently Waldo did not care to discuss the implication. "Anyway, I like her looks. See the poise of her head, and the way she carries her chin. Good chin, isn't it?"

"Sort of a Goddess-of-Liberty chin," commented Cassius.

"You've said it!" Waldo clapped him on the shoulder. "She is Miss Liberty—big, substantial, dependable, all that sort of thing. And I'll bet she's as good as she looks. But what was she doing there in front of that bathing pavilion, and how her picture got on my film—that's what I want to find out, Cash."

"Do you?" There was a hard glitter in the eyes of Cassius Marr. "Well, I heard a fellow say only yesterday that you always got what you wanted. Here's a chance. Go to it."

Perhaps Waldo heard, but most likely he did not. He was still staring at the negative.

"I thought you might offer some hint," he said at last.

"Nope." Cassius yawned again. "I'm gonna close up."

He almost pushed Waldo out into the semidarkness of Main Street.

If Cassius thought he was rid of him for good he was mistaken. Early next morning Waldo was back again.

"Do you know, Cash, I believe there's something more in this than either of us can explain."

"Eh?" For an instant Cassius gazed at him, perplexed. Then he remembered the mystery of the film. "Oh, yes! Been chewing on that all night, have you?"

"Nearly. I suppose you'll laugh at me, Cash, but those pictures seem to be more than a freak. You know I'm not apt to be sentimental, but I'm ready to say now that if there ever was such a thing as the hand of Fate, this is it. So I'm going to look for that girl."

"Your Miss Liberty?"

"Yes. I'm going to start to-day. At first I thought those pictures might be of places in Cuba or Jamaica. Now I've decided they must be Florida scenes. So I'll start the hunt there."

"Florida in June! Yes, you will!"

Another annoying trait of Waldo's was that he could not be drawn into a debate. You might disagree flatly, doubt, mock—but he would not trouble to define his position or defend his course. He would simply go blundering on in his pigheaded way. To Cassius Marr's sneer he made no reply. When the two forty-six southbound express pulled out, however, Waldo Ames was seen to swing aboard.

"Guess you're right after all, Joe. He's a nut."

Cassius had been trying to explain to Mr. Stitt, with only partial success, the romantic vagary which had so abruptly obsessed the mind of Waldo Ames and sent him wandering off in pursuit of an unknown young woman who carried a striped parasol and was otherwise distinguished by a Goddess-of-Liberty chin.

"Don't know her name, nor who she is, nor nuthin'? Ah, wotcher feedin' me?" dissented Joe.

"Got a snapshot of her, that's all."

"Girl huntin', eh?" mused Joe. "Him! Why, I never knew he'd look cross-eyed at one. Thought he was skirt-shy."

"Always let on to be," assented Cassius. "But you never can tell about Waldo."

Joe Stitt suddenly straightened from his usual slouch.

"I can tell this much: If he's started to find a girl he will. What's more, he'll get her. I'll tell the world that."

Cassius eyed him wearily. Was the new era to be brought about, the new state to be founded, with such material as this?

"What a pinhead you are, Joe!" he growled.

III

IN SOUTH BOLTON, as in other places more prominent on the map, June was followed by July. The Grove Pond Inn, over on the lake, was filled with the usual quota of guests.

The summer cottages were opened. Touring cars panted through Main Street or halted fussily at Hartley's Drug Store, where they had put two extra clerks on the soda fountain. Days came when ninety-five degrees of heat quivered in the dusty air of the valley in which the town was spread. The cotton-mill hands left their clacking looms for momentary gasps of air at open windows. And in his stuffy hot box of a dark room Cassius Marr, costumed in a hopelessly stained pair of duck trousers and a soggy undershirt, ran endless rolls of films through his developing tray. At intervals one consoling thought came to him.

"In Florida at this time of year. The nut!"

Which emphatic expression of disesteem betrayed how little Cassius understood a person he had known nearly all his life, as well as revealed his lack of accurate knowledge regarding climatic conditions in part of his own country.

For at that precise moment Waldo Ames showed no signs of being either mentally unbalanced or physically ill at ease. He was sitting at a white-porcelain-topped table sipping fresh limeade through a straw. Above him an electric fan droned monotonously, like a huge good-natured bumblebee. And in his linen-colored silk suit, white shoes and featherweight straw hat Waldo looked quite sane and comfortable.

As a matter of fact he was. His mental poise was serene, the mercury in the advertising thermometer outside the door registered an exact seventy-six. Also, for the last four or five weeks he had been diligently pursuing an ideal of his own conception, which in itself is the one royal road to happiness. Waldo had been having a bully good time.

True, he had met rebuffs and disappointments. He had been secretly ridiculed, openly guyed. For in his direct line-plunging way he had told the story of his quest to many and various persons, not all of them in the least sympathetic. He had made mistakes. The first of these had cost him two fruitless weeks on the Palm Beach side of Florida. Quite a natural mistake, for when Waldo thought of Florida he had immediately associated the name of its best-known winter resort.

A somewhat taciturn journeyman barber, perhaps temporarily embittered by long gazing at a huge empty hotel with shuttered windows, had crustily set him right. Having enjoyed an almost wordless haircut Waldo was moved to exhibit the prints showing palm trees and the sea mixed up with the hickory in Baker's woodlot, and to ask if any of the scenes were familiar or near by.

The atypical barber studied them solemnly, almost with the air of an art critic. Finally he gave his decision.

"No. Never saw anything like that on this side. Must be on the west coast. Yes. I worked there two seasons. Looks like the west coast."

"But why?"

"I dunno, but that's it, all right."

Being himself a follower of impulse rather than reason, Waldo promptly accepted the verdict. He found it no easy task trying to take a short cut across a state whose traffic lines have been planned mainly for longitudinal travel, but eventually he arrived on the gulf shore.

To a less persistent soul the problem of identifying from scrambled prints one particular spot in hundreds of miles of coast line might have seemed hopeless. But Waldo went joyously about the job, mastering intricacies of transportation and enduring the discomforts of off-season hotels with equal complacency. Starting well down the coast he zigzagged north, riding on snail-like trains with wheezy, wood-burning locomotives; now making a jump by motor boat, now in a six-wheeled caterpillar jitney.

It was a wide-girthed fertilizer agent of folksy tendencies who finally spoke with the voice of authority concerning the prints.

"Take it from me, son, them was took somewhere in Pinellas. Yea-uh! I'll tell you why. See this one, showin' the shore? Must have been snapped from a boat. And them palmettos and live oaks are stickin' up on a bluff, ain't they? Well, that's the answer. Only high land like that I knows of anywhere between Puntarasa and Cedar Keys is on Pinellas Peninsula. There's beaches like this one there too. You try Pinellas, son, and you'll find what you're lookin' for; or else I don't know a piece of phosphate rock from a hunk of fried mullet."

He had spoken no vain boast. In the county of the little pines Waldo had come upon scenes identical with those which had so mysteriously appeared on his negatives. There were places where, from a thirty-foot bluff, the palms waved their fronds over the salty waters of the bay. Beyond, to the westward, were the low-lying keys; and still farther out, the jade-green gulf into which he had watched the great red sun sink gloriously to rest. He had even located exactly the bathing-pavilion corner which had served as background for one of the groups. As for the young woman with the striped parasol and the Goddess-of-Liberty chin ——

"Sure thing! Used to be in here most every day. Some girl, that Miss Cushman!"

The mixer of the limeade was deftly unwinding the last tangled threads which for weeks Waldo had picked at so clumsily. Not an imposing youth. He had rather an inconspicuous chin and a slack mouth. Perhaps by way of compensation he had been gifted with an abundance of vividly red hair and the courage to wear pink shirts. Yet Waldo regarded him with friendly eye, hung on his words with respectful attention.

"Yes?" he put in encouragingly.

"Classy dame," went on the youth. "Niece or something of some folks that had one of them swell cottages up in Harbor View, next the big hotel. Stayed a couple o' months. Tennis shark. Yeah! Took first prize in singles at the hotel tournament. Le's see, that was in March. Must have gone up about the first of April. No, I didn't get to hear where she lived. But there's Bill Davey over there. He's in the post office. Maybe he'll remember if she left a forwardin' address. I'll ask him. Hey, Bill!"

Bill's memory was good and his sense of official importance not too impressive to prevent his supplying the names of the town and the state. So when Waldo had written them down, lighted his pipe and strolled out where half a Florida moon was paling the ineffectual radiance of an imitation white way he felt that elation which was his due. He chuckled a little.

"Hardly a two hours' motor run from South Bolton, eh? And here I've traipsed over half the United States to find it out! Worth it, though."

IV

SOME affairs in life one can muddle through. In a few instances main strength and awkwardness will win. But for success in certain enterprises experience is needed. You must have the knack.

Not until Waldo Ames had come blundering into the very presence of this quite personable young woman did any hint of these great truths reach him. As usual he was moving with simple directness on a course indicated by what he chose to call the forefinger of Fate. It had led him from the west coast of Florida straight to Northampton, Massachusetts, and from there to this many-awninged, deep-verandaed cottage solidly set on the rocky shore of Cape Ann.

Here, after he had wound through the entrance shrubbery, he found himself almost face to face with her. Oh, yes, Miss Cushman. There could be no doubt of that, even without the striped parasol. The snapshot portrait had been a surprisingly good one. True, a full face view suggested only faintly the Goddess-of-Liberty likeness. Perhaps the profile had accented the chin somewhat. But the wide-set eyes, the sure poise of the head on the strong columnlike neck—these were enough.

As she glanced up from her writing pad he noted that her eyes were gray; also that the look of inquiry which came from them was calm and level. Of course she had as yet no reason for giving him other than an undisturbed look. A strange young man in a rather badly wrinkled silk suit appearing unannounced on a veranda could hardly be classed as a phenomenon. Probably he was looking for the Meredith house party, three cottages beyond; or he might be soliciting magazine subscriptions or taking orders for a new fireless cooker.

"Yes?" she asked impersonally but pleasantly.

This was one of those rare occasions when Waldo hesitated in the midst of an impulsive rush. Abruptly he realized that having found Miss Cushman after so long a search the rest of his program was decidedly vague.

When he had been told at Northampton that the Cushmans had gone to their seashore cottage he had promptly caught the next train in that direction. And after reaching the specified spot on Cape Ann he had dropped his bag in a hotel and set forth. Most likely he had intended merely to find the house and then look round to see if he did not have acquaintances in the neighborhood. But having found it so readily, having caught a glimpse of someone who might be Miss Cushman herself, his line-plunging habits had been too much for his limited discretion. And here she was regarding him with serene inquiring eyes.

To some young men, perhaps to the average young man, the situation would have been no more than a mildly interesting one, presenting a problem in graceful maneuvering. But Waldo was not skilled in such tactics. Besides, under cover of his brusque manner was a great diffidence. The fact that he had thus far avoided contact with young women to a somewhat remarkable degree was not so much due to any dislike of them as it was to a mistrust of his ability either to understand or to interest them. It was not the simple bashfulness of the supersensitive. It was subtler than that, deeper, more difficult to define. Yet it was very real.

Precisely how deep and how real was this feeling had remained unrevealed to him until this moment. A poor time it was, too, to make such a discovery. The inquiry of the gray eyes was becoming insistent. Clearly it was his turn to offer something. Well, he did.

"I say, but I've had the very deuce of a time finding you."

"Really?"

And still no startled look came into the gray eyes. She was an exceptionally well-poised young person. But then, with that chin you would rather expect that.

"Yes," he repeated. "You see, Miss Cushman ——"

"Oh!" she broke in. "I'm sorry if I've been stupid. Please tell me where it was we met. Perhaps I'll remember."

"That's the odd part. We hadn't met at all—that is, until just now."

As a rule Miss Cushman faced the world with a smile of frank good nature, but on occasions the firm lines of her mouth could suggest much dignified reserve.

"I see. Not until just now. But I think we can scarcely count that, can we? So if you will kindly tell me what you want ——" And without finishing the sentence she glanced at the waiting letter on her writing pad.

Waldo almost felt as though he had been pushed suddenly through a gate—a strong, well-built gate—which had been pulled shut between them. He could fairly hear the latch drop. There was a definite sensation that his hands were reaching out to grab the pickets and shake them.

"Of course, I know it isn't at all regular, my bursting in on you like this. You don't know me from Adam; never heard of me, and probably don't care to."

"Possibly," Miss Cushman agreed cheerfully enough. "I should say that it depended a good deal on your errand. It –it isn't magazines, I hope? Or aluminum kitchenware? Or an atlas of the new Europe?"

"Wish I'd thought of some of those things," admitted Waldo. "No. I simply wanted to talk to you, to—er ——"

He noted a rapidly changing look in the gray eyes and trailed off futilely.

"Flattering, I'm sure. But I think you'd better not."

She made a tentative scratch with her fountain pen.

Waldo's intangible gate had turned to a massive iron door, with a small grilled opening so high that he stood on tiptoe to peek through. He was gripping the bars desperately now.

"Oh, come! I'm sure you're a sensible sort. If you'd just let me explain."

"Very well, then."

She said it patiently, somewhat resignedly.

"Thanks." Waldo sighed gratefully and mopped his brow. He was certain the worst was over. "You see," he went on, "the very moment I saw your picture I knew that you were just the girl I had always been hoping to meet. I can't say why, but ——"

"You needn't try. In fact, you needn't trouble to say anything more."

"But I ——"

"Please!"

This came out crisply, commandingly.

"But the—the film I developed—those scenes—your portrait. Five weeks I've been hunting for you, traveled thousands of miles. I—I must tell you."

He fired all this at her jerkily.

She did not blaze with indignation. Evidently she was not the blazing sort. But she shook her head.

"Oh, no. That is precisely what you mustn't do. Good afternoon."

That last was obviously final. It sounded so to Waldo Ames. Yet he would not accept it as such. Down in the thick lower branches of his family tree must have been some stubborn old Puritan ancestor. Anyway the streak came suddenly to the surface.

"Tommyrot! What I'm going to say will not hurt you a bit to hear, even if we haven't been formally introduced. Hang the conventions! It's about that film. Now listen. It struck me as the most ——"

"Pardon me." She had risen and tossed the writing pad on the wicker table. "I know it will be absurd, but unless you go away at once I must call for someone who will send you off."

Waldo shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Only two minutes. You can't imagine how startled I was to see your face come up on that negative. A new film I'd just bought. I'd been snapping at a brown thrasher and ——"

"Captain! Captain Bartlett! Will you come here a moment, please?"

She was calling through the open window into the big living room. There was no panicky note in her tone, but if you had heard it most likely you would have gone to her.

"Oh, I don't see the sense in that! Not in the least," protested Waldo.

Miss Cushman merely compressed her lips and looked toward the door. Footsteps were heard within; quick nervous footsteps.

"It would be so much simpler to listen," he added.

And then there appeared this slim-waisted, slick-haired young man in the well-tailored uniform with two silver service stripes on his sleeve. Not a forbidding person as to size, but with a certain air of energetic readiness about him. When he came, however, and had gazed from one to the other he seemed puzzled.

"Why—why, Waldo!" he exclaimed.

"Hello, Chickey! So you're the captain bold who's been called to throw me out?"

"Eh?" gasped Captain Bartlett.

"In that case I suppose I'll have to go, even if you aren't in the service any more. Yes, I surrender. I'll clear out at once—that is, unless you can induce Miss Cushman to allow me to be presented."

Captain Bartlett's confusion was complete. Nothing in his training on the Quartermaster General's staff along the Potomac Front helped him to solve this riddle. Half an hour before he had been told to take himself off, that Miss Cushman might write a letter. Then he had been summoned urgently back, to find Waldo Ames standing there talking nonsense about being run off the place or possibly introduced to Miss Cushman.

That last idea seemed sane and logical, so he proceeded to carry it out.

"Clara," said he, "may I present a classmate, Waldo Ames?"

"I am not at all sure that you may." Miss Cushman was disregarding his astonishment. "That is, unless he happens to be the Mr. Ames of South Bolton?"

"Why—why, certainly he is."

"Oh!" She turned to Waldo. "Then you live in that lovely old colonial house they say is full of such stunning antique mahogany?"

"Glad there's something to identify me," assented Waldo. "You must have been in our town some time or other?"

"This spring. I was visiting Evelyn Peck."

"You were! Why, then it was you who—whose ——"

"But I say, Waldo!" broke in Captain Bartlett. "How do you come to be turning up here? I—I don't understand."

"Neither does Miss Cushman," said Waldo. "That's why we had to call on you. You see, I found her picture among some snapshots I was developing, along with views of the west coast of Florida, and I —— Say, Chickey, do you mind if I save the rest until later on? I'd like to tell Miss Cushman about it first. Eh? That's a good chap."

Waldo was wagging his right thumb toward the house. Possibly there was something hypnotic about the thumb wagging. Perhaps the captain was too confused to resist. At any rate before Miss Cushman could consider whether to stop him or not he had disappeared.

"Why did you do that?" she demanded.

"Oh, I didn't want Chickey round; didn't want him to have a chance to guy me. He's used to this sort of thing. I'm not."

"You mean, I suppose, explaining why you hunt down strange young women whose photos you happen to find?"

"Oh, say!" protested Waldo. "It isn't a habit of mine, you know. And let's not beat round the bush. I want you to see those prints for yourself. Here they are. Weird, aren't they? Well, you can imagine how ——"

For once Waldo was right. Miss Cushman had barely glanced at the much-thumbed snapshots before both her hands came out eagerly.

"Why, where did you get those?"

This time she did not interrupt while Waldo told the whole story. Only at the end as she sat musingly regarding the one of herself holding the striped parasol she observed: "And you started right off, traveled all that distance, just to—to ——"

"Yes," said Waldo, shifting uneasily in his chair. "Now we come to the difficult part. Couldn't we—er —— Say, isn't there some place we could go? Some walk or other?"

Whether it was Waldo's insistence or her interest in antique mahogany or something quite different, it would be impudent to say. It seems there was such a walk. There generally is.

More than an hour later, when Captain Bartlett, otherwise Chickey, had tired of solitaire in the library and was making a cautious survey of the front veranda he found it empty. And he was skeptical of the common rumor that being a second cousin gave one any decided advantage over mere outsiders.

August was well under way before Cassius Marr was again disturbed by the reappearance of Waldo Ames. And as an example of how utterly Waldo comprehended his disesteem witness that the first person in South Bolton to be told the result of the snapshot chase was Cassius. The fact that Joe Stitt was present may be discounted. Joe generally was present.

"Well, Cash," announced Waldo genially, "I found her."

"Your Miss Liberty, eh?"

"Yeah! I think I may say that she's mine, more or less."

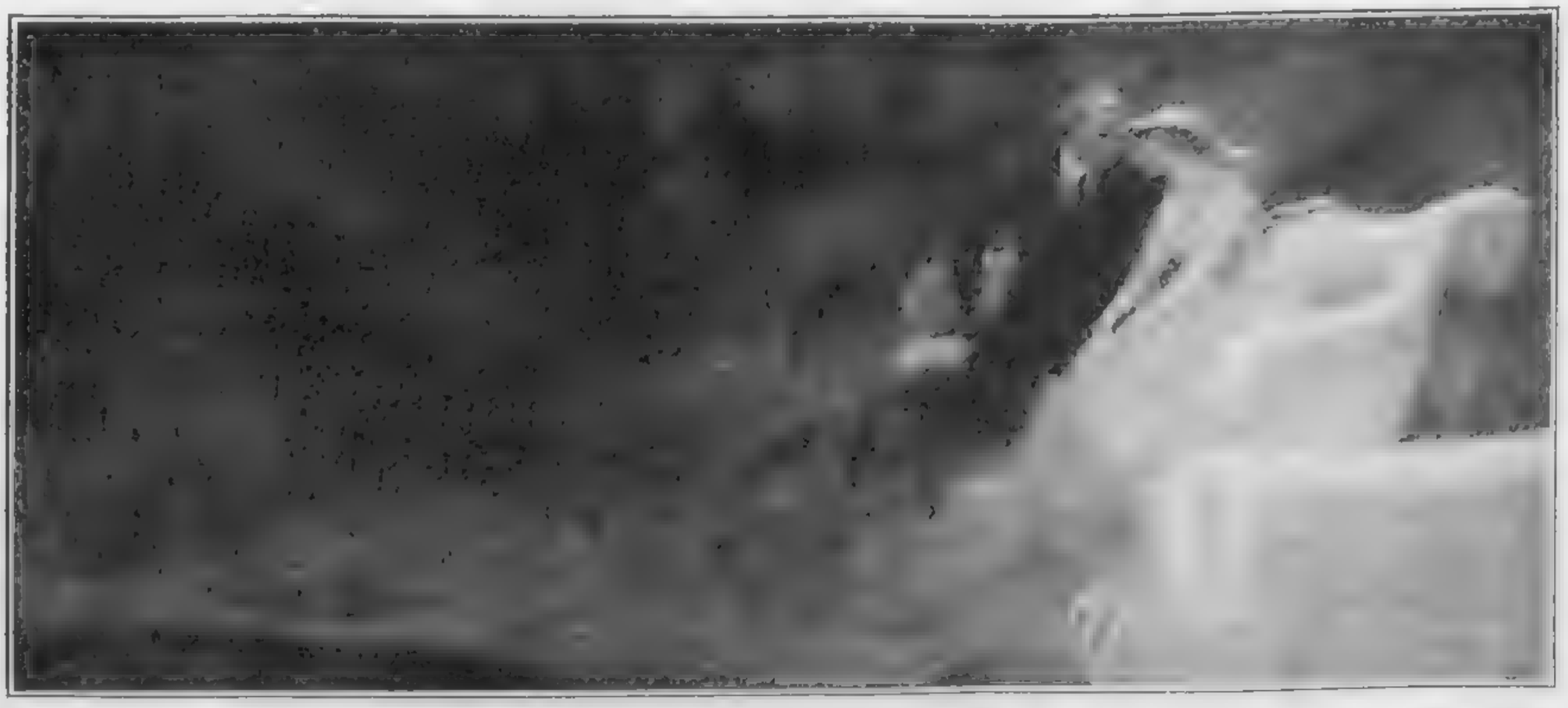
Waldo came as near beaming then as his aversion to emotional display would allow. He did not seem to note the lack of conventional congratulation on the part of Cassius. As he departed through the screen door, however, the faithful Joe Stitt chuckled:

"Got her, eh? How 'bout that, Cash? Didn't I say I'd tell the world he would? Gets what he wants, Waldo. Allus. That's the kind."

As for Cassius, he bent on Joe Stitt a look of weary disgust.

"Sure! He's a wonder, Wally is. Puts in a used film and don't know the difference! Gets what he wants too. Why not, with nobody to hinder but such sheep as you?"

At which unexpected reproof Joe blinked his popeyes and sought solace in another cigarette. So South Bolton still has a mayor and common council instead of a soviet.



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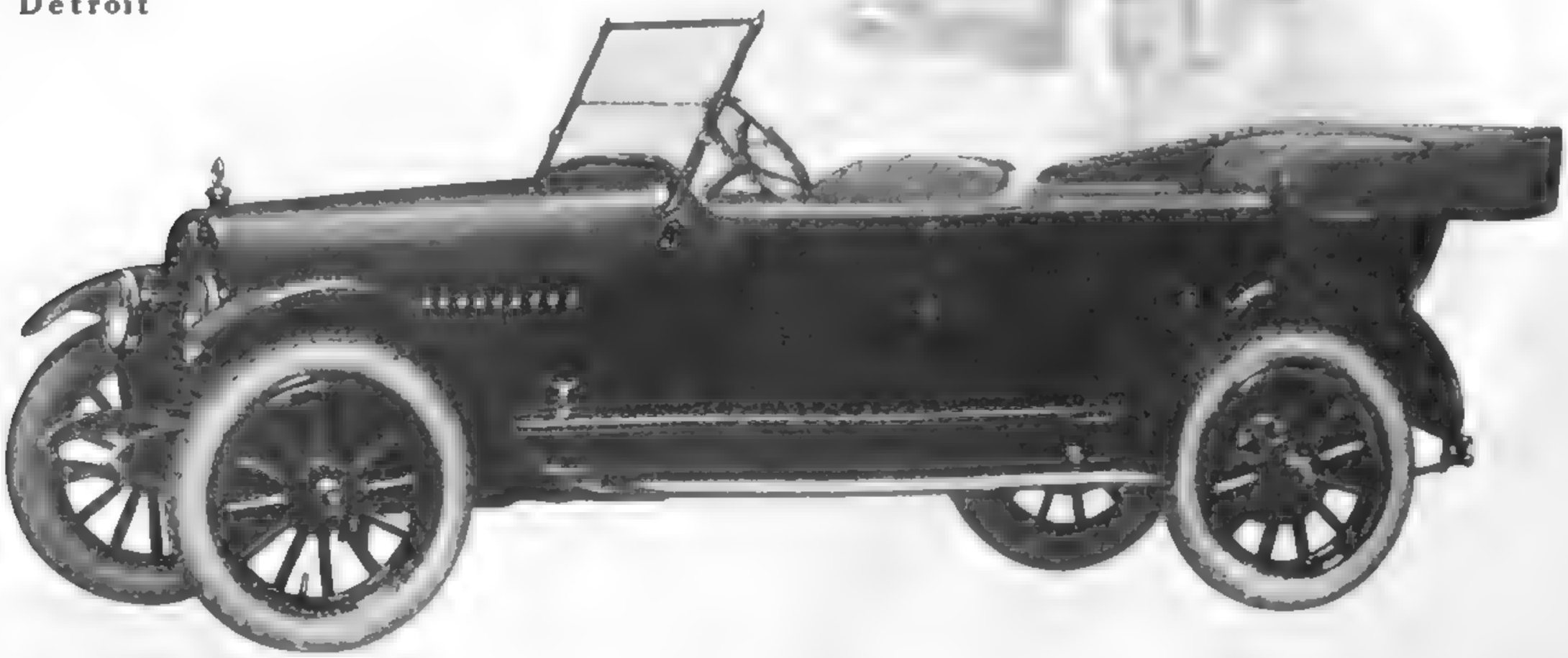

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FISK CORD TIRES

BOOKED SOLID

By NALBRO BARTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

[From Beulah Balance, of the vaudeville team Balance & Morocco, co-stars in A Little of This and a Lot of That, the act being booked solid for thirty weeks on the Western Circuit, to Mrs. Jerry Boasberg, of Pittsburgh. Mrs. Boasberg is professionally known as Dotty Cox, the banjo player and skirt dancer, and prior to the Boasberg alliance she was the wife of Shivers, proprietor of the Flea Circus.]

NOTE—In private life Miss Balance is Mrs. Tink Hannibal—Hannibal's carrousels, circle swings, razzle-dazzles and scenic railways—and Miss Mitty Morocco in private life was formerly the wives of (1) Egg Clancy, the circus pitchman, and (2) Brick Cassidy, the fork swallower.

Trilby Showed Us a Bunch of Ice That Algernon Had Bought Her After Playing the Steeds at Juarez

TRUCKEE HOUSE,
Reno, Nevada.

DOTTY DEAR: You can't make some women reasonable if you fry 'em in butter! Every time I dream of losing a tooth it is bad luck for yours truly—not that I'm superstitious, because common sense covers me like a tent, but there's a few things the heart of a woman knoweth afore all men. How's that for right off the reel? And I wisht someone could take me out of the steam-room class and throw me back on the ice!

When I signed with Mitty Morocco for thirty weeks' Western vaudeville, and left everything to her judgment, I might have knowed the camp would look like rain! You can judge for yourself, Dotty, what I'm up against when I tell you that, in Chicago, when I treated her to a grapefruit for breakfast she treated me to a green onion for lunch! It is taking advantage of a famine to troupe with her, and after I slip off the overalls this season Tink Hannibal will have Beulah-by-the-oil-stove the rest of the chapter.

Don't ask why I done it. I done it because I had to troupe another season before me and Tink went back to the chickweed and the mud hens and let the young folks steer the ship. When I told Tink I felt the old longing for all the hokum, jasbo and gravy of vaudeville coming over me, he done what any gentleman would have done. He says: "Beulah, if you wanta troupe again—now the children are grown and the business can afford to stand losing the best bookkeeper, saleswoman and scene painter it ever had—well, you troupe! Only, write me sometimes when you don't want money."

I was wise that Tink wasn't crazy about having me start out for thirty weeks; but Mitty knowed an agent that booked our act solid, and so I had the chance to sort of slip one over on Tink. He had said to me: "You are not anticipating being able to put it over for thirty weeks, are you?" "Why not?" I says. "Well," he returns, "you're as independent as a pig on ice; but take my advice and tap the till before you leave town." That made my blood a hundred per cent wild cat, Dotty; and I told him: "Tink, you and me has teamed together for nearly twenty-four years and never handed each other the wallop; but if you think I can't walk out and draw a peace demonstration with my song-and-dance act you get your brains sponged and pressed."

Then he says: "Dotty Cox married Jerry Boasberg and she hasn't trouped since." I says: "Dotty got all her experience where the neighbors couldn't see her when she was married to Shivers and playing tent stands in Texas." Then he began finding fault with Mitty Morocco and said she was a self-appointed darling of the gods. Tink knew Mitty's two husbands—Egg Clancy and Brick Cassidy; and you can't get him to take any other view of the matter except it ought to be their joint regret that they had but one wife to give their country. Men is awful hard when it comes to siding against their own kind.

Anyhow, Dotty, I blocked all the punches and telephoned Mitty I was ready to pack my dreadnaught. She come out to our place and we practiced our act and showed before the agent, Jitney Mullen, and Mitty drew her last bunch of alimony; and then the contract was signed the day the peace armistice was signed—and that settled it for me.

I knew I'd have to stick to the contract for thirty weeks of teaming with Mitty, no matter what. I'd just as soon walked under a ladder on Friday the thirteenth and upset a barrel of salt as to break a contract signed that day. I'm no soft-boiled pacifist, Dotty, and with one of my boys in the stevedore regiment and the other in the flying corpse—well, the sky's my limit when it comes to making good anything that was put in writing on November eleventh. [Mother, take down your service flag!]

Just as we was getting away Tink went and put me in the protecting hands of Alf Loyal; you remember Alf—he bills a single comedy act under the name of Paprika, the Nutty Burglar. His first wife was Vashti Bowen, she that kept taking the eighty-second company of East Lynne out to San Antonio and letting Alf bring them safely home. I never met the second gal he married, but they tell me she was an acrobat from New Zealand. Anyhow, that pore guy is paying alimony two ways now; just darkens his future you might say. While he was laying off from the road, due to a misunderstanding with his audience, he done some work for Tink in the engine house; but, of course, Mitty had to break his run of good luck by getting his single act booked, too, for the thirty weeks. Then Tink played Old Soft Heart at the finish and intrusted me to Alf's care! Ostagazulum!

It was bad enough to be the meal ticket for Mitty; but when Tink come along and handed me Alf—what chance have I got? Did you ever see two dogs fighting over a bone? Did you ever see the bone have a chance to hold out on 'em? There's the problem in a nutshell!

Anyhow, we played a week in Chicago according to contract, and then we jumped to here. Mitty said she didn't know why we didn't show at Kansas City or Ogden; she guessed the agent forgot! Honest, Dotty, she would think a guy was lost if he headed a letter "Somewhere in France"; and she'd throw a barrel of crockery out the window of a burning house and carry a mattress down three flights of stairs. She's had me in hot water so long I'm tender as a stepmother's kiss. As for ability—as Tink said: "She can't sing or dance, but she can stand punishment."

I guess the regular critic for the Chicago show house was on a vacation, because the boob that wrote our act began: "Stout but sportive is Beulah." And went on to call Mitty "A dashing little chorister, with long blond curls." He also said that Mitty pulled a wallop with a pair of lace tights at the close of the act, and "Mitty is quite a cut-up, but her partner, Beulah, fed her hair-trigger personality well; and so she got the hokum over with a kick." Then the hick went on to say: "Beulah's cornet tendencies should be restrained; all she ought to play is a B-flat phonograph." And he ended by digging up the date that Tink Hannibal stopped doing his iron-jawed act and began manufacturing carrousels, taking unto himself a lady-wife! Not a murmur of how the guys just tore up the seats when I sang.

I may be a lady, Dotty, but I'll have no chance to work at it this season. So say we all!

Anyway, we jumped to Reno, where Alf and Mitty are right to home; but I must say I don't like staying at the cure house. Praises be, I'm an honest married woman, with two sons inducted into the service.

More later. BEULAH.

THAT EVENING.

DEAR DOTTY: Are you feeling strong? After closing my letter of this A. M. Alf come in with the news that the vaudeville house is closed for repairs and the baggage is reported lost. All wet!

No, gentle reader, I did not lose my temper. The last time I really let myself go it cost me twenty-nine dollars for a new switch, after which Tink treated me to a course of lessons in self-control—to provide for such emergencies.

I did say to Mitty, who was trying to hide behind Alf, that the best way in this world to proceed is with your own brains and the other fellow's money. Alf tried to cheer us up by suggesting that there might be a mistake, and we went out directly to have a drink and talk it over.

We found the Poodle Dog Café round the corner; and after we girls had sent in an order for fig frappé and bonbons—ostagazulum!—I says to Mitty:

"What do you think your agent friend is going to have happen to the Truckee playhouse?"

"Oh, Beulah," she says, cross-eyed and crying, "I dunno what to think—my brain seems on fire!"

"I thought I smelt wood burning," I returns.

"What'll we do?" Alf encores.

You know me, Dotty: I always save the soup bone. So I told them to dig up a smile if they had to employ violence, and not give way to any high-toned malady entitled homesickness. If this agent was bunk I'd wire Tink to hand him over to the authorities.

"How about get-away money?" Mitty persists.

"That's where the drawbridge falls between us," I made answer. "I'm not going to land back on Tink at my advanced age—and admit I couldn't troupe for thirty weeks on my own merits."

"Let's get together," Alf says, counting his Michigan bank roll. "How much have you gals got, to date?"

We finally pooled for two hundred. I held out an extra half century in my old First National. Long ago Tink taught me it was always just as well to lock up a little in the safe, where the boy can't play pool with it.

"Now ladies," Alf says—"and particularly you, Beulah, because Tink put you in my charge—let's call this a sinking fund and leave it in my care. It will do for a tide-over if the worst comes to the worst."

What could I say, Dotty? I handed mine over, remarking I was willing, seeing that I didn't care what happened to me.

"It's better for you to be stranded with us," says Mitty, "than single."

"As handy," I says, "as a guy being run over by a pair of ambulances."

But what's the use of being bitter? My fighting blood is up, and I'll stick out the thirty weeks with Mitty and Alf if we have to run a shoe string into a fortune. That's me, Dotty—one of those that never yaps, but is a die-hard

when attacked. You remember my manly habit of bearing everyone else's troubles as if they was my very own.

"It's going to hold up the gals' alimony," Alf says; "but I guess I can explain it."

Mitty tried to tell what she'd do to the phony agent and how she was going to head her own show next year anyway—and a lot more bunk, with Alf falling for it. I see I'm down for the rôle of Big Sister to the Little Simps. I always show up good any time, Dotty—you know I'm the healthy kid; but why is it fat wimmen never get any of the sympathy?

After Alf and Mitty were getting together over a second Tom Collins, I played the discordant Member of Parliament by suggesting the first step to the right would be to move out of the cure hotel and get into a native boarding house until we were off on the right foot again.

"I know we can get a booking in Frisco," Mitty says; "the manager of the theater would suffer from congested aisles if he took us on."

"Or we could join Beeves' Burlesque," Alf says, reading the Clipper. "I see it's heading toward Sacramento."

"I won't join no show," I told them right then and there, "where the flash comedians work both sides of the 'arch' and get all the fat. Tink was always agin such procedure."

"What will you do?" they says accusingly.

"I'll learn hypnotism; replate silverware—be a finger-print expert maybe."

And then Alf rapped for the damages in time to save setting ourselves back an extra simoleon, for who should come in just then but Algernon Dangerfield, who was Tink's old partner in the iron-jawed act, and his last wife, Trilby Meredith, who used to be married to the musical director of our first show, Dotty—The Little Tycoon!

Algernon and Trilby was with a legit. repertoire company leaving town that night; and they told us the vaudeville house in Reno had been closed for a month, and Jitney Mullen, Mitty's agent, was wanting for three charges of fraud. We wasn't going to play the orphans in the cold, cold world before Algernon and Trilby; so we gave the situation the laugh and said we was glad to wake up and find ourselves near Lake Tahoe and Virginia City. We never would have taken time to go there on purpose, and here they was—two of Nature's rarest offerings right beside us! Wasn't life wonderful!

Trilby looked the same as when we knew her, Dotty; still suffering from soil shock. She showed us a bunch of ice that Algernon had bought her after playing the steeds at Juarez, and said they had named the last child Weather-strip, because he protected Algernon from the draft! After wishing us well we left them to buy their own refreshments, with Algernon calling, "Wine clerk! Wine clerk!" for our benefit—when we all knew he never bought more than a beer in his life. It oughta been the bums' rush for his.

When we got outside I says to Alf: "Keep the roll where no faro dealer can detect its presence, and get hooked up with some information about the chance of playing a week in Truckee. Meantime me and my handicap will shift to a native boarding house, and I'll write Tink that the experience is cheap at half the price."

Mitty and me beat it to the hotel and give notice; and while we was at the desk along came Diantha Brimstone, Fanita Van Twinkle and Trulette La Verne, of the Follies Chorus—all getting ready to name their next car an Alimony Six. For young ladies that used to have the most regular names on the pay roll, they certainly are stepping along at a swift clip. I hardly recognized Fanita and Trulette, Fanita having changed into a Henna and Trulette into a Russian sable.

Now I believe in natural things, Dotty; none of this Nature faking for mine—of course a little peroxide hair rinse is nobody's business but their own—but when it comes to deliberately plotting to overthrow the scenery I call it downright Bolshevik.

We was packing up our taylor when Mitty read an ad for boarders in the daily paper. "No divorcees accepted," it said. "Apply Mrs. Leafy Tree, Truckee Boulevard." It sounds like a real hope-to-die homestead, and to-morrow morning we shall pass that way.

You'll hear from me shortly, Dotty. And if you feel that your *joie de vivre* is dying at the roots because of Jerry's annoying amount of preferred stock and the alumnæ association of silvery-haired family chauffeurs, who have led out the Boasberg fleet of limousines while the interior of your home is cluttered up with residence pipe organs, gamboling wolfhounds and half-acre conservatories of orchids, don't do anything rash until you see how I finish! Consider your old college chum Beulah, who is chained in the galley with a woman with the brain of a planked shad, and every indication of an accident going some place to happen—to say nothing of Alf Loyal leading us on to our destitution. If I win by a nose, Dotty, the witch doctor of the Congo has nothing on me. Exit laughingly—flowers gratefully declined. BEULAH.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

DEAR DOTTY: Put a rubber stamp across my photo labeled Circe. I'd just as soon have head-hunters teach me the Golden Rule as to depend on Alf Loyal or Mitty Morocco. Honest, Dotty, I don't think I'd have survived the last few days if me and Mitty hadn't run into our old friends Marguerite Gonzales and Siri Papette! They've got a beauty shop on Virginia Street, and we dropped in for a face massage. Nothing pulls body and soul together like the vibrator for the finish, does it? Are you wise to Marguerite? It's Maggie Cline—and she laid right down when I called her bluff.

There seems to be a lot of Russian princesses that emerged from a perfumery counter floating round in these parts. After I give Maggie the glad hand out come Siri—Susy Peters, Dotty—you remember? She did the tight-rope specialty—the one with the pug nose, that we used to kid. She laid face downward for hours at a stretch trying to disprove the old adverb that it's a long road which has no turning! She and Maggie came to Reno for the cure and took a year's lease on the shop so's to make sure there was no chance for a relapse.

Well, we was in a hurry to get located at the boarding house and not tip off the flat tire to our wheel of fortune; so we said we was going to stay over at a Mrs. Tree's house until we got our booking dates straightened out. [There's a new meaning to the initials W. S. S.—When Salaried, Settle—When Stranded, Succor!]

"He's a Grand Snake, Ladies—He Weighs Two Hundred and Ten Pounds and is Twenty-one Feet Long"

Anyhow, me and Miss Highly-Cultured-Nails-and-Neglected-Brain went over to Mrs. Tree's house, right beside the rushing, gushing Truckee. We rung the bell, and the handle come off in my hand—that was a good start; and I was just slipping it back in place when Mrs. Tree opened the door personally.

She's a motherly old soul, with a face troubled with wild hairs and other excess baggage; and, golly, how she has suffered! You can't get within earshot of her without being handed the family skeleton to fondle.

She rose to us like a trout to a fly and asked us into the parlor. Parlor is right, Dotty! There was two coffin plates flanking the portières, and a large steel engraving of Isabella giving her jewels to Columbus—to say nothing of the Stag at Bay and the Lovers' Quarrel. She had a rosewood square piano that she said was drawed into Nevada by an ox team; but the man in Boston forgot to send the legs along, and by the time they landed it up to her native haunt—Virginia City—it was too much trouble to repeat the ox-team act, so they improvised some legs a few shades darker, but which answer very well. She also had a private collection of enlarged crayons of her dead husbands and mothers-in-law, and one of those base-burner stoves like me and Tink used to do our courting in front of—the winter I wasn't trouping. Mrs. Tree had been one of the belles of Virginia city, she told us, and her pa and Lucky Baldwin used to swing the pick together. Her folks and the Fairs, Mackays and O'Brien's dried clothes under the same sun, and many's the time she'd ate off the silver dinner service at Sandy Bowers' mansion.

She said she was real careful who she took into her home. At the present time there was a charming young man sojourning with her—Texas Siftings, salesman for the Western Casket Company, making Elko, Carson and Las Vegas oncet a year, anyhow. Then she brought out his book of silks and satins and dove-colored broadcloth; and while we was looking at them Mrs. Tree confided that she and her namesake—Leafy—hadn't had to buy a piece of dress goods since Texas had put his trunk in the loft. Texas was dead gone on daughter Leafy, but Leafy was all for the stage; and when it came to marrying a casket saleaman she said she would rather be counted missing.

About this time, Dotty, Leafy hove in sight. She wasn't exactly hard on the eyes and I judged she had on a generous sample of the dove-colored broadcloth that Texas was peddling round the busy centers of Nevada. The minnit Leafy heard we was troupers she as good as locked the doors and barred the windows.

"Oh, ma," she says, "keep 'em; don't let 'em stir a step out of here!"

I see Mrs. Tree wasn't keen on having us put the evil eye on Leafy, so I give her the wide wink to let her know I'd work with her; but Mitty had to chime in:

"Maybe we can help your daughter to a start."

While Leafy was joining forces with Mitty, me and Mrs. Tree went upstairs to see the spare room; and I explained about Alf Loyal and how glad he would be to double up with Texas Siftings.

"It'd break my old heart," Mrs. Tree says, "if Leafy got any real stage notions from you ladies."

"Keep cool; your country's saving fuel," I says. "That partner of mine is only regular-program stuff. If I cure Leafy of being stage-struck and marry her to Texas, am I down for a service star?"

That settled it. Then she showed me the room. It was furnished in tortured black walnut that had been Mrs. Tree's bridal suite when she was married up to Virginia City. There was brown-marble slabs all over the dresser, and the bed had a quartet of laffing cherubs, with gilded legs and hands, setting up on the four corners and peeking down.

"You'll find that bed very comfortable," she says, "except where a hoss kicked it."

I must have looked amazed, Dotty, for she hurried up and explained that it was in the Virginia City fire, and when the men carried it out into an open field a hoss came flying by and got mixed up with the headboard; and then she lifted back the shams and showed where his hoofs had dug in. The shams was works of art, too, Dotty—regular funeral pieces! One said Father, and one said Mother—both done in red cross-stitch, with a border of frogs round the edges. Take it all and all, the room wasn't a bad spot to be alone with your worst enemy.

I said we was looking for submarine prices, due to misunderstanding with our European agents; and we finally came to light for eight dollars a week apiece, and six for Alf if he would help split the wood. Then I remembered Mitty's poodles—Carmen and Don José; and after considerable coaxing I rung them in for two bits a head.

We went downstairs, to find Mitty playing and singing for Leafy's benefit.

The piano was so old and tinkly that it sounded like the Swiss bell ringers; but we both said it had a richness and rarity of tone one seldom found these days. That brought us the promise of hot biscuit for tea!

Then me and Mitty took our suitcase and went up to the loft; and the minnit we was alone she begins whimpering and saying she'd die in this morgue—there was nothing to do but sit round rainy afternoons and tell her troubles and how she wished she'd stuck to Brick Cassidy.

Now it was one of my nervous days, Dotty, when a pin dropping sounds like a crowbar; and I called her a graveyard of useless scenery and warned her that if she ever wanted to give me for reference, to wait until I had been dead at least a fortnight.

By and by the bell rung and Alf entered with the poodles intact and word that our trunks was found and on the way. I says to him again to be careful with the roll; and then I had a good Irish cry myself for a little while, after which I wrote Tink that everything was top-hole and he'd next hear from me from St. Francis, San Fran! [You don't know the half of it, dearie; you don't know the half of it!]

When we went down to supper Leafy and Texas was waiting for us in the dining room and Mrs. Tree was dishing up the provender. She brought me a piece of steak

(Continued on Page 49)

Ripe-red-strawberries

Preserve them! Every jar of these rich, luscious berries you preserve now, every glass of sparkling jam or jelly means a saving for next winter! Preserves take the place of costly winter foods and bring a breath of spring freshness to winter-weary appetites.

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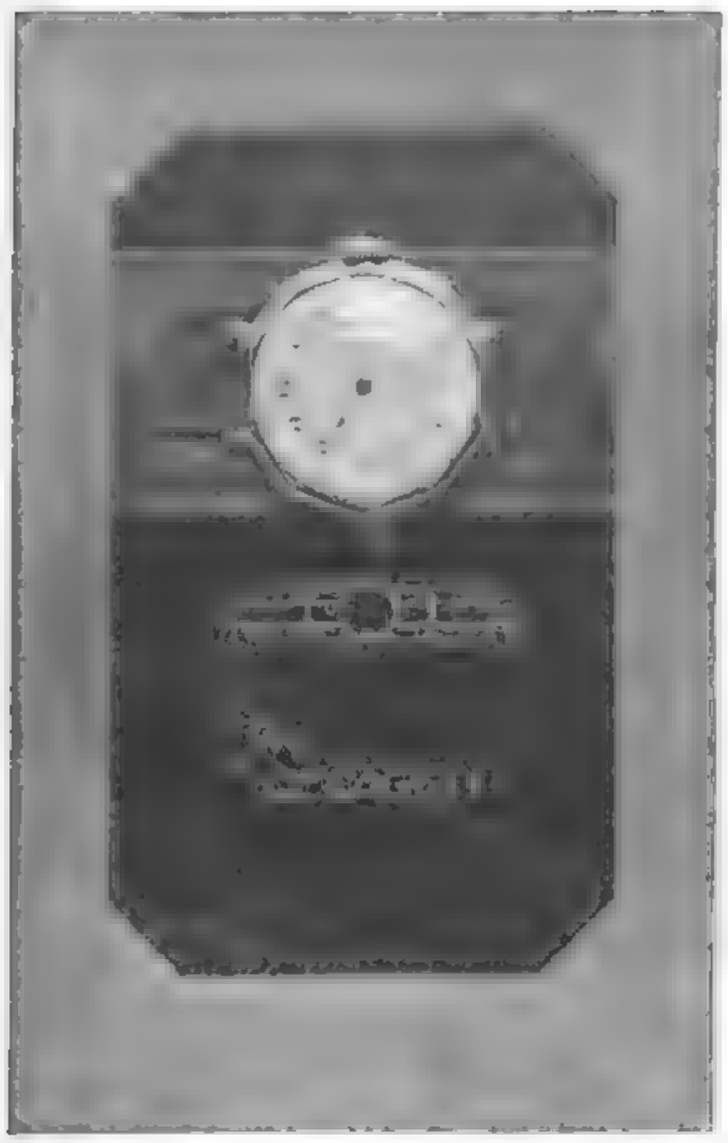

"The Decagon"—a Wadsworth leather strap model furnished in silver, gold-filled and solid gold. Especially suitable for outdoor activities—golfing, tennis, motoring and the like, but also widely popular for general business wear

"The Sportsman's Strap Watch"—a sturdy model originally created by Wadsworth for hard army usage and now made adaptable, with slight modifications, for the activities of the sportsman and outdoor man. Furnished in silver or nickel with an extra thick glass, a Wadsworth contribution to men's strap watches

"The Cushion Square" one of the most popular of the Wadsworth strap models. The beauty of its design lies in its simplicity, and this is characteristic of all Wadsworth's creations. An ideal model for business, social and all-around wear

Wadsworth Cases
for Fine Watches

Practical utility—and not personal adornment—is the thing that is making the strap watch for men so increasingly popular.

Its greatest appeal is to the active, busy man—the chap who equips himself for his work and his play with an eye for the utmost in personal convenience and efficiency. Thousands of sportsmen and outdoor men consider it indispensable.

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For the strap watch, like one's cravat, is worn where it is seen—and where it will serve as a mark of one's taste.

When you buy a strap watch select first of all any standard movement that your jeweler recommends, and then have him "dress" it in a case of correct design.

One of the Wadsworth cases shown above, for instance—models at once beautiful and yet sturdy and masculine enough to suit any man.

For thirty years Wadsworth has been making the cases for the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. The name Wadsworth on a watch case is all the guarantee you need not only of correct design but of the best possible in material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio
Factories: Dayton, Ky.

(Continued from Page 46)

assisted by a baked potato; but—honest, Dotty!—the only thing it tasted like was a piece of Brooklyn Bridge. Still, we kicked in and made out a square, with Texas giving Leafy the love lights in his eyes and trying to talk politics with Alf.

I sized up Texas as not being a bad guy; I halfway suspicioned he might be a flowing-locked lad, given over to embroidering cantos. After supper I had a word with him while Leafy was showing the family album and telling what wicked wimmen the divorcees was, and how the state wasn't going to stand for them another year; everyone was going to get a free railroad ticket to go to Carson City and tell the governor just what they thought about it. Texas and me had a satisfactory frame-up though I see that unless he had outside help the strongest thing about him would be his glasses.

Then I went into the kitchen and found Mrs. Tree trying to write a letter to the Government about back money due her for her two sons that is in France. She was all wrong the way she was starting out to knock the Administration. This was what she had wrote: "*Dear Uncle Sam:* I have sixty-one dollars, and certainly am provoked to-night!"

All wet! All wet! So me and her fixed up a letter that started off: "Hello, Mr. War Risk Insurance! How are you? I am well, and hope you are the same. I take my pen in hand to tell you my allotment number is two boys and a girl, and I see by your communication of recent date you have changed one of my boys into a girl. Now, Mr. War Risk Insurance, will that make any difference?" It's easy to handle crowds when you know how.

When I come back to the parlor Mitty had left Leafy and Texas to battle it out alone, and Alf had gone up the street. I had my misgivings then. I went upstairs to the spare room, and me and Mitty was just getting into the swing of a good hard scrap when Alf comes back and raps at the door. When I seen him he looked like a ghost.

"Beulah," he begins, "I'm the most unlucky guy that ever was born!"

"You been married twice and never had a mother-in-law," I says; "so you'll have to go pretty strong with your evidence to make out a case."

Then he gives me an awful earful about going out to get a New York paper and a hill-billy pushing a smoke wagon in his face, and snatching his wool Bennie and nine-bean silk Katie, and nipping his tie sparkler and hiding it in his hollow tooth.

"Did he get the roll?" we managed to articulate.

"No," he says; "I hollered for help and three Indians come running out of a saloon and saved me."

"Well," I says, "you oughta be in a pie wagon, with your awning muzzled!" And I closed the door, mute to his appeal for funds for clothes.

"What do you need with clothes?" Mitty whispers through the keyhole. "When your shoes wear out you'll be on your feet again."

"All wet!" murmurs Alf as he trudged on to Texas' boudoir.

I was all worked up over it, Dotty; and I lay awake half the night planning something else besides how to make Leafy stop being a darn fool and marry Texas. "I'll ghoul 'em yet!" I says out loud. Then Mitty has to raise up and cry out that the place is haunted. "Among other things I wish for you," I says, "is lockjaw!" After which peace reigned.

But the next day I wasn't feeling very composed; and while we was waiting for a wire from my old agent Mrs. Tree says it was the afternoon she was going to entertain the sewing circle of her church and she'd be real pleased to have us ladies join them; she was never one of those who felt that actors and actresses should be debarred from respectable society.

By this time Mitty had taught Leafy how to make up and had tried on a pair of spangle tights to see if she could qualify. They had it framed that Leafy was to be a lady trumpeteer with Poodles Hagan's Girls de Looks. Mitty said she had a great drag with Poodles.

I let them rave on. Me and Texas had the trapdoor set; and—even if it was none of my business, Dotty—I wasn't going to let that little kid join the troupers when a perfectly gilt-edged security wanted the first mortgage. You know me, Dotty—I got a mother's feelings.

While Mrs. Tree was dusting the parlor before the sewing circle assembled I thought it would be courtesy to bring along a little novelty for the entertainment; so I took a coupla tin pails and went over to the Poodle Dog Café to get some Mein Yun Loo and some Bird's Nest Number 6000. I thought they'd be real dressy looking for the table and all I had spotted in the larder was property doughnuts. Mrs. Tree was kind of confused when I produced; she said the bishop's wife was coming and she might be prejudiced toward heathen dishes for the sewing circle, seeing as the bishop's main object in life was to put the owner of the café in the stir. Still, she set 'em on the table; and then me and Mitty went upstairs and got decorated.

Dotty, I wisht you could have seen the sewing circle! They ranged from vamp to pash; and I guess most of their husbands met them by mail order. It wasn't a big success bringing us into their midst, because me and the bishop's wife went to the mat from the start.

"What a large piece of village color!" she cuckooed to somebody behind my back; and when I cleared my throat thrice and asked her who she was before the bishop took up with her I see the gong had sounded. Then Mitty sang Buzz Around! Buzz Around! and it wasn't counted a world beater. And I recited The Valley on the Hill, and there wasn't a rustle of applause.

The bishop's wife began asking me questions about Mitty's past; and when I said she was divorced—and you certainly couldn't blame Mitty the second time, because the evidence was a beautiful girl in a skating costume, empty wine bottles, and everything—the bishop's wife pushed her chair clear to the other side of the room.

Another woman asked me if the gentleman actor traveling with us was divorced too. And what could I say? Now, Dotty, everyone knows that New Zealand gal was more than a handful for Alf. Why, the facts is on record—an ice pick, a large open knife, and ground glass in the sugar! But the expression on the questioner's countenance was enough to curdle all the milk in the house.

When we come in to the table I see there was an awkward pause; and I whisked out my napkin and begins: "I'll take ten dollars' worth of ham and eggs if any other party in the house will do likewise!"—just as an ice breaker, Dotty. But I see they was waiting for the bishop's wife to say the blessing; so I was set back another peg.

"Where will you ladies go from here?" she asks me very eagerly.

"Oh, maybe through Mammoth Cave on a go-cycle!" I says, looking for trouble.

Then she asks me what my husband's business was; and when I says "Carrousels," she gives a mean little laff and says she can quite believe it.

That was enough for me. I'm the plant that grows into a flower when anybody attacks Tink. I never stopped to think the darned fool didn't know the right meaning to the word. I opened up on her, and when I finished the bishop's wife knew that Mitty and me was socially exposed, even if we was troupers; and she had so much to say by way of apology that she could trot on her lip. She sort of stopped acting as if she was consorting with pigs' knuckles to notice us; but I knew she was so sore she oughta have ridden home in a rubber-tired cab.

Before they let out they passed the plate round; and, not having anything handy but large denominations, I dropped in a bingle. That's a one-bit piece, Dotty, you remember; though not officially recognized by the Mint, they are good for one tall one at any reputable and fair-minded wayside tavern.

The bishop's wife and me sort of got chummy toward the last, particularly when I told her it was awful the way young people knew the names of mixed drinks better than the good books. But, of course, Mitty's poodles had to come in and chew the fringe halfway off the sofy, and the bishop's wife said it was too bad to lavish affection on dumb beasts when they was so many of the unsaved at large; and then she began telling about her grandchild that was teething. And when I says, friendly to the last, "I always give mine a little limewater when they're fretful," she screams out: "Them poodles? You wicked woman!"

Well, Dotty, that was another challenge for a short go. After which the bishop's wife left, because she had to attend a recital of gigues for the spinet; I suppose she'd choke over the word piano.

Nobody ate the Chinese stuff but me, and the next morning I had a sore throat and swollen respiration—the makings of a regular old-fashioned cold. Now Tink always mixes me a workingman's size of old Bourbon—a steep church window, lemon rind, hot water and a lump of sugar; and I'm like new inside of a hour.

But me and Mitty might as well have been billed the Buttermilk Twins, so far as Mrs. Tree was concerned. So there I laid and suffered, Dotty. Alf came and stood outside the door. He said he wanted to make a quick get-away, because there was too much concrete in the hash; besides, Texas dreamed he was a government trapper and had a permit to carry a strychnine gun, and three times during the night Alf was called upon to play the part of a coyote with the rabies.

Mrs. Tree meant to be real kind. "You've got the epizootic, I guess," she says. "You better gargle with angleworm oil; it's the only thing to break it right up at the start."

She brought it in; and while she was gone for a 1732 model foot warmer and another hug-me-tight, I made an awful scramble and managed to put it out the window while Mitty was passing that way. Mitty had said she didn't want to stick round, lest she'd get the epizootic too. She said she felt so blue she just wanted to run away from her own self.

"Well, keep on running," I says; "but, for heaven's sake, step aside first and let me pass you."

After a while Mrs. Tree says the minister had called. I guess one of the minister's ancestors must have been a court jester, because all he done was to talk about the climate and the evils of divorce; and then he read me a war pome—You're Only a Brass Tag—and said he hoped I'd feel better.

After he left, Leafy come in to show me the sample of casket satin she had picked out for her costume for the tryout as a lady trumpeteer; and then her ma said she hoped I'd feel well enough the next day to go up to the cemetery to see her husband's musselman. It was the best musselman she could afford—a broken wheel of life in Vermont granite and an angel shielding it. She said it was right beside Senator Hank Crutchfield's musselman that was brought from Italy; and, of course, it lost considerable by contrast. Still, it had been commented on by young and old alike.

Well, Dotty, I felt the gloom breakers was working overtime. More anon! Meantime I am basking in the bridal suite of the Tree family, looking for someone who believes in spirits enough to pass on the flask. Moral: A watched pot has to boil sometime. Lovingly,

BEULAH.

THE NEXT EVENING.

DEAR DOTTY: To resume: Alf says: "I wisht you'd quit practicing monologues on me—the last wife was like that." But when I explained I was not knocking, but merely soliloquizing, and there was an all-year job for him at Tink's factory any time he wanted to settle down and settle up, he wised up.

To date, nothing has showed up from the agent or the feelers sent to Frisco. Alf still has the roll and I have the half century. Mitty and Leafy are practicing a turn in the parlor and Mrs. Tree is doing the weekly wash. The only thing to break the monotony since I wrote was when Susy Peters dropped in to see me, heavily upholstered in Joffre blue.

"Mitty says you're sick," she begins. "You pore gal! I come in to cheer you up and show you my new mink ulster and the diamond rings I got on my birthday. It's a secret; but I want you to know I'm leaving soon for New York to marry Sol Weinberg, the movie magnate, and I guess he'll let me star. And what plays don't suit me Mary Garden can have."

"Well," I says, "I'm so cheered up I think you better hire out as a professional

Dotty, I Wisht You Could Have Seen the Sewing Circle! I Guess Most of Their Husbands Met Them by Mail Order

agitator. . . . My heavens, but you're getting fat, Susy!"

Then she give me a little news about Mike Flower and Ima Angel having joined hands for business in a new seminutty turn; and how King Carol and his wife, Babette Casey, have split in their act, Big and Little Casino; and King has grabbed off a cozy little waffle store in San Diego.

Do you remember Gypsy Dare? She's doing a single now, and has a new bronze-frame bicycle and a canopy top for her act. I see Susy wanted to make a get-away and spread the glad tidings that we was on our uppers; so I made her open my trunk and lamp the lovely rags, and confided the news that Tink was going to buy me a big red French car for our next wedding anniversary.

LATER.

Leafy has brought my dinner up, Dotty, and I had a chance to play my ace in the hole.

"Well, Leafy," I says, "if for nothing else, I'm glad I stopped here; one doesn't find such talent every day. I tell you right now I'm not going to leave it here either."

"Oh, Miss Balance!" she begins, with one of those limp giggles.

"Don't misunderstand me," I says; "I'm speaking of Mr. Siftings. If ever there was a blend of Charles Cherry and Faversham, it's Texas. I'm glad he has consented to go to Frisco with us and interview a booking agent that me and Mr. Loyal knows well. I hardly thought he'd pry loose from you and his regular job; but a true artist knows no anchorage."

That made her park her gum. After she come to, and I had put it over good, I see what was going to happen to Texas—a married man by sundown or wearing a suit of his own samples.

"Honest, has my Texas talent?" she says—so innocent I almost squeezed out a blush myself. "Why, he never so much as hinted at it! He was always so set agin show folk."

"Still waters runnest deepest!" I headed her off. "And don't, for heaven's sake, give me away, child; it's a Black Hand secret between him and me—he don't want the home folks to know about it until his name is in electric lights over the playhouse eaves. But he's all ready to follow us to Frisco and tread the buskin."

While she was gone to hunt up Texas I got up and tipped her ma off to which way the wind blew.

"Well, how will that fix it?" she says, by way of thanks. "Texas was only fooling—he can't act; nor he don't want to ——"

"After they're wed it will be their own bun-and-muffin scramble, won't it? He wanted to marry her, and now he can't be released from it. She thinks she's marrying right into the perfession."

"You don't honestly want Texas to troupe with you?" she asks, dumb to the last.

"Dear, no!" I says. "We got our own snapping turtle to home."

"Well, couldn't you stick round and explain things to Leafy—how you done it for her best good? When she finds out it's a plot she's going to be mighty high-spirited."

"Save yourselves," I says; "I'm sinking for the third time."

So I went back to bed to figure out how to move out of the town. But I'm not sorry I framed it for Texas; he's a square guy. And after Leaky has taken the love-honor-and-obey degree Texas won't mind playing off a little Simon Legree until she comes to reason.

Anyhow, we'll call it a day! BEULAH.

MIDNIGHT.

FRIEND DOTTY: It's from eiderdown to rocks!

While Mitty was sitting round this evening spilling chatter about her potentialities and creative instincts, and trying to sell herself a hundred per cent, Alf Loyal delivers the sensation of the season.

"I hope you ladies won't misconstrue what I've done," he says; "but you all remember Windy Williams, the circus man? I was tipped off by a certain party that Windy and his wife played hard luck and stranded over in Sparks. Windy died last week and the widow is having an auction sale of the scenery and props; and -and the animals." He sort of muttered the last. "So I thought Tink would have wanted me to pay my regards, seeing as he always fitted Windy out with circle swings and carrousels."

I put my bonnet on then.

"See here, Alf; have you got the roll?"

"Wait!" he begs, piteouslike. "I was jammed to the wall; and you'd have both done the same—or worse. English Larry was there and took the tents, and the Pudding Sisters dropped off on their way East and purchased thirty-three beautiful hussar uniforms. Doc Atkins, of the Holy Book, was along, urging the sale; and what could I do but offer the widow my aid and you people's sympathies?"

"So far, good enough; but why didn't you come right away?" we asks.

"Because the widow just landed on to me with both arms—she knew the first wife well—and asks me if I'd take one of Windy's most valuable assets off her hands."

[Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry, Dotty!]

"Shoot!" we both says, rather faint.

"It proved to be the big python named Samson, that cost Windy as much as ——"

But Alf never got no farther! [Does a burglar wear a mask so he won't get the flu?] By and by, when there was a punctuation mark, he says:

"He's a grand snake, ladies—thoroughly acclimated, and has a glass show house and a winter cage; he weighs two hundred and ten pounds and is twenty-one feet long."

"What was the damages?" I says, nameless terror having seized me.

"A hundred and ninety," he whispers; "but I can turn it over any day I like, once we get out of here. It was charity, Beulah—the grandest deed ever recorded! Besides, Samson's a money-maker and a get-away. I had a chance right then and there to sell him. Ed Gassaway offered to trade for a camel they had landed onto him; but it seemed to me you ladies would rather have the python; it wouldn't be so hard to tote round."

"What are we going to do with Friend Samson?" I says.

"I got word my old friend Doc Barkroot's one-ring circus is coming through here inside of a week," Alf says, "to play the Southwest—booked solid. I took a chancet of your displeasure and wired that we'd sign; he was looking for good strong freak acts. To show that he's square, he's been advertising that if you can't stand prosperity don't get into communication with him. I'll take Samson as a pitch attraction, and you gals can team with your act until something else breaks. I done it all for the best, Beulah. Tink would back me to the last ounce."

"There's as much truth in that, you pore bar fly," I says, "as the benefits from the war activities of a cootie!"

Then Mitty begins to sob: "All wet! All wet! Oh, Beulah, you ain't going to welsh back to Tink and leave me with this madman and his python?" I says then and there: "It will be thirty weeks for the firm of Balance & Morocco, or a banquet of wild parsnips for the same." But I let out a hint, Dotty, that next season there would be an empty chair at the council table. So say we all!

Then Alf says he hopes I don't misconstrue his motives; and all I even bothered to tell him was that I knew the chairman for the fund for the protection of superannuated army mules, and I'd see that his name and address was sent in.

Mrs. Tree calls up that Leafy and Texas was married. And the latest news I can tell you, Dotty, in your rose-leaf dugout, with the odor of Jerry's corono coronissimo wafting in the offing, is: There we go, officer!

Yours, BEULAH.

The Tale of Private Scott

By Mary Lanier Magruder

YES, Private William Scott is home; he never went to France.
There ain't no tellin' what he'd done if he'd just got the chance,
For potting men had been his job—he heired a feud, you see,
But luck was on the other side, and now he's home and free.

He never knew there was a war till registration day,
But things moved swiftly after that—they moved Bill Scott away!
The first call took him on to camp—he had the measles first,
He had the whooping cough and mumps, but found the itch the worst!

They got him straightened out at last—fresh air and wholesome grub,
And shower baths, for Private Scott was stranger to a tub.
Corn pone and bacon, mountain dew and 'lasses was his fare
Back in the cabin he called home, high up on Haldy bare.

Day after day they drilled him well; his shoulders lost their stoop;
He learned to sorter step in time—his legs were like a hoop.
The captain sometimes bawled him out for failing to salute,
But the company all agreed on this, that Private Scott could shoot.

One autumn day the orders came, his company must entrain;
They packed their dunnage bags and hiked all in the pouring rain.
They reached the port—of name unknown—when suddenly "Ker-choo!"
The nasal blast that blew the charge, the onslaught of the flu.

As usual, all the deadly germs went after Private Scott;
For when the flu had quit him cold, pneumonia took a shot,
And muttering to his pillow in a language unrefined,
There in the base lay Private Scott when the armistice was signed.

And now he's home—a cheerful spot, that cabin bare and bleak!
But somehow things are somewhat changed. They say across the creek
That Private Scott himself has changed. They say he puts on airs!
He's scrubbed the floors and swept the hearth and cleaned the dirty stairs;

He's broke the north side up for corn—and plowed the furrows straight,
He's built a rock fence round the yard and hung a rustic gate;
The cabin's whitewashed in and out, and what seems worse, they say,
Bill Scott brought home his army shoes—and wears them every day!

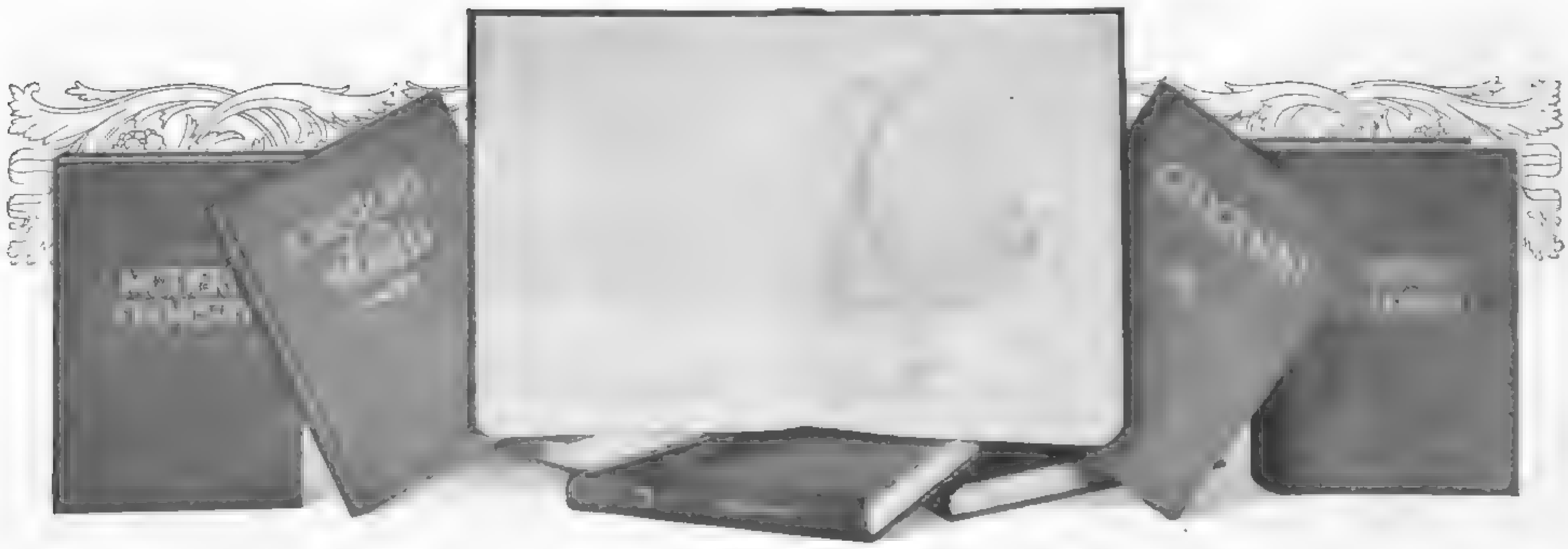
When Private Scott first went to camp he got no news from home;
He couldn't have read a letter then had any chanced to come.
But seeing others read and pass their letters round at night,
Why, what does Bill Scott up and do but learn to read and write?

When Rose, his girl, got that first scrawl it took her by surprise,
The schoolma'am read it to her; and because no other eyes
Should henceforth see the tender words that William might indite,
Right then and there did Rose decide she'd also learn to write.

And so though Private William Scott was never sent to France,
Though fate has cuffed him sadly round, he had his fighting chance.
And though he got no D. S. M. and wears no Croix de Guerre,
As a citizen from now right on you'll find Bill Scott all there.

And though he never crossed the sea nor saw a single Hun,
He'll point a moral to a tale of what the war has done.
He'll never be content to live in ignorance and dirt;
He's learned to change his ways and talk—likewise, to change his shirt!

He's heard the speech of decent men, he's heard them speak the law,
And potting men from ambush now seems rather crude and raw.
I've kept this signal symbol last of all that's come to Bill:
They say he took his trusty ax and busted up his still!



What a World of New Printing the War has made Necessary

For the next few years the printing presses of this country will be as busy as machine guns were a few years ago.

The maps of almost every part of the world have undergone some change, and the new geographies of our schools are today out of date.

New world history has been made—history that changed the relation of the past to the present and made obscure past events prominent and made prominent past events less important.

Encyclopædias are due for revision with respect to the war-sped progress in science, politics and the arts.

Our very language has been influenced. Scores of new words, such as "camouflage" and "Bolshevik," have entered the language. Other words, such as "salient," "tail-spin," "liaison," "no-man's-land," have acquired new meanings and uses.

Who can estimate the number of books—educational, historical, biographical, scientific—that will clamor for their place on the printing press?

Changes, improvements, new ideas, inventions are surging about us clamoring for paper to give them expression.

The printer is as important to peace as the munition maker is to war. Paper is important to the printer and to the man who would have printing done.

Not the least of the lessons learned from the war is the economic value of standardization. The standardization of twelve important grades of printing papers, begun and announced by S. D. Warren Company years before the first gun was fired, has simplified the problem of every man with something he wants to print.

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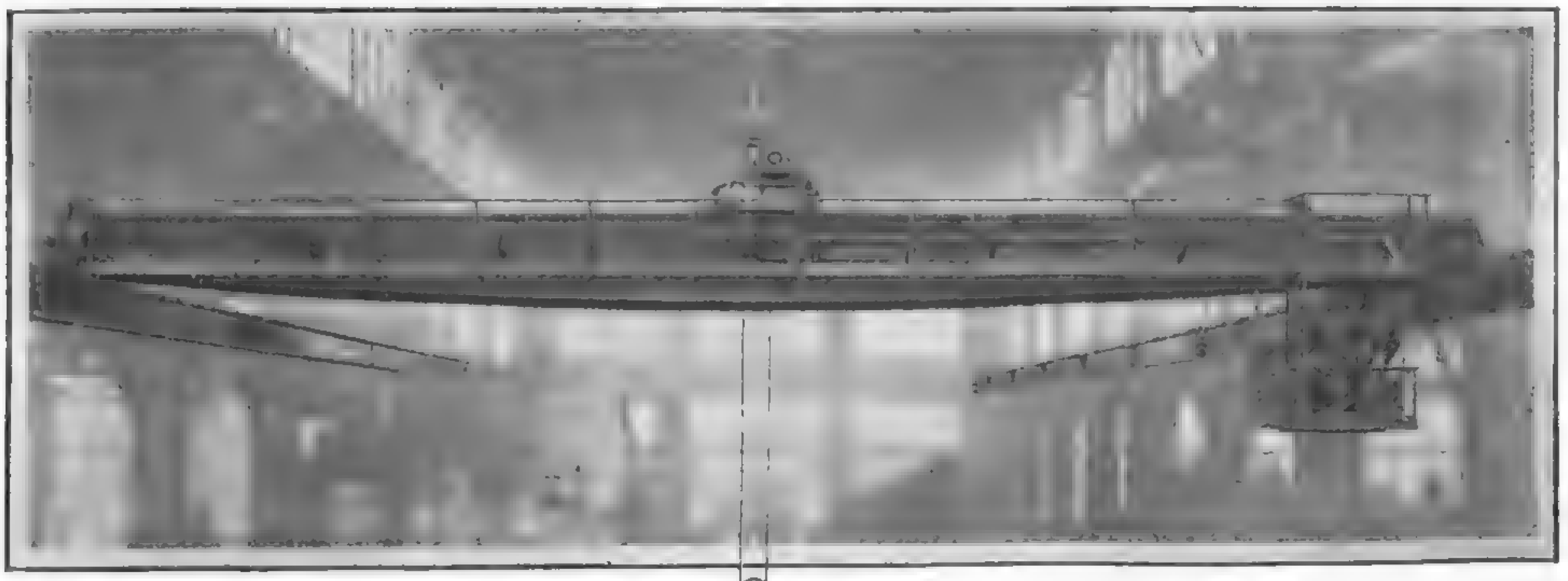

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"ELECTRIC TRAVELING"

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

(Continued from Page 25)

"I did not know that you 'ad been apprised of that little matter, sir. But you will doubtless understand and appreciate our point of view. A little sporting flutter—nothing more—designed to alleviate the monotony of life in the country."

"Oh, don't apologize!" said George, and was reminded of a point which had exercised him a little from time to time since his vigil on the balcony. "By the way, if it isn't giving away secrets, who drew Plummer?"

"Sir?"

"Which of you drew a man named Plummer in the sweep?"

"I rather fancy, sir"—Keggs' brow wrinkled in thought—"I rather fancy it was one of the visiting gentlemen's gentlemen. I gave the point but slight attention at the time. I did not fancy Mr. Plummer's chances. It seemed to me that Mr. Plummer was a negligible quantity."

"Your knowledge of form was sound. Plummer's out!"

"Indeed, sir! An amiable young gentleman, but lacking in many of the essential qualities. Perhaps he struck you that way, sir?"

"I never met him. Nearly, but not quite!"

"It entered my mind that you might possibly have encountered Mr. Plummer on the night of the ball, sir."

"Ah! I was wondering if you remembered me!"

"I remember you perfectly, sir, and it was the fact that we had already met in what one might almost term a social way that emboldened me to come 'ere to-day and offer you my services as a intermediary, should you feel disposed to avail yourself of them."

George was puzzled.

"Your services?"

"Precisely, sir. I fancy I am in a position to lend you what might be termed an 'elping 'and."

"But that's remarkably altruistic of you, isn't it?"

"Sir?"

"I say, that is very generous of you. Aren't you forgetting that you drew Mr. Byng?"

The butler smiled indulgently.

"You are not quite abreast of the progress of events, sir. Since the original drawing of names there 'as been a trifling adjustment. The boy Albert now 'as Mr. Byng, and I 'ave you, sir. A little amicable rearrangement informally conducted in the scullery on the night of the ball."

"Amicable?"

"On my part, entirely so."

George began to understand certain things that had been perplexing to him.

"Then all this while . . ."

"Precisely, sir. All this while 'er ladyship, under the impression that the boy Albert was devoted to 'er cause, has no doubt been placing a misguided confidence in 'im, the little blighter!" said Keggs, abandoning for a moment his company manners and permitting vehemence to take the place of polish. "I beg your pardon for the expression, sir," he added gracefully. "It escaped me inadvertently."

"You think that Lady Maud gave Albert a letter to give to me, and that he destroyed it?"

"Such, I should imagine, must undoubtedly have been the case. The boy 'as no scruples, no scruples whatsoever."

"Good Lord!"

"I appreciate your consternation, sir."

"That must be exactly what has happened."

"To my way of thinking there is no doubt of it. It was for that reason that I ventured to come 'ere—in the 'ope that I might be instrumental in arranging a meeting."

The strong distaste which George had had for plotting with this overfed menial began to wane. It might be undignified, he told himself, but it was undeniably practical. And, after all, a man who has plotted with page boys has little dignity to lose by plotting with butlers. He brightened up. If it meant seeing Maud again he was prepared to waive the decencies.

"What do you suggest?" he said.

"It being a rainy evening and everyone indoors, playing games and what not"—Keggs was amiably tolerant of the recreations of the aristocracy—"you would experience little chance of a interruption were you to proceed to the lane outside the east entrance of the castle grounds and wait there. You will find in the field at the roadside a small disused barn only a short way from the gates, where you would be sheltered from the rain. In the meantime, I would inform 'er ladyship of your movements, and no doubt it would be possible for 'er to slip off."

"It sounds all right."

"It is all right, sir. The chances of a interruption may be said to be reduced to a minimum. Shall we say in one hour's time?"

"Very well."

"Then I will wish you good evening, sir. Thank you, sir. I am glad to 'ave been of assistance."

He withdrew, as he had come, with a large impressiveness. The room seemed very empty without him. George, with trembling fingers, began to put on a pair of thick boots.

For some minutes after he had set foot outside the door of the cottage George was inclined to revile the weather for having played him false. On this evening of all evenings, he felt, the elements should, so to speak, have rallied round and done their bit. The air should have been soft and clear and scented; there should have been an afterglow of sunset in the sky to light him on his way. Instead, the air was full of that peculiar smell of hopeless dampness which comes at the end of a wet English day. The sky was leaden. The rain hissed down in a steady flow, whispering of mud and desolation, making a dreary morass of the lane through which he tramped. A curious sense of foreboding came upon George. It was as if some voice of the night had murmured maliciously in his ear a hint of troubles to come. He felt oddly nervous as he entered the barn.

The barn was both dark and dismal. In one of the dark corners an intermittent dripping betrayed the presence of a gap in its ancient roof. A rat scurried across the floor. The dripping stopped and began again. George struck a match and looked at his watch. He was early. Another ten minutes must elapse before he could hope for her arrival. He sat down on a broken wagon which lay on its side against one of the walls.

Depression returned. It was impossible to fight against it in this beast of a barn. The place was like a sepulcher. No one but a fool of a butler would have suggested it as a trysting place. He wondered irritably why places like this were allowed to get into this condition. If people wanted a barn earnestly enough to take the trouble of building one, why was it not worth while to keep the thing in proper repair? Waste and futility, that was what it was! That was what everything was, if you came down to it. Sitting here, for instance, was a futile waste of time. She wouldn't come. There were a dozen reasons why she should not come. So what was the use of his courting rheumatism by waiting in this morgue of dead agricultural ambitions? None whatever. George went on waiting.

And what an awful place to expect her to come to—if by some miracle she did come—where she would be stifled by the smell of moldy hay, damped by raindrops, and—reflected George gloomily, as there was another scurry and scutter along the unseen floor—gnawed by rats. You could not expect a delicately nurtured girl, accustomed to all the comforts of home, to be bright and sunny with a platoon of rats crawling all over her.

The gray oblong that was the doorway suddenly darkened.

"Mr. Bevan!"

George sprang up. At the sound of her voice every nerve in his body danced in mad exhilaration. He was another man. Depression fell from him like a garment. He perceived that he had misjudged all sorts of things. The evening, for instance, was a splendid evening, not one of those awful dry, baking evenings which make you feel you can't breathe, but pleasantly moist and full of a delightfully musical patter of rain. And the barn! He had been all wrong about the barn. It was a great little place, comfortable, airy and cheerful. What could be more invigorating than that smell of hay? Even the rats, he felt, must be pretty decent rats, when you came to know them.

"I'm here!"

Maud advanced quickly. His eyes had grown accustomed to the murk, and he could see her dimly. The smell of her damp raincoat came to him like a breath of ozone. He could even see her eyes shining in the darkness, so close was she to him.

"I hope you've not been waiting long?"

George's heart was thundering against his ribs. He could scarcely speak. He contrived to emit a "No."

"I didn't think at first I could get away. I had to ——" She broke off with a cry. The rat, fond of exercise like all rats, had made another of its excitable sprints across the floor.

A hand clutched nervously at George's arm, found it and held it. And at the touch the last small fragment of George's self-control fled from him. The world became vague and unreal. There remained of it but one solid fact—the fact that Maud was in his arms, and that he was saying a number of things very rapidly in a voice that seemed to belong to somebody he had never met before.

XIX

WITH a shock of dismay so abrupt and overwhelming that it was like a physical injury, George became aware that something was wrong. Even as he gripped her, Maud had stiffened with a sharp cry; and now she was struggling, trying to wrench herself free. She broke away from him. He could hear her breathing hard.

"You—you ——" she gulped.

"Maud!"

"How dare you!"

There was a pause that seemed to George to stretch on and on endlessly. The rain pattered on the leaky roof. Somewhere in the distance a dog howled dismally. The darkness pressed down like a blanket, stifling thought.

"Good night, Mr. Bevan." Her voice was ice. "I didn't think you were—that kind of man."

She was moving toward the door; and, as she reached it, George's stupor left him. He came back to life with a jerk, shaking from head to foot. All his varied emotions had become one emotion, a cold fury.

"Stop!"

Maud stopped. Her chin was tilted, and she was wasting a baleful glare on the darkness.

"Well, what is it?"

Her tone increased George's wrath. The injustice of it made him dizzy. At that moment he hated her. He was the injured party. It was he, not she, that had been deceived and made a fool of.

"I want to say something before you go."

"I think we had better say no more about it!"

By the exercise of supreme self-control George kept himself from speaking until he could choose milder words than those that rushed to his lips.

"I think we will!" he said between his teeth.

Maud's anger became tinged with surprise. Now that the first shock of the wretched episode was over, the calmer half of her mind was endeavoring to soothe the infuriated half by urging that George's behavior had been but a momentary lapse, and that a man may lose his head for one wild instant and yet remain fundamentally a gentleman and a friend. She had begun to remind herself that this man had helped her once in trouble, and only a day or two before had actually risked his life to save her from embarrassment. When she heard him call to her to stop she supposed that his better feelings had reasserted themselves; and she had prepared herself to receive with dignity a broken, stammered apology. But the voice that had just spoken with a crisp, biting intensity was not the voice of remorse. It was a very angry man, not a penitent one, who was commanding—not begging—her to stop and listen to him.

"Well?" she said again, more coldly this time. She was quite unable to understand this attitude of his. She was the injured party. It was she, not he, who had trusted and been betrayed.

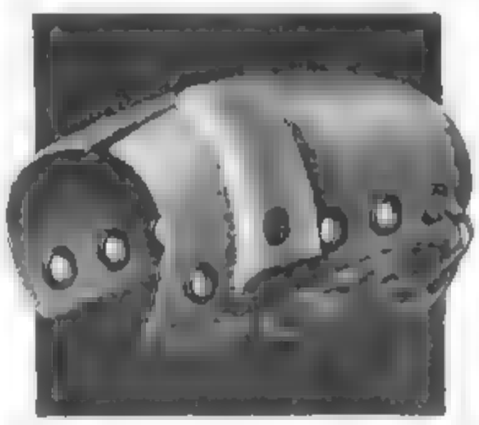
"I should like to explain."

"Please do not apologize."

George ground his teeth in the gloom.

"I haven't the slightest intention of apologizing. I said I would like to explain. When I have finished explaining, you can go."

"I shall go when I please," flared Maud. This man was intolerable.



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"There is nothing to be afraid of. There will be no repetition of the—incident."

Maud was outraged by this monstrous misinterpretation of her words.

"I am not afraid!"

"Then perhaps you will be kind enough to listen. I won't detain you long. My explanation is quite simple. I have been made a fool of. I seem to be in the position of the tinker in the play whom everybody conspired to delude into the belief that he was a king. First a friend of yours, Mr. Byng, came to me and told me that you had confided to him that you loved me."

Maud gasped. Either this man was mad or Reggie Byng was. She chose the poluter solution.

"Reggie Byng must have lost his senses."

"So I supposed. At least, I imagined that he must be mistaken. But a man in love is an optimistic fool, of course, and I had loved you ever since you got into my cab that morning ——"

"What!"

"So after a while," proceeded George, ignoring the interruption, "I almost persuaded myself that miracles could still happen and that what Byng said was true. And when your father called on me and told me the very same thing, I was convinced. It seemed incredible, but I had to believe it. Now it seems that, for some inscrutable reason, both Byng and your father were making a fool of me. That's all. Good night."

Maud's reply was the last which George or any man would have expected. There was a moment's silence, and then she burst into a peal of laughter. It was the laughter of overstrained nerves, but to George's ears it had the ring of genuine amusement.

"I'm glad you find my story entertaining," he said dryly. He was convinced now that he loathed this girl, and that all he desired was to see her go out of his life forever. "Later, no doubt, the funny side of it will hit me. Just at present my sense of humor is rather dormant."

Maud gave a little cry.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry, Mr. Bevan! It wasn't that. It wasn't that at all. Oh, I am so sorry! I don't know why I laughed. It certainly wasn't because I thought it funny. It's tragic. There's been a dreadful mistake!"

"I noticed that," said George bitterly. The darkness began to afflict his nerves. "I wish to God we had some light."

The glare of a pocket torch smote upon him

"I brought it to see my way back with," said Maud in a curious small voice. "It's very dark across the fields. I didn't light it before because I was afraid somebody might see."

She came toward him, holding the torch over her head. The beam showed her face, troubled and sympathetic; and at the sight all George's resentment left him. There were mysteries here beyond his unraveling, but of one thing he was certain—this girl was not to blame. She was a thoroughbred, as straight as a wand. She was pure gold.

"I came here to tell you everything," she said. She placed the torch on the wagon wheel, so that its ray fell in a pool of light on the ground between them. "I'll do it now. Only—only it isn't so easy now. Mr. Bevan, there's a man—there's a man that father and Reggie Byng mistook—they thought—you see, they knew it was you that I was with that day in the cab, and so they naturally thought, when you came down here, that you were the man I had gone to meet that day, the man I—I ——"

"The man you love?"

"Yes," said Maud in a small voice; and there was silence again.

George could feel nothing but sympathy. It mastered every other emotion in him, even the gray despair that had come with her words. He could feel all that she was feeling

"Tell me all about it," he said.

"I met him in Wales last year." Maud's voice was a whisper. "The family found out, and I was hurried back here and have been here ever since. That day when I met you I had managed to slip away from home. I had found out that he was in London, and I was going to meet him. Then I saw Percy, and got into your cab. It's all been a horrible mistake. I'm sorry."

"I see," said George thoughtfully. "I see." His heart ached like a living wound. She had told so little, and he could guess so much. This unknown man who had triumphed seemed to sneer scornfully at him from the shadows.

"I'm sorry," said Maud again.

"You mustn't feel like that. How can I help you? That's the point. What is it you want me to do?"

"But I can't ask you now."

"Of course you can. Why not?"

"Why—oh, I couldn't."

George managed to laugh. It was a laugh that did not sound convincing even to himself, but it served.

"That's morbid," he said. "Be sensible! You need help, and I may be able to give it. Surely a man isn't barred forever from doing you a service just because he happens to love you? Suppose you were drowning and Mr. Plummer was the only swimmer within call, wouldn't you let him rescue you?"

"Mr. Plummer? What do you mean?"

"You've not forgotten that I was a reluctant earwitness to his recent proposal of marriage?"

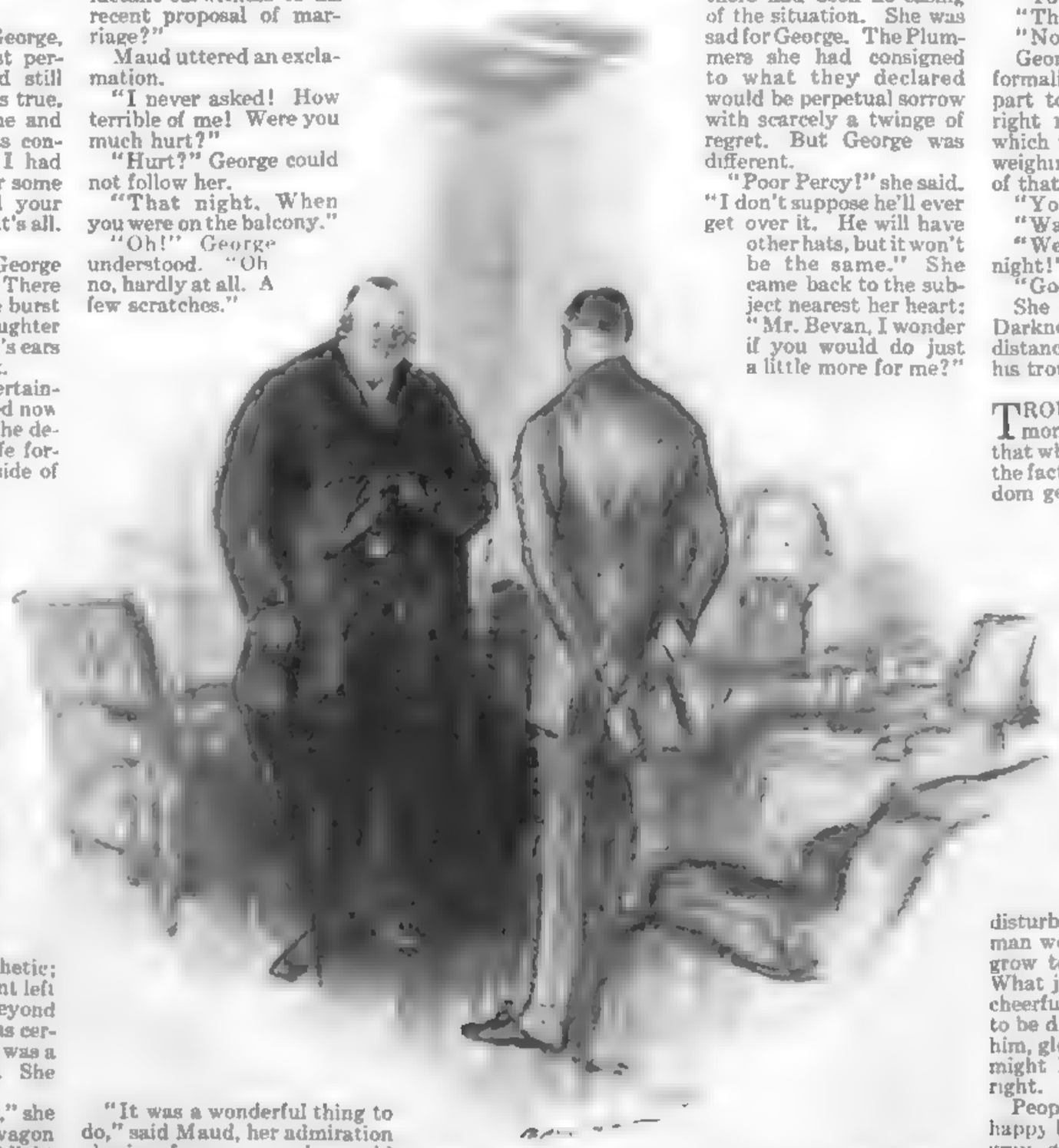
Maud uttered an exclamation.

"I never asked! How terrible of me! Were you much hurt?"

"Hurt?" George could not follow her.

"That night. When you were on the balcony."

"Oh!" George understood. "Oh no, hardly at all. A few scratches."



"Might I Begin by Remarking That Your Little Affair of the 'eart Is No Secret in the Servants' 'all?"

"It was a wonderful thing to do," said Maud, her admiration glowing for a man who could treat such a leap so lightly. She had always had a private theory that Lord Leonard, after performing the same feat, had bragged about it for the rest of his life.

"No, no, nothing," said George, who had since wondered why he had ever made such a to-do about climbing up a perfectly stout sheet.

"It was splendid!"

George blushed.

"We are wandering from the main theme," he said. "I want to help you. I came here at enormous expense to help you. How can I do it?"

Maud hesitated.

"I think you may be offended at my asking such a thing."

"You needn't."

"You see, the whole trouble is that I can't get in touch with Geoffrey. He's in London and I'm here. And any chance I might have of getting to London vanished that day I met you, when Percy saw me in Piccadilly."

"How did your people find out it was you?"

"They asked me straight out."

"And you owned up?"

"I had to. I couldn't tell him a direct lie."

"If it isn't criminal—or, for that matter, if it is."

"Could you go to Geoffrey and see him, and tell him all about me and—and come back and tell me how he looks and what he said and—and so on?"

"Certainly. What is his name and where do I find him?"

"I never told you. How stupid of me! His name is Geoffrey Raymond, and he lives with his uncle, Mr. Wilbur Raymond, at 11a Belgrave Square."

"I'll go to him to-morrow."

"Thank you ever so much."

George got up. The movement seemed to put him in touch once more with the outer world. He noticed that the rain had stopped and that stars had climbed into the oblong of the doorway. He had an impression that he had been in the barn a very long time; and confirmed this with a glance at his watch, though the watch, he felt, understated the facts by the length of several centuries. He was abstaining from too close an examination of his emotions, from a prudent feeling that he was going to suffer soon enough without assistance from himself.

George thrilled. This was the girl he had had doubts of.

"So then it was worse than ever," continued Maud. "I daren't risk writing to Geoffrey and having the letter intercepted. I was wondering—I had the idea almost as soon as I found that you had come here ——"

"You want me to take a letter from you and see that it reaches him. And then he can write back to my address, and I can smuggle the letter to you?"

"That's exactly what I do want; but I almost didn't like to ask."

"Why not? I'll be delighted to do it."

"I'm so grateful."

"Why, it's nothing. I thought you were going to ask me to look in on your brother and smash another of his hats."

Maud laughed delightedly. The whole tension of the situation had been eased for her. She found herself liking George. Yet she realized with a pang that for him there had been no easing of the situation. She was sad for George. The Plummers she had consigned to what they declared would be perpetual sorrow with scarcely a twinge of regret. But George was different.

"Poor Percy!" she said. "I don't suppose he'll ever get over it. He will have other hats, but it won't be the same." She came back to the subject nearest her heart: "Mr. Bevan, I wonder if you would do just a little more for me?"

"I think you had better be getting back," he said. "It's rather late. They may be missing you."

Maud laughed happily.

"I don't mind now what they do. But I suppose dinners must be dressed for, whatever happens." They moved together to the door. "What a lovely night after all! I never thought that rain would stop in this world. It's like when you're unhappy and think it's going on forever."

"Yes," said George.

Maud held out her hand.

"Good night, Mr. Bevan."

"Good night."

He wondered if there would be any allusion to the earlier passages of their interview. There was none. Maud was of the class whose education consists mainly of a training in the delicate ignoring of delicate situations.

"Then you will go and see Geoffrey?"

"To-morrow."

"Thank you ever so much."

"Not at all."

George admired her. The little touch of formality which she had contrived to impart to the conversation struck just the right note, created just the atmosphere which would enable them to part without weighing too heavily on the deeper aspect of that parting.

"You're a real friend, Mr. Bevan."

"Watch me prove it."

"Well, I must rush, I suppose. Good night!"

"Good night!"

She moved off quickly across the field. Darkness covered her. The dog in the distance had begun to howl again. He had his troubles too.

XX

TROUBLE sharpens the vision. In our moments of distress we can see clearly that what is wrong with this world of ours is the fact that misery loves company and seldom gets it. Toothache is an unpleasant ailment; but if toothache were a natural condition of life, if all mankind were afflicted with toothache at birth, we should not notice it. It is the freedom from aching teeth of all those with whom we come in contact that emphasizes the agony. And as with toothache so with trouble. Until our private affairs go wrong, we never realize how bubbling over with happiness the bulk of mankind seems to be. Our aching heart is apparently nothing but a desert island in an ocean of joy.

George, waking next morning with a heavy heart, made this discovery before his day was an hour old. The sun was shining and birds sang merrily; but this did not disturb him. Nature is ever callous to human woes, laughing while we weep, and we grow to take her callousness for granted. What jarred upon George was the infernal cheerfulness of his fellow men. They seemed to be doing it on purpose, triumphing over him, glorying in the fact that, however fate might have shattered him, they were all right.

People were happy who had never been happy before Mrs. Platt, for instance. A gray, depressed woman of middle age, she had seemed hitherto to have but few pleasures beyond breaking dishes and relating the symptoms of sick neighbors who were not expected to live through the week. She now sang. George could hear her as she prepared his breakfast in the kitchen. At first he had had a hope that she was moaning with pain, but this was dispelled when he had finished his toilet and proceeded downstairs. The sounds she emitted suggested anguish, but the words, when he was able to distinguish them, told another story. Incredible as it might seem, on this particular morning Mrs. Platt had elected to be light-hearted. What she was singing sounded like a dirge, but actually it was Stop your tickling, Jock! And later, when she brought George his coffee and eggs, she spent a full ten minutes prattling as he tried to read his paper, pointing out to him a number of merry murders and sprightly suicides which otherwise he might have missed. The woman went out of her way to show him that for her, if not for less fortunate people, God this morning was in his heaven and all right with the world.

Two tramps of supernatural exuberance called at the cottage shortly after breakfast to ask George, whom they had never even consulted about their marriages, to help

(Continued on Page 57)

Del Monte Orange Marmalade

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The Red Del Monte Shield on Canned Foods is your guarantee of supreme quality, purity and flavor covering a wide line:

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BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
Established 1857
Borden Building New York

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support their wives and children. Nothing could have been more carefree and debonair than the demeanor of these men.

And then Reggie Byng arrived in his gray racing car, more cheerful than any of them. Fate could not have mocked George more subtly. A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things; and the sight of Reggie in that room reminded him that on the last occasion when they had talked together across this same table, it was he who had been in a fool's paradise and Reggie who had borne a weight of care. Reggie this morning was brighter than the shining sun and gayer than the caroling birds.

"Hullo-ullo-ullo-ullo-ullo-ullo-ul-lo! Topping morning, isn't it?" observed Reggie. "The sunshine! The birds! The absolute what-do-you-call-it of everything and so forth, and all that sort of thing, if you know what I mean! I feel like a two-year-old!"

George, who felt older than this by some ninety-eight years, groaned in spirit. This was more than man was meant to bear.

"I say," continued Reggie, absently reaching out for a slice of bread and smearing it with marmalade, "this business of marriage, now, and all that species of rot! What I mean to say is, what about it? Not a bad scheme, taking it by and large. Or don't you think so?"

George writhed. The knife twisted in the wound. Surely it was bad enough to see a happy man eating bread and marmalade without having to listen to him talking about marriage.

"Well anyhow, be that as it may," said Reggie, biting jovially and speaking in a thick but joyous voice, "I'm getting married to-day, and chance it. This morning, this very morning, I leap off the dock!"

George was startled out of his despondency.

"What?"

"Absolutely, laddie!"

George remembered the conventions.

"I congratulate you."

"Thanks, old man. And not without reason. I'm the luckiest fellow alive. I hardly knew I was alive till now."

"Isn't this rather sudden?"

Reggie looked a trifle furtive. His manner became that of a conspirator.

"I should jolly well say it is sudden! It's got to be sudden. Dashed sudden and deuced secret! If the mater were to hear of it, there's no doubt whatever she would form a flying wedge and bust up the proceedings with no uncertain voice. You see, laddie, it's Miss Faraday I'm marrying, and the mater—dear old soul—has other ideas for Reginald. Life's a rummy thing, isn't it? What I mean to say is, it's rummy, don't you know, and all that."

"Very," agreed George.

"Who'd have thought, a week ago, that I'd be sitting in this jolly old chair asking you to be my best man? Why, a week ago I didn't know you, and if anybody had told me Alice Faraday was going to marry me, I'd have given one of those hollow, mirthless laughs."

"Do you want me to be your best man?"

"Absolutely, if you don't mind. You see," said Reggie confidentially, "it's like this: I've got lots of pals, of course, buzzing about all over London and its outskirts who'd be glad enough to rally round and join the execution squad; but you know how it is. Their maters are all pals of my mater's, and I don't want to get them into trouble for aiding and abetting my little show, if you understand what I mean. Now you're different. You don't know the mater, so it doesn't matter to you if she rolls round and puts the curse of the Byngs on you, and all that sort of thing. Besides, I don't know." Reggie mused. "Of course this is the happiest day of my life," he proceeded, "and I'm not saying it isn't, but you know how it is—there's absolutely no doubt that a chappie does not show at his best when he's being married. What I mean to say is, he's more or less bound to look a fearful ass. And I'm perfectly certain it would put me right off my stroke if I felt that some chump like Jack Ferris or Ronnie FitzGerald was trying not to giggle in the background. So, if you will be a sportsman and come and hold my hand till the thing's over, I shall be eternally grateful."

"Where are you going to be married?"

"In London. Alice sneaked off there last night. It was easy, as it happened, because by a bit of luck old Marshmoreton had gone to town yesterday morning—nobody knows why; he doesn't go up to London more than a couple of times a year. She's going to meet me at the Savoy, and then the scheme was to toddle round to the nearest registrar and request the lad to unleash the marriage service. I'm whizzing up in the car, and I'm hoping to be able to persuade you to come with me. Say the word, laddie!"

George reflected. He liked Reggie, and there was no practical reason in the world why he should not give him aid and comfort in this crisis. True, in his present frame of mind it would be torture to witness a wedding ceremony; but he ought not to let that stand in the way of helping a friend.

"All right," he said.

"Stout fellow! I don't know how to thank you. It isn't putting you out or upsetting your plans, I hope, or anything on those lines?"

"Not at all. I had to go up to London to-day anyway."

"Well, you can't get there quicker than in my car. She's a hummer! By the way, I forgot to ask—how is your little affair coming along? Everything going all right?"

"In a way," said George. He was not equal to confiding his troubles to Reggie.

"Of course your trouble isn't like mine was. What I mean is, Maud loves you, and all that, and all you've got to think out is a scheme for laying the jolly old family a stymie. It's a pity—almost—that yours isn't a case of having to win the girl, like me; because, by Jove, laddie," said Reggie with solemn emphasis, "I could help you there. I've got the thing down fine. I've got the infallible dope!"

George smiled bleakly.

"You have? You're a useful fellow to have round. I wish you would tell me what it is."

"But you don't need it."

"No, of course not, I was forgetting."

Reggie looked at his watch.

"We ought to be shifting in a quarter of an hour or so. I don't want to be late. It appears that there's a catch of some sort in this business of getting married. As far as I can make out, if you roll in after a certain hour, the Johnnie in charge of the proceedings gives you the miss-in-balk and you have to turn up again next day. However, we shall be all right unless we have a breakdown, and there's not much chance of that. I've been tuning up the old car since seven this morning, and she's sound in wind and limb, absolutely. Oil—petrol—water—air—nuts—bolts—sprockets—carburetor—all present and correct. I've been looking after them like a lot of baby sisters. . . . Well, as I was saying, I've got the dope. A week ago I was just one of the mugs—didn't know a thing about it. But now—— Gaze on me, laddie! You see before you old Colonel Romeo, the Man Who Knows! It all started on the night of the ball. There was the dickens of a big ball, you know, to celebrate old Boots' coming of age—to which, poor devil, he contributed nothing but the sunshine of his smile, never having learned to dance. On that occasion a most rummy and extraordinary thing happened. I got pickled to the eyebrows!" He laughed happily. "I don't mean that that was a unique occurrence and so forth, because when I was a bachelor it was rather a habit of mine to get a trifle submerged every now and again on occasions of decent mirth and festivity. But the rummy thing that night was that I showed it. Up till then, I've been told by experts, I was a chappie in whom it was absolutely impossible to detect the symptoms. You might get a bit suspicious if you found I couldn't move, but you could never be certain. On the night of the ball, however, I suppose I had been filling the radiator a trifle too enthusiastically. You see, I had deliberately tried to shove myself more or less below the surface in order to get enough nerve to propose to Alice. I don't know what your experience has been, but mine is that proposing's a thing that simply isn't within the scope of a man who isn't moderately woozled. I've often wondered how marriages ever occur in the dry states of America. Well, as I was saying, on the night of the ball a most rummy thing happened. I thought one of the waiters was you!"

He paused impressively, to allow this startling statement to sink in.

"And was he?" said George.

"Absolutely not! That was the rummy part of it. He looked as like you as your twin brother."

"I haven't got a twin brother."

"No, I know what you mean; but what I mean to say is he looked just like your twin brother would have looked if you had had a twin brother. Well, I had a word or two with this chappie, and after a brief conversation it was borne in upon me that I was up to the gills. Alice was with me at the time, and she noticed it too. Now, you'd have thought that that would have put a girl off a fellow, and all that. But no. Nobody could have been more sympathetic. And she has confided to me since that it was seeing me in my oiled condition that really turned the scale. What I mean is, she made up her mind to save me from myself. You know how some girls are. Angels absolutely! Always on the lookout to pluck brands from the burning, and what not. You may take it from me that the good seed was definitely sown that night."

"Is that your recipe, then? You would advise the would-be bridegroom to buy a case of champagne and a wedding license and get to work? After that it would be all over except sending out the invitations?"

Reggie shook his head.

"Not at all. You need a lot more than that. That's only the start. You've got to follow up the good work, you see. That's where a number of chappies would slip up, and I'm pretty certain I should have slipped up myself, but for another singularly rummy occurrence. Have you ever had a what-do-you-call-it? What's the word I want? One of those things fellows get sometimes."

"Headaches?" hazarded George.

"No, no. Nothing like that. I don't mean anything you get—I mean something you *get*, if you know what I mean."

"Measles?"

"Anonymous letter. That's what I was trying to say. It's a most extraordinary thing, and I can't understand even now where the deuce they came from, but just about then I started to get a whole bunch of anonymous letters from some chappie unknown who didn't sign his name."

"What you mean is that the letters were anonymous," said George.

"Absolutely. I used to get two or three a day sometimes. Whenever I went up to my room I'd find another waiting for me on the dressing table."

"Offensive?"

"Eh?"

"Were the letters offensive? Anonymous letters usually are."

"These weren't. Not at all and quite the reverse. They contained a series of perfectly topping tips on how a fellow should proceed who wants to get hold of a girl."

"It sounds as though somebody had been teaching you jiujitsu by mail."

"They were great! Real red-hot stuff straight from the stable. Priceless tips like 'Make yourself indispensable to her in little ways,' 'Study her tastes,' and so on and so forth. I tell you, laddie, I pretty soon stopped worrying about who was sending them to me, and concentrated the old bean on acting on them. They worked like magic. The last one came yesterday morning, and it was a topper! It was all about how a chappie who was nervous should propose. Technical stuff, you know, about holding her hand and telling her you're lonely and being sincere and straightforward and letting your heart dictate the rest. Have you ever asked for one card when you wanted to fill a royal flush and happened to pick out the necessary ace? I did once, when I was up at Oxford, and, by Jove, this letter gave me just the same thrill. I didn't hesitate. I just sailed in. I was cold sober, but I didn't worry about that. Something told me I couldn't lose. It was like having to hole out a three-inch putt. And . . . well, there you are, don't you know." Reggie became thoughtful. "Dash it all! I'd like to know who the fellow was who sent me those letters. I'd like to send him a wedding present or a bit of the cake or something. Though I suppose there won't be any cake, seeing the thing's taking place at a registrar's."

"You could buy a bun," suggested George.

"Well, I shall never know, I suppose. And now how about trickling forth? I say, laddie, you don't object if I sing slightly from time to time during the journey? I'm so dashed happy, you know."

"Not at all, if it's not against the traffic regulations."

Reggie wandered aimlesaly about the room in an ecstasy.

"It's a rummy thing," he said meditatively. "I've just remembered that, when I was at school, I used to sing a thing called the what's-its-name's wedding song. At house suppers, don't you know, and what not. Jolly little thing. I dare say you know it? It starts 'Ding dong! Ding dong!' or words to that effect, 'Hurry along! For it is my wedding morning!' I remember you had to stretch out the 'mor' a bit. Deuced awkward, if you hadn't laid in enough breath. The Yeoman's Wedding Song. That was it. I knew it was some chappie or other's. And it went on 'And the bride in something or other is doing something I can't recollect.' Well, what I mean is, now it's *my* wedding morning! Rummy, when you come to think of it, what? . . .

"Well, as it's getting tolerably late, what about it? Shift ho?"

"I'm ready. Would you like me to bring some rice?"

"Thank you, laddie, no. Dashed dangerous stuff, rice! Worse than shrapnel. Got your hat? All set?"

"I'm waiting."

"Then let the revels commence," said Reggie. "Ding Dong! Ding Dong! Hurry along! For it is my wedding morning! And the bride. . . . Dash it, I wish I could remember what the bride was doing!"

"Probably writing you a note to say that she's changed her mind and it's all off!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Reggie. "Come on!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Men Who Smoke

'Way back in the jungle-days of this country, the Indians! They were stoics and great fighters. We white men learned how to smoke from them.

Over four hundred years later, the Argonne! Yanks fighting from rock to rock and from tree to tree, Indian fashion. Stoics, singers, great fighters—and great smokers. A combination not to be beaten. They made the Hun run.

Our men in the Argonne, eager to get back where smokes were more plentiful, saved the world another whole winter of fighting.

A wonderful thing—tobacco. With the Indian, it was the smoke of Peace. White men went a step further. They used it for War purposes also.

But originally tobacco was smoked in pipes, and the smoking pipe, passed around, meant Peace.

There probably won't be any smoking at the Versailles Peace Conference, but we guess there will be considerable smoking before and after each session; and if human nature runs true to form, men will be continually stealing out into the lobbies for a few restful puffs; also the most important matters will be really settled before and after sessions when smoke and words of wisdom are coming from the same lips.

Why is it that the big men of the big countries are almost always smokers? Isn't it because men who work on nerve know the need of something that makes them let up and rest once in a while between times?

That's what your pipe-smoker does. He drops for a moment the matter that is worrying him. He sinks into an easy position, lights his pipe, and after a few absent-minded, restful puffs his mind swings back to that subject fresh and with a bang.

This habit must have something to do with making great thinkers and great fighters, for most of them smoke, and after a smoke-rest, something breaks.

A pipe-smoker asks but little. He wants a good pipe, but he simply must have the tobacco that just suits him.

If you happen to be sort of half-worrying along without exactly the tobacco you want, we should be glad to have you try Edgeworth.

It may not suit your individual taste, but it has made a hit with many finicky pipe-smokers. And you can decide so easily whether or not you like it!

Simply send us your address together with that of the dealer ordinarily supplying you, and we will despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut into thin moist slices. A slice rubbed in the hands makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is ready to pour straight into your pipe. It packs nicely, and burns freely, evenly.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in small pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and also in economical in-between quantities for customers wanting more than a small package, but not quite the humidor size.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen assortment of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

FREE AIR

(Continued from Page 23)

its firm warmth found comfort. Clinging to its security she followed him by the crawling path to the river below. She looked up at columns of crimson and saffron and burning brown, up at the matronly falls, up at lone pines clinging to jutting rocks that must be already crashing toward her, and in the splendor she knew the panic fear that is the deepest reaction to beauty.

Milt merely shook his head as he stared up. He had neither gossiped nor coyly squeezed her hand. She fell to thinking that she preferred this American boy in this American scene to a nimble gentleman saluting the Alps by wearing a dinky green hat with a little feather.

It was Milt who, when they had labored back up again, when they had sat smiling at each other with comfortable weariness, made her see the cañon not as a freak but as the miraculous work of a stream rolling grains of sand for millions of years, till it had cut this Jovian intaglio. He seemed to have read—whether in books or in paragraphs in mechanical magazines—a good deal about geology. He made it real. Not that she paid much attention to what he actually said! She was too busy thinking of the fact that he should say it at all.

Not condescendingly but very companionably she accompanied Milt in the exploration of their camp for the night—the big dining tent, the city of individual bedroom tents, canvas-sided and wooden-floored, each with a tiny stove for the cold mornings of these high altitudes. She was awed that evening by hearing her waitress discussing the novels of Ibáñez. Jeff Saxton knew the names of at least six Russian novelists, but Jeff was not highly authoritative regarding Spanish literature.

"I suppose she's a school-teacher, working here in vacation," Claire whispered to Milt, beside her at the long, busy, scenically conversational table.

"Our waitress? Well, sort of. I understand she's professor of literature in some college," said Milt in a matter-of-fact way.

And he didn't at all see the sequence when she went on: "There is an America! I'm so glad I've found it!"

The camp's evening bonfire was made of logs on end about a stake of iron. As the logs blazed up the guests on the circle of benches crooned Suwanee River and Old Black Joe; and Claire crooned with them. She had been afraid that her father would be bored, but she saw that above his carefully tended cigar he was dreaming. She wondered if there had been a time when he had hummed old songs.

The fire sank to coals. The crowd wandered off to their tents. Mr. Boltwood followed them after an apologetic "Good night. Don't stay up too late." With a scattering of only half a dozen people on the benches this huge circle seemed deserted; and Claire and Milt, leaning forward, chins on hands, were alone—by their own camp fire among the mountains.

The stars stooped down to the hills; the pines were a wall of blackness; a coyote yammered to point the stillness; and the mighty pile of coals gave a warmth luxurious in the creeping mountain chill.

The silence of large places awes the brisk intruder, and Claire's voice was unconsciously lowered as she begged: "Tell me something about yourself, Mr. Daggett. I don't really know anything at all."

"Oh, you wouldn't be interested. Just Schoenstrom!"

"But just Schoenstrom might be extremely interesting."

"But honest, you'd think I was -edging in on you!"

"I know what you are thinking—the time I suggested, way back there in Dakota, that you were sticking too close. You've never got over it. I've tried to make up for it, but—I really don't blame you. I was horrid. I deserve being beaten. But you do keep on punishing ra——"

"Punishing? Lord, I didn't mean to! No! Honest! It was nothing. You were right. Looked as though I was inviting myself. But oh, please, Miss Boltwood, don't ever think for a sec. that I meant to be a grouch!"

"Then do tell me: Who is this Milton Daggett that you know so much better than I ever can?"

"Well"—Milt crossed his knees and caught his chin in his hand—"I don't know as I really do know him so well. I thought I did. I was onto his evil ways. He was the son of the pioneer doctor—Maine folks."

"Really? My mother came from Maine."

Milt did not try to find out that they were cousins. He went on.

"This kid, Milt, went to high school in St. Cloud—town twenty times as big as Schoenstrom; but he drifted back because his dad was old and needed him, after his mother's death——"

"You have no brothers or sisters?"

"No. Nobody. 'Cept Lady Vere de Vere—which animal she is going to get cuffed if she chews up any more of my overcoat out in my tent to-night! . . . Well, this kid worked round, machinery mostly, and got interested in cars, and started a garage. Wee, that was an awful shop, first one I had! In Rausakukle's barn. Six wrenches and a screw-driver and a one-lung pump! And I didn't know a roller bearing from three-point suspension! But—well, anyway, he worked along and built a regular garage, and paid off practically all the mortgage on it——"

"I remember stopping at a garage in Schoenstrom, I'm almost sure it was, for something. I seem to remember it was a good place. Do you own it? Really?"

"Ye-es, what there is of it."

"But there's a great deal of it. It's efficient. You've done your job. That's more than most high-born aides-de-camp could say."

"Honestly? Well, I don't know——"

"Who did you play with in Schoenstrom? Oh, I wish I'd noticed that town! But I couldn't tell then that—— What—uh—which girl did you fall in love with?"

"None! Honest! None! Not one! Never fell in love."

"You're unfortunate. I have, lots of times. I remember quite enjoying being kissed once, at a dance."

When he answered his voice was strange: "I suppose you're engaged to somebody."

"No. And I don't know that I shall be. Once I thought I liked a man, rather. He has nice eyes and the most correct spectacles, and he is polite to his mother at breakfast, and his name is Jeff, and he will undoubtedly be worth five or six hundred thousand dollars some day, and his opinions on George Moore and commercial paper are equally sound and unoriginal. Oh, I ought not to speak of him, and I certainly ought not to be spiteful. I'm not at all reticent and ladylike, am I? But—somehow I can't see him out here, against a mountain of jagged rock."

"Only you won't always be out here against mountains."

"I must remember that, mustn't I? I won't always be driving through this big land. But—will I get all fussy and ribbon-tied again when I go back?"

"No, you won't. You drive like a man."

"What has that——"

"It has a lot to do with it. A garage man can trail along behind another car and figger out—figure out—just about what kind of a person the driver is from the way he handles his bont. Now you bite into the job. You drive pretty neat—neatly. You don't either scoot too far out of the road in passing a car or take corners too wide. You won't be fussy. But still, I suppose you'll be glad to be back among your own folks and you'll forget the wild Milt that tagged along."

"Milt -or Mr. Daggett—no, Milt! I shall never, in my oldest, grayest year, in a ducky cap by the fireplace, forget the half second when your hand came flashing along and caught that man on the running board. But it wasn't just that melodrama. If that hadn't happened something else would have, to symbolize you. It's that you—oh, you took me in, a stranger, and watched over me, and taught me the customs of the country, and were never impatient. No, I shan't forget that; neither of the Boltwoods will."

In the rose haze of firelight he straightened up and stared at her, but he settled into shyness again as she added: "Perhaps others would have done the same thing. But it happened that it was you; and I—uh -my father and I will always be grateful. We both hope we may see you in Seattle. How did you happen to want to go there?"

"Why, I just kind of decided suddenly. I guess it was what they call an inspiration. Always wanted a long trip, anyway, and I thought maybe in Seattle I could hook up with something a little peppier than Schoenstrom. Maybe something in Alaska. Always wished I were a mechanical or civil engineer so——"

"Then why don't you become one? You're young. How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"We're both children, compared with Je—compared with some men who are my friends. You're quite young enough to go to an engineering school. And take some academic courses on the side—English, and so on. Why don't you? Have you ever thought of it?"

"N-no, I hadn't thought of doing it, but—— All right. I will! In Seattle! The University of Washington is there."

"You mean it?"

"Yes, I do. You're the boss."

"That's—that's flattering, but—do you always make up your mind as quickly as this?"

"When the boss gives orders!"

He smiled, and she smiled back; but this time it was she who was embarrassed.

"You're rather overwhelming. You change your life—if you really do mean it—because a *jeune fille* from Brooklyn is so impertinent, from her Olympian height of finishing-school learning, as to suggest that you do so."

"I don't know what a *jeune fille* is, but I do know"—he sprang up; he did not look at her; he paraded back and forth, three steps to the right, three to the left, his hands in his pockets, his voice impersonal—"I know you're the finest person I ever met. You're the kind—I knew there must be people like you, because I knew the Joneses. They're the only friends I've got that have—oh, I suppose it's what they call culture."

In a long monologue uninterrupted by Claire he told of his affection for the Schoenstrom "prof" and his wife. The practical, slangy Milt of the garage was lost in the enthusiastic undergraduate adoring his instructor in the university that exists as veritably in a teacher's or a doctor's sitting room in every Schoenstrom as it does in certain lugubrious stone hulks recognized by a legislature as magically empowered to paste on labels lettered Bachelor of Arts.

He broke from his revelations to plump down on the bench beside her, to slap his palm with his fist, and sigh: "Lord, I've been gassing on! Guess I bored you!"

"Oh, please, Milt, please! I see it all so—— It must have been wonderful, the evening when Mrs. Jones read Noyes' Highwayman aloud. Tell me—were you terribly lonely as a little boy?"

Now Milt had not been a terribly lonely little boy. He had been leader in a gang devoted to fighting, swimming, pickerel spearing, pop swiping and catching rides on freights.

But he believed that he was accurately presenting every afternoon of his childhood as he mused: "Yes, I guess I was, pretty much. I remember I used to sit on dad's doorstep all those long sleepy summer afternoons, and I'd think, 'Aw, gee—I wisht—I—had—somebody—to—play—with!' I always wanted to make-b'lieve Robin Hood, but none of the other kids—so many of them were German; they didn't know about Robin Hood; so I used to scout off alone."

"If I could only have been there to be Maid Marian for you! We'd have learned archery! Lonely little boy on the doorstep!"

Her fingers just touched his sleeve. In her gesture the ember light caught the crystal of her wrist watch. She stooped to peer at it, and her pitying tenderness broke off in an agitated "Hevings! Is it that late? To bed! Good night, Milt."

"Good night, Cl—Miss Boltwood."

"No. 'Claire' of course. I'm not normally a first-name snatcher, but I do seem to have fallen into saying Milt. Night!"

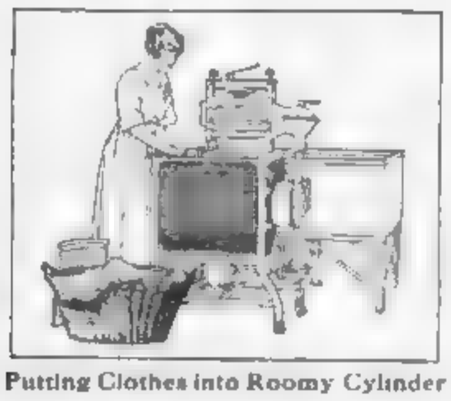
As she undressed in her tent Claire reflected: "He won't take advantage of my being friendly, will he? Only thing is—I shan't dare to look at Henry B. when Milt calls me Claire in that sedate Brooklyn Heights presence. The dear lamb! Lonely afternoons!"

XIII

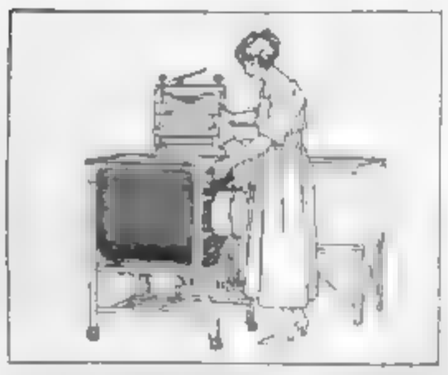
THEY met in the frost-shimmering mountain morning, on their way to the corral to get their cars ready before breakfast. They were shy; hence they were boisterous,

(Continued on Page 61)

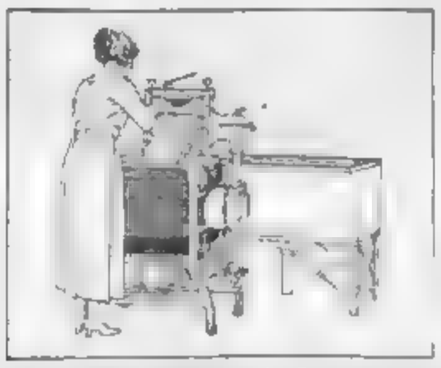
America's Washway



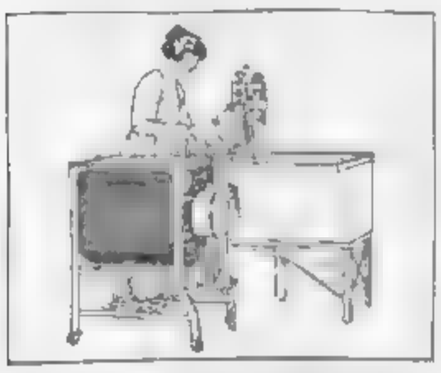
Putting Clothes into Roomy Cylinder



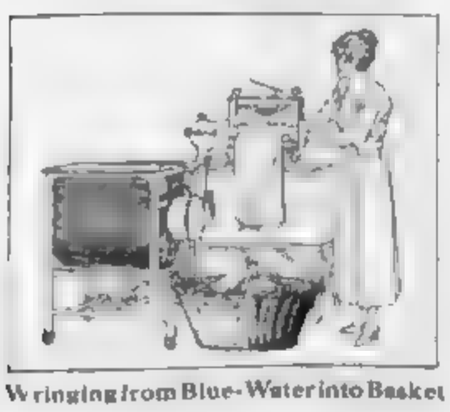
Pressing Handy Button Starts Motor



Wringing Clothes into the Rinse-Water



Wringing from Rinse-Water into Blue-Water



Wringing from Blue-Water into Basket

Shorter, easier, better, is America's washway. Step by step it is pictured on this page.

It is the American way of doing things by machinery instead of by hand. It is the Gainaday way of making a sturdy motor, an efficient revolving cylinder and a swinging electric wringer do the back-breaking kind of housework and WITH A BETTER RESULT.

And this Gainaday washway is winning because it is economically sound. It gives those at home more time for the better things of life and more strength to enjoy them. Thousands of American housewives know this from experience.

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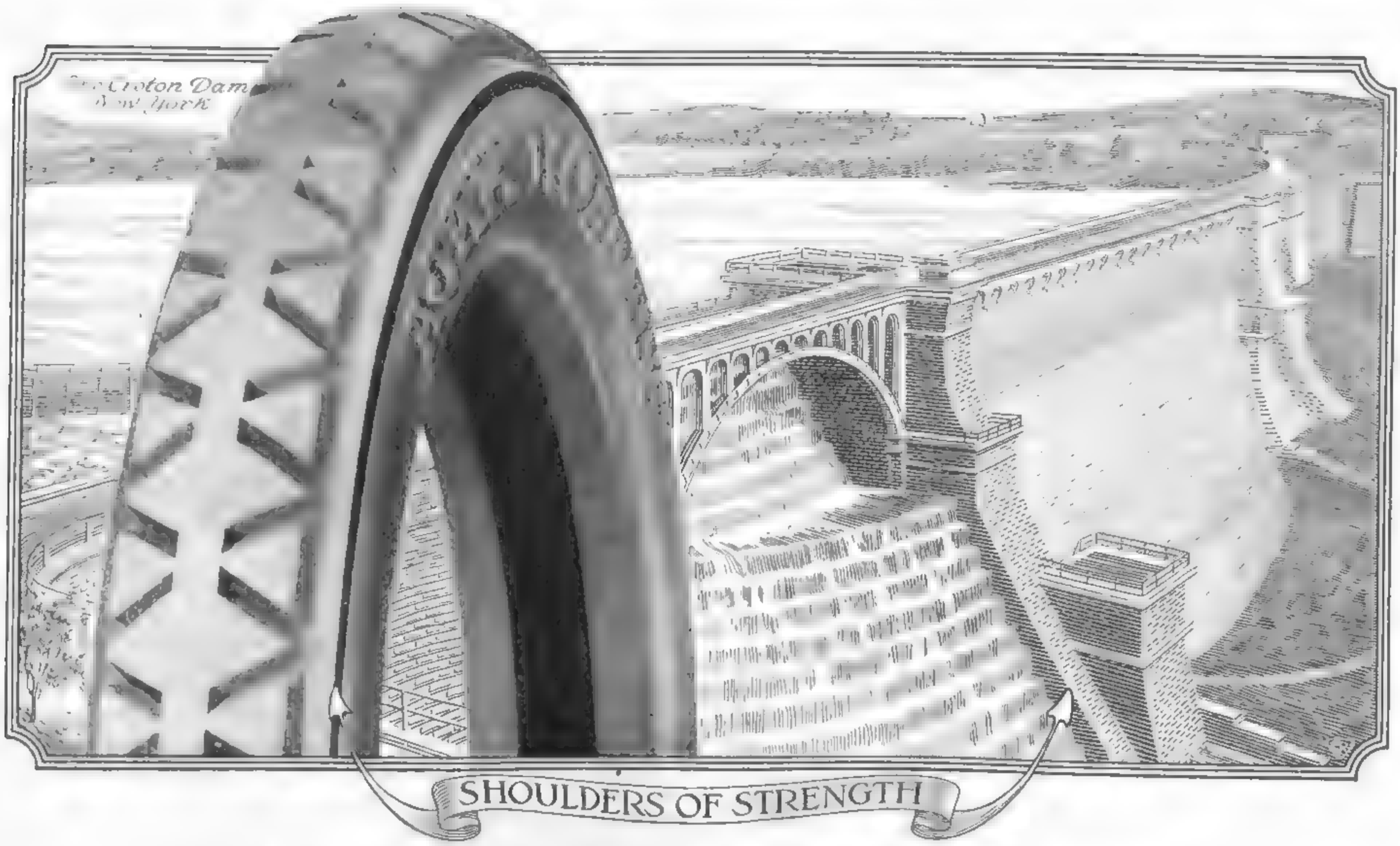

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AJAX ROAD KING

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Ajax Tires Are Guaranteed In Writing 5000 Miles

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NEW YORK

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BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES

AJAX TIRES

(Continued from Page 58)

and tremendously unreferential to campfire confidences, and confidential about distilled water for batteries, and the price of gas in the park. On Milt's shoulder rode Vere de Vere, who in her original way relieved one pause by observing, "Mrwr."

They came in through the corral gate before any of the other motor tourists had appeared—and they stupidly halted to watch a bear—a large, black, adipose and extremely unchained bear—stalk along the line of cars, sniff, cock an ear at the Gomez, lumber up on its running board and bundle into the seat. His bulk filled the space between side and top, and he was to be heard snuffling.

"Oh look, Milt! Left box of candy on seat. Oh, please drive him away!"

"Me? Drive—that?"

"Frighten him away. Aren't animals afraid of the human eye?"

"Not in this park. Guns forbidden. Animals protected by U. S. Army, President, Congress, Supreme Court, Department of Interior, Monroe Doctrine, W. C. T. U. But I'll try—cautiously."

"Don't you want me to think you're a hero?"

"Ye-es; providin' I don't have to go and be one."

They edged toward the car. The bear flapped his hind legs, looked out at the intruders, said "Oofffl!" and returned to the candy.

"Shoo!" Milt answered politely.

"Llooffl!!"

From his own bug beside the Gomez Milt got a tool kit, and with considerable brilliance as a pitcher he sent a series of wrenches at the agitated stern of the bear. They offended the dignity of the ward of the Government. He finished the cover and ribbons of the candy box and started for Milt, who proceeded with haste toward Claire, who was already at the gate.

Lady Vere de Vere, cat of a thousand battles, gave one frightful squawl, shot from Milt's shoulder and at the bear, claws out, fur electric. The bear carelessly batted once with its paw, and the cat sailed into the air. The satisfied bear strolled to the fence, shinned up it and over.

"Good old Vere! That wallop must of darn near stunned her, though!" Milt laughed to Claire as they trotted back into the corral. The cat did not move as they came up; did not give the gallant "Mrwr" with which she had saluted Milt on lonely morning after morning of forlorn driving behind the Gomez. He picked Vere up.

"She's—she's dead," he said. He was crying.

"Oh, Milt—last night you said Vere was all the family you had. You have the Boltwoods now!"

She did not touch his hand; nor did they speak as they walked soberly to the far side of the corral and buried Lady Vere de Vere. At breakfast they talked of the coming day's run—from the cañon out of the park, and northward. But they had the queer quick casualness of intimates.

It was at breakfast that her father heard one Milt Daggett address the daughter of the Boltwoods as "Claire." The father was surprised into clearing his throat and attacking his oatmeal with a zeal unnatural to a man who regarded breakfast foods as moral rather than interesting.

While he was lighting a cigar and Claire was paying the bill Mr. Boltwood stalked Milt, cleared his throat all over again and said, "Nice morning."

It was the first time the two men had talked unchaperoned by Claire.

"Yes. We ought to have a good run, sir." The "sir" came hard. The historian puts forth a theory that Milt had got it out of fiction. "We might go up over Mount Washburn. Take us up to ten thousand feet."

"Uh, you said—didn't Miss Boltwood tell me that you are going to Seattle too?"

"Yes."

"Friends there, no doubt?"

Milt grinned irresistibly. "Not a friend. But I'm going to make 'em. I'm going to take up engineering, and some French, I guess, at the university there."

"Ah. Really?"

"Yes. Been too limited in my ambition. Don't see why I shouldn't build railroads and power plants and roads—Siberia, Africa, all sorts of interesting places."

"Quite right. Quite right. Uh—ah—I—oh—I —— Have you seen Miss Boltwood?"

"I saw Miss Boltwood in the office."

"Oh yes. Quite so. Uh—ah, here she is."

When the Gomez had started Mr. Boltwood skirmished, "This young man—do you think you better let him call you by your Christian name?"

"Why not? I call him 'Milt.' 'Mr. Daggett' is too long a handle to use when a man is constantly rescuing you from the perils of the deep or hoboes or bears or something. Oh, I haven't told you! Poor old Milt, his cat was killed ——"

"Yes, yes, Dolly, you may tell me about that in due time, but let's stick to this social problem for a moment. Do you think you ought to be too intimate with him?"

"He's only too self-respecting. He wouldn't take advantage ——"

"I'm quite aware of that. I'm not speaking on your behalf, but on his. I'm sure he's a very amiable chap, and ambitious. In fact, did you know that he has saved up money to attend a university?"

"When did he tell you that? How long had he been planning —— I thought that I ——"

"Just this morning; just now."

"Oh! I'm relieved."

"I don't quite follow you, Dolly, but —— Where was I? Do you realize what a demure tyrant you are? If you can drag me from New York to the aboriginal wilds—and I did not like that oatmeal—what will you do to this innocent? I want to protect him!"

"You better! Because I'm going to carve him, and paint him, and possibly spoil him. The creating of a man—of one who knows how to handle life—is so much more wonderful than creating absurd pictures or statues or stories. I'll nag him into completing college. He'll learn dignity—or perhaps lose his simplicity and be ruined; and then I'll marry him off to some nice well-bred pink face, like Jeff Saxton's pretty cousin—who may turn him into a beastly money-grubber; and I'm monkeying with destiny, and I ought to be slapped, and I realize it, and I can't help it, and all my latent instinct as a feminine meddler is roused and—and golly, I almost went off that curve!"

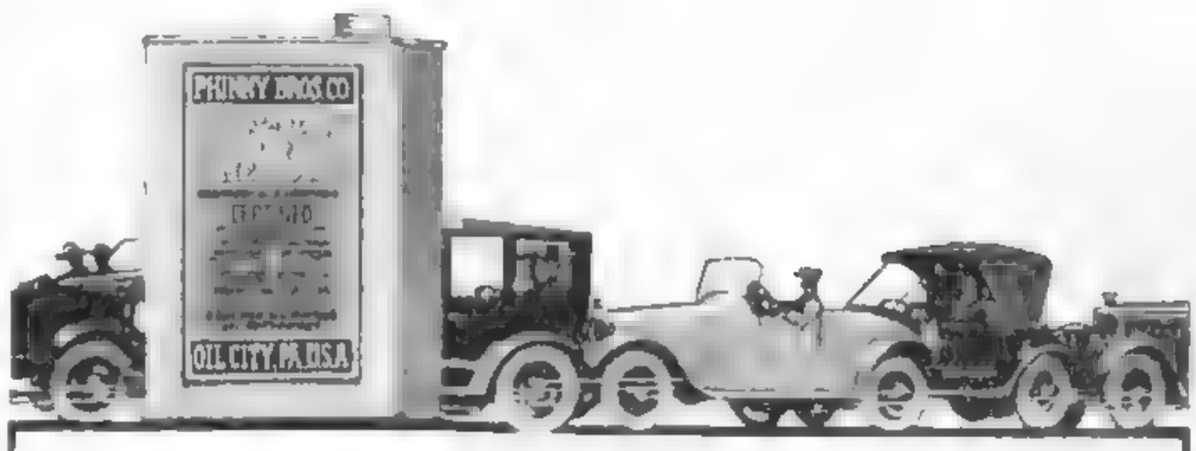
XIV

THAT was the one black day of her voyage—black stippled with crimson. Her woes began with the bear's invasion of the car, resulting in long claw marks across the upholstery, the loss of some particularly good candy bought at a park hotel, and genuine grief abiding after the sentimental tragedy of Vere de Vere's death. The next act was the ingenious loss of all power of her engine. She forgot that Milt had filled the oil well for her. When she stopped for gasoline and the seller inquired, "Quart of oil?" she absently nodded. So the cylinders filled with surplus oil, the spark plugs were fouled, and the engine had the power of a sewing machine.

She could not make Mount Washburn—she could not make even the slopes of the lower road. Now she knew the agony of the feeble car in the mountains—most shameful and anxious of a driver's dolors: The brisk start up the hill; the belief that you will keep on going this time; the feeling of weariness through all the car; the mad shifting of gears, the slipping of the clutch, and more gas, and less gas, and wondering whether more gas or less is the better; and the appalling knocking when you finally give her a lot too much gas; the remembrance, when it's too late, to retard the spark; the safe crawling up to the last sharp pitch, just fifteen feet from the summit; the car's halting; the yelp at your passenger, "Jump out and push!"; the painful next five feet; and the final death of the power just as the front wheels creep up over the pitch. Then the anxious putting on of brakes—holding the car with both foot brake and emergency, lest it run down backward, slip off the road. The calf of your leg begins to ache from the pressure on the foot brake, and with an unsuccessful effort to be courteous you bellow at the passenger, who has been standing beside the car looking deprecatory: "Will you please block the back wheels with a stone? Hustle up, will you!"

All this routine Claire thoroughly learned. Always Milt bumbled up, said cheerful things, and either hauled the Gomez over the pitch by a tow line to his bug or, getting out and pushing on a rear fender till his neck was red and bulgy, he gave the extra impetus necessary to get the Gomez over.

"Would you mind shoving on that side just a little bit?" he suggested to Mr. Boltwood, who ceased the elaborate smoking of cigars, dusted his hands and gravely



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(the certified oil)

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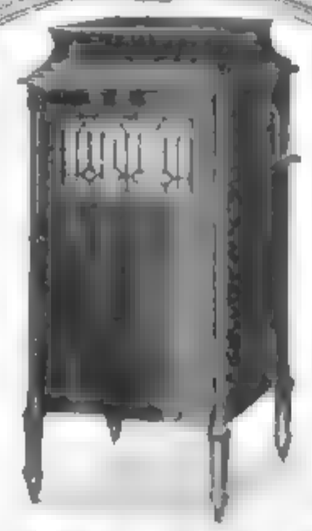

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obeyed, while Claire was awaiting the new captain's command to throw on the power.

"I wish we weren't under so much obligation to this young man," said Mr. Boltwood after one crisis.

"I know—but what can we do?"

"Don't you suppose we might pay him?"

"Henry B. Boltwood, if you tried to do that —— I'm not sure; your being my parent might save you, but even so I think he'd probably chase you off the road, clear down into that chasm."

"I suppose so. Shall we have to entertain him in Seattle?"

"Have to? My dear parent, you can't keep me from it! Any of the Seattle friends of Gene Gilson who don't appreciate that straight, fine, aspiring boy may go —— Not overdo it, you understand. But—oh, take him to the theater. By the way, shall we try to climb Mount Rainier before ——"

"See here, my good Dolly; you stop steering me away from my feeble parental efforts. Do you wish to be under obligations ——"

"Don't mind, with Milt. He wouldn't charge interest, as Jeff Saxton would. Milt is—oh, he's folks!"

"Quite true. But are we? Are you?"

"Learning to be!"

Between discussions and not making hills Claire cleaned the spark plugs as they accumulated carbon from the surplus oil—or she pretended to help Milt clean them. The plugs were always very hot, and when you were unscrewing the jacket from the core you always burned your hand, and wished you could swear—and sometimes you could.

After noon, when they had left the park and entered Gardiner, Milt announced: "I've got to stick round a while. The key in my steering gear seems to be worn. May have to put in a new one. Get the stuff at a garage here. If you wouldn't mind waiting, be awful glad to tag and try to give a few helping hands till the oil cleans itself out."

"I'll just stroll on," she said.

But she drove away as swiftly as she could. Her father's worry about obligations disturbed her, and she did not wish to seem too troublesome an amateur to Milt. She would see him in Livingston, and tell him how well she had driven. The spark plugs kept clean enough now so that she could command more power, but ——

Between the park and the transcontinental road there are many climbs, short but severely steep; upshoots like the humps on a scenic railway. To tackle them with her uncertain motor was like charging a machine-gun nest. She spent her nerve force lavishly, and after every wild rush to make a climb she had to rest, to rub the suddenly aching back of her neck. Because she was so tired she did not take the trouble to save her brakes by going down in gear. She let the brakes smoke while the river and railroad below rose up at her.

There was a long drop. How long it was she did not guess, because it was concealed by a curve at the top. She seemed to plane down forever. The brakes squealed behind. She tried to shift to first, but there was a jarring snarl, and she could neither get into first nor back into third. She was running in neutral, the great car coasting, while she tried to slow it by jamming down the foot brake. The car halted—and started on again. The brake lining that had been wished on her at Saddle Back was burned out.

She had the feeling of the car bursting out from under control, ready to leap off the road into a wash. She wanted to jump. It took all her courage to stay in the seat. With one hand she kept the accelerating car in the middle of the road; with the other she tried to pull the handle of the emergency brake back farther. She couldn't. She was not strong enough. Faster, faster, rushing at the next curve so that she could scarce steer round it.

As quietly as she could she demanded of her father, "Pull back on this brake lever, far as you can. Take both hands."

"I don't understand ——"

"Heavens! Y' don't haft un'stand! Yank back! Yank, I tell you!"

Again the car slowed. She was able to get into second speed. Even that check did not keep the car from darting down at thirty miles an hour—which pace, to one who desires to saunter down at a dignified rate of eighteen, is equivalent in terms of mileage on level ground to seventy an hour with a drunken driver on a foggy evening amid traffic.

She got the car down, and in the midst of a valley of emptiness and quiet she dropped her head on her father's knee and howled.

"I just can't face going down another hill! I just can't face it!" she sobbed.

"No, Dolly. Mustn't. We better —— You're quite right. This young Daggett's a very gentlemanly fellow. I didn't think his table manners —— But we'll sit here and regard the flora and fauna till he comes. He'll see us through."

"Yes, he will! Honestly, dad"—she said it with the first touch of hero worship since she had seen an aviator loop loops—"isn't he—oh, effective! Aren't you glad he's here to help us, instead of somebody like Jeff Saxton?"

"We-ul, you must remember that Geoffrey wouldn't have permitted the brake to burn out. He'd have foreseen it, and have had a branch office with special leased wire located back on that hill, ready to do business the instant the market broke. Enthusiasm is a nice quality, Dolly, but don't misplace it.

"This lad, however trustworthy he may be, would scarcely even be allowed to work for a man like Geoffrey Saxton. It may be that later, with college ——"

"No. He'd work for Jeff two hours. Then Jeff would give him that 'You poor fish!' look, and Milt would hit him, and stroll out, and go to the North Pole or some place, and discover an oil well, and hire Jeff as his nice efficient general manager. And —— I do wish Milt would hurry, though!"

It was dusk before they heard the pit-pit-pit chuckling down the hill. Milt's casual grin changed to bashfulness as Claire ran into the road, her arms wide in a lovely gesture of supplication, and cried: "We've been waiting for you so long! One of my brake bands is burned out, and the other is punk."

"Well, well. Let's try to figure out something to do."

She looked reverent while the local prophet sat in his bug, stared at the wheels of the Gomez, and thought. The level-floored, sagebrush-sprinkled hollow had filled with mauve twilight and creeping, stilly sounds. The knowable world of yellow lights and security was far off. Milt was her only way of ever getting back to it.

"Tell you what we might try," he speculated. "I'll hitch on behind you, and hold back in going downhill."

She did not even try to help him while he again cleaned the spark plugs and looked over brakes, oil, gas, water. She sat on the running board, and it was pleasant to be relieved of responsibility. He said nothing at all. While he worked he whistled that recent refined ballad:

I wanta go back to Oregon
And sit on the lawn, and look at the dawn.
Oh, motheruh dear, don't learuh me here,
The leaves are so sere, in the fall o' the year.
I wanta go back to Oregugon,
To dearuh old Oregugon.

They started, shouting optimistically to each other, lights on, trouble seeming over—and they stopped after the next descent, and pools of tears were in the corners of Claire's eyes. The holdback had not succeeded. Her big car with its quick-increasing momentum had jerked at the bug as though it were a lard can. The tow rope had stretched, sung, snapped; and again in fire-shot delirium she had gone rocking downhill.

He drove up beside her, got out, stood at her elbow. His "I'm a bum inventor. We'll try somethin' else" was so careless that in her nerve-twanging exhaustion she wailed: "Oh, don't be so beastly cheerful! You don't care a bit!"

In the dusk she could see him straighten, and his voice came sharp as he ignored the ever-present parental background and retorted: "Somebody has got to be cheerful. Matter of fact, I worked out the right stunt coming down."

Like a man in the dentist's chair recovering between bouts she drowsed and ignored the fact that in a few minutes she would again have to reassemble herself, become wakeful and calm, and go through quite impossible maneuvers of driving. Milt was, with a hatchet from his camping kit, cutting down a large scrub pine. He dragged it to the Gomez and hitched it to the back axle. The knuckles of the branches would dig into the earth; the foliage catch at every pebble.

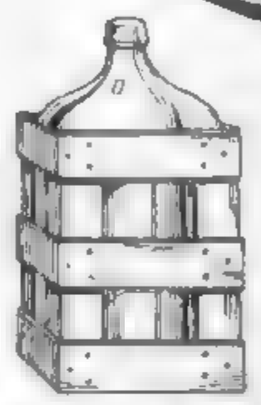
"There! That anchor would hold a truck!" he shouted.

(Continued on Page 64)

A Flood of BETTER BOTTLES

From the "Diamond I" Plants

WHATEVER the bottle problem of the individual or the organization, Diamond-I resources meet it. Practically every business requiring bottles finds its needs fully met in the more than 3,000 different styles of Diamond-I bottles.



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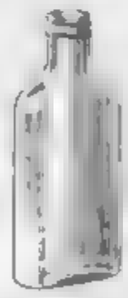

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"Look for the 'Diamond I' on every bottle you buy"

(Continued from Page 62)

It held. She went down the next two hills easily. But she was through. Her forearms and brain were equally numb. She appealed to Milt: "I can't seem to go on any more. It's so dark, and I'm so tired."

"All right. No ranch houses anywheres near, so we'll camp here if Mr. Boltwood doesn't mind."

Claire stirred herself to help him prepare dinner. It wasn't much of a dinner to prepare. Both cars had let provisions run low. They had bacon and petrified ends of a loaf and something like coffee—not much like it. Scientists may be interested in their discovery that as a substitute for both cream and sugar in beverages strawberry jam is a fallacy.

For Mr. Boltwood's bed Milt hauled out the springy seat cushions of both cars. The Gomez cushion was three inches thicker than that of the bug, which resulted in a mattress two stories in front and a lean-to at the foot, and the entire edifice highly slippery. But with a blanket from Milt's kit it was sufficient. To Claire Milt gave another blanket, his collection of antique overcoats, and good advice. He spoke vaguely of a third blanket for himself. And he had one. Its dimensions were thirteen by twenty inches, it was of white wool, he had bought it in Dakota for Vere de Vere, and many times that day he had patted it and whispered, "Poor old cat."

Under his blankets Mr. Boltwood thought of rattlesnakes, bears, rheumatism, Brooklyn, his debt to Milt, and the fact that—though he hadn't happened to mention it to Claire—he had expected to be killed when the brake had burned out.

Claire was drowsily happy. She had got through. She was conscious of rustling sagebrush, of the rapids of the Yellowstone beside her, of open sky and sweet air and a scorn for people in stuffy rooms; and comfortably ever conscious of Milt ten feet away. She had in him the interest that a young physician would have in a new X-ray machine, a printer in a new font of type, any creator in a new outlet for his power. She would see to it that her Seattle cousins, the Gilsons, helped him to know the right people during his university work. She herself would be back in Brooklyn, but perhaps he would write to her, write—write letters—Brooklyn—she was in Brooklyn—no, no, where was she?—oh yes, camping—bad day—brakes—no, she would not marry Jeff Saxton! Brooklyn—river singing—stars —

In the morning they were all very stiff, but glad of the sun on sagebrush and river, and the boy and girl sang over breakfast. While Milt was gathering fuel he looked up at Claire standing against a background of rugged hills, her skirt and shoes still smug, but her jacket off, her blouse turned in at the throat, her hair blowing, her sleeves rolled up, one hand on her hip—erect, charged with vigor, the spirit of adventure.

When her brake had been relined, at Livingston, they sauntered companionably on to Butte. And the day after Butte, when Milt was half a mile behind the Gomez, a pink-haired man with a large shiny revolver stepped out from certain bushes and bowed politely; and at that point Milt stopped.

XV

OVER the transcontinental divide and into Butte, diamond-glittering on its hills in the dark; into Missoula, where there are trees and a university, with a mountain in everybody's backyard; through the Flathead Agency, where scarlet-blanketed Indians stalk out of tepees and papooses ride on mothers' backs as in forgotten days; down to St. Ignatius, that Italian Alp town with its old mission at the foot of mountains like the wall of heaven—Claire had driven west, then north. She was sailing past Flathead Lake, where fifty miles of mountain glory are reflected in bright waters. Everywhere were sections of flat wheat plains, stirring with threshing, with clattering machinery and the flash of blown straw. But these miniature prairies were encircled by abrupt mountains.

Mr. Boltwood remarked: "I'd rather have one of these homesteads and look across my fields at those hills than be King of England."

Not that he made any effort to buy one of the homesteads. But then, he made no appreciable effort to become King of England.

Claire had not seen Milt for a day and a half; not since the morning when both cars had left Butte. She wondered, and was piqued, and slightly lonely. Toward evening, when she was speculating as to whether she would make Kalispell—almost up to the Canadian border—she saw a woman run into the road from a house on the shore of Flathead Lake. The woman held out her hand. Claire pulled up.

"Are you Miss Boltwood?"

It was as startling as the same question would have been in a Chinese village.

"W-why, yes."

"Somebody trying to get you on the long-distance phone."

"Me? Phone?"

She was trembling. "Something's happened to Milt. He needs me!"

She could not manage her voice as she got the operator on the farmers'-line wire and croaked: "Was someone trying to get Miss Boltwood?"

"Yes. This Boltwood? Hotel in Kalispell trying to locate you for two hours. Been telephoning all along the line, from Butte to Somers."

"W-well, w-will you g-get 'em for me?"

It was not Milt's placid and slightly twangy voice, but one smoother, more decisive, perplexingly familiar, that finally vibrated: "Hello! Hello! Miss Boltwood! Operator, I can't hear! Get me a better connection. Miss Boltwood?"

"Yes, yes! This is Miss Boltwood!" she kept beseeching, during a long and not unheated controversy between the unknown and the crisp operator, who knew nothing of the English language beyond, "Here's your party. Why don't you talk? Speak louder!"

Then came clearly: "Hear me now?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Miss Boltwood?"

"Yes!"

"Oh. Oh, hello, Claire. This is Jeff."

"Jess who?"

"Not Jess. Jeff! Geoffrey! J-e-f-f! Jeff Saxton!"

"Oh!" It was like a sob. "Why—why—but you're in New York."

"Not exactly, dear. I'm in Kalispell, Montana."

"But that's right near here."

"So am I!"

"B-but ——"

"Out West to see copper interests. Traced you from Yellowstone Park, but missed you at Butte. Thought I'd catch you on road. You talking from Barmberry's?"

The woman who had hailed her was not missing a word of a telephonic conversation which might be relative to death, fire, elopement or any other jolly dramatic event.

Claire begged of her: "Where in the world am I talking from, anyway?"

"This is Barmberry's Inn."

"Yes," Claire answered on the telephone, "I seem to be. Shall I start on and ——"

"No. Got ripping plan. Stay right where you are. Got a fast car waiting. Be right down. We'll have dinner. By!"

A click. No answer to Claire's urgent hellos. She hung up the receiver very, very carefully. She hated to turn and face her audience of Mr. Henry B. Boltwood, Mr. James Barmberry, Mrs. James Barmberry, and four Barmberry buds averaging five and a quarter in age. She tried to ignore the Barmberrys, but their silence was noisy and interested while she informed her father: "It's Jeff Saxton! Out here to see copper mines. Telephoned along road to catch us. Says we're to wait dinner till he comes."

"Yessum," Mrs. Barmberry contributed. "He told me if I did catch you I was to have some new-killed chickens ready to fry, and some whipped cream. Jim Barmberry, you go right out and finish whipping that cream, and don't stand there gawping and gooping; and you children, you scat!"

Claire seized the moment of Mr. Boltwood's lordly though bewildered bow to their hostess, and escaped outdoors.

She ambled to the lake shore, feeling feebler, more slapped and sent back to be a good little girl, than she had when Milt had hitched a forest to the back axle three days ago. A map of her thoughts about Jeff Saxton would have shown a labyrinth. Now she was muttering: "Dear Jeff! So thoughtful! Clever of him to find me! So good to see him again!" Now: "It's still distinctly understood that I am not engaged to him, and I'm not going to be surprised into kissing him when he comes down like a wolf on the fold." Now: "Jeff Saxton! Here! Makes me homesick for the Heights. And nice shops in Manhattan, and a really good play—music just before the curtain goes up." Now: "Oh, gee-whiz! I wonder if he'll let us go on any farther in the car? He's so managerial, and dad is sure to take his side. He tried to scare us off by that telegram to Fargo." Now: "He'd be horrified if he knew about that burn brake. Milt didn't mind. Milt likes his womenfolks to be daring. Jeff wants his to be admiring and very reliable."

She crouched on the shore, a rather forlorn figure. The peaks of the Mission Range, across the violet-shadowed mirror of Flathead Lake, were a sudden pure rose, in reflection of sunset, then stony, forbidding. Across the road on the Barmberry porch she could hear her father saying "Ah!" and "Indeed?" to James' stories.

Up the road a blaring horn, great lights growing momently more dazzling, a roar, a rush, the halting car, and out of its blurred bulk a trim figure darting—Jeff Saxton—home and the people she loved, and the ways and days she knew best of all.

He had shouted only "Is Miss ——" before she had rushed to him, into the comfort of his arms, and kissed him.

She backed off and tried to sound as if it hadn't happened, but she was quavery.

"I can't believe it! It's too ridiculously wonderful to see you!" She retreated toward the Barmberry porch, Jeff following, his two hands out.

They came within the range of the house lights, and Mr. Boltwood hailed, "Ah, Geoffrey! Never had such a surprise; nor a more delightful one!"

"Mr. Boltwood! Looking splendid, sir! New man! William Street better look to its laurels when you come back and get into the game!"

Then on the lamp-lighted porch the two men shook hands, and looked for some other cordial thing to do. They thought about giving each other cigars. They smiled, and backed away, and smiled, in the foolish indeterminate way males have, being unable to take it out in kissing.

Mr. Boltwood solved the situation by hemming, "Must trot in and wash. See you very soon."

Mr. James Barmberry and the squad of lesser Barmberrys regretfully followed. Claire was alone with Jeff, and she was frightened. Yet she was admitting that Jeff in his English cap and flaring London top coat, his keen smile and his extreme shavedness, was more attractive than she had remembered.

"Glad to see me?" he demanded.

"Oh, rather!"

"You're looking ——"

"You're so ——"

"Nice trip? You know you've sent me nothing but postcards with 'Pretty town' or something equally sentimental."

"Yes, it's really been bully! These mountains and big spaces simply inspire me." She said it rather defiantly.

"Of course they do! Trouble is, with you away we've nothing to inspire us!"

"Do you need anything, with your office and your club?"

"Why, Claire!"

"I'm sorry. That was horrid of me."

"Yes, it was. Though I don't mind. I'm sure we've all become meek, missing you so. I'm quite willing to be bullied and reminded that I'm a mere T. B. M."

She had got herself into it; she had to tell him that he wasn't just a business man; that she had just meant he was so practical.

"But Jeff is no longer the practical one," he declared. "Think of Claire driving over deserts and mountains. But—oh, it's been so lonely for us! Can you guess how much? A dozen times every evening I've turned to the telephone to call you up and beg you to let me nip in and see you, and then realized you weren't there, and just sat looking at the phone —— Oh, other people are so dull!"

"You really miss ——"

"I wish I were a poet, so I could tell you adequately. But you haven't said you missed me, Claire. Didn't you, a teeny bit? Wouldn't it have been tolerable to have poor old Jeff along, to drive down dangerous hills ——"

"And fill grease cups! Nasty and stickum on the fingers!"

"Yes, I'd have done that too. And invented surprises along the way. I'm a fine surpriser! I've arranged for a motor boat so we can explore the lake here to-morrow. That's why I had you wait here instead of coming on to Kalispell. To-morrow morning, unfortunately, I have to hustle back and catch a train—called up to Alaska. But meantime —— By now my driver must have sneaked my s'prises into the kitchen."

"What are they?"

"Food. Eats. Divine eats."

"But what? Please, sir. Claire is so hungry."

"We shall see in time, my child. Uncle Jeff is not to be hurried."

"Ah—let—me—see—now! I'll kick and scream!"

From New York Jeff had brought a mammoth picnic basket. To the fried chicken ordered for dinner he added sealed jars of purée of wood pigeon, of stuffed artichokes prepared by his club chef; caviar and anchovies; a marvelous nightmare-creating fruit cake to go with the whipped cream; two quarts of a famous sherry; candied fruits in a silver box. Dinner was served not on the dining-porch, but before the fire in the Barmberrys' living room.

Claire looked at the candied fruits, stared at Jeff rather queerly—as though she was really thinking of someone else—and mused:

"I didn't know I cared so much for these foolish luxuries. To-night I'd like a bath, just a tiny bit scented, and a real dressing table with a triple mirror, and French talc, and come down in a dinner gown. Oh, I have enjoyed the trip, Jeff, but my poor body does get so tired and dusty; and then you treacherously come along with these things that you've magicked out of the mountains and—I'm not a pioneer woman after all. And Henry B. is not a cave man. See him act idolatrously toward his soup."

"I feel idolatrous. I'd forgotten the supreme ethical importance of soup. I'll never let myself forget it again," said Mr. Boltwood in the tone of one who has come home.

Claire was grateful to Jeff that he did not let her go on being grateful. He turned the talk to Brooklyn. He was neat and explicit—and almost funny—in his description of an outdoor presentation of A Midsummer-Night's Dream, in which a domestic and intellectual lady weighing a hundred and eighty-seven stageside had enacted Puck. As they sat after dinner, as Claire shivered, he produced a knitted robe and pulled it about her shoulders, smiling at her in a lonely hungry way. She caught his hand.

"Nice Jeff!" she whispered.

"Oh, my dear!" he implored. He shook his head in a wistful way that caught her heart, and dutifully went back to informing Mr. Boltwood of the true state of the markets.

"Talk to Claire too!" she demanded. She stopped, stared. From outside she heard a nervous pit-pit-pit, a blurred dialogue between Mr. James Barmberry and another man. Into the room rambled Milt Daggett, dusty of unpressed blue suit, tired of eyes, and not too well shaved of chin, grumbling: "Thought I'd never catch up with you, Claire —— Why ——"

"Oh! Oh, Milt—Mr. Daggett —— Oh, Jeff, this is our good friend, Milt Daggett, who has helped us along the road."

Jeff's lucid rimless spectacles stared at Milt's wind-reddened eyes; his jaunty patch-pocket outing clothes sniffed at Milt's sweater; his even voice followed Milt's grunt of surprise with, "Ah. Mr. Daggett."

"Pleased meet you," faltered Milt.

Jeff nodded, turned his shoulder on Milt, and went on: "The fact is, Mr. Boltwood, the whole metal market ——"

Milt was looking from one to another. Claire was now over her first shocked comparison of candied fruits with motor grease. She rose and moved toward Milt, murmuring, "Have you had dinner?"

The door opened again. A pink-haired, red-faced man in a preposterous green belted suit lunged in, swept his broad felt hat in greeting, and boomed like a cheap actor:

"Friends of my friend Milt, we about to dine salute you. Let me introduce myself as Westlake Parrott, better known to the vulgar as Pinky Parrott, gentleman adventurer, born in the conjunction of Mars and Venus, with Saturn ascendant."

Jeff had ignored Milt. But at this absurd second intrusion on his decidedly private dinner party he flipped to the center of the room and said "I beg your pardon!" in such a head-office manner that the pink-locked mystery halted in his bombast. Claire felt wabbly. She had no theories as to where Milt had acquired a private jester, nor as to what was about to happen to Milt—and possibly to her incautious self.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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FITTING BUSINESS WITH A SELF-STARTER

By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

ON THE day of the armistice everybody threw down tools, closed desks and hurried out into the streets to have a party. And everybody went back to work the day after with a brand-new business philosophy.

"The war is over. Peace is really here. There is no particular need for hustling now. We will ease down a bit and let things get normal. Prices are high. They are sure to drop. Let's wait until things get cheaper."

Thus the country began marking time. Merchants' shelves everywhere were understocked, yet buyers purchased frugally, expecting that prices would presently come down. Cities and factory towns were short of houses, apartments, hotel accommodations and office space—a result of war suspension of building. Everywhere the need for building activity was apparent—but property owners and bankers, too, were waiting for prices to come down. The soldiers began to come back from France and the training camps, looking for jobs. When the Government established employment clearing houses where the soldier could apply for a job at one place instead of calling at a dozen shops or offices it was found that soldiers and jobs were in the ratio of about four to one. With the soldiers arriving at the rate of 10,000 a day in New York alone, and 2,000,000 of them to be discharged, the situation was decidedly —loaded.

Waiting for Something to Drop

UNCLE SAM had planned to handle the soldiers through the employment service of the Department of Labor, but by failure of Congress to pass the necessary appropriation this service was crippled. Thereupon the War Department tackled the job, handing it to Col. Arthur Woods, formerly police commissioner of New York City. Thirty-five army officers were assigned to aid the colonel, the country divided into three districts, and connections made with all outside agencies which could help; such as the Young Men's Christian Association, Red Cross, Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare Board—in all some two thousand organizations scattered over the country.

But then it was found that the trouble went deeper than merely bringing the soldier and the job together. Because business still marked time there were not enough jobs. Business marked time not because the country had plenty of commodities, buildings and public improvements but because it anticipated falling prices and other radical changes with peace. The trouble was really psychological. Business marked time because it was under a delusion. Some sort of self-starter was needed. Colonel Woods handed over to Maj. Elihu C. Church the problem of designing a self-starter for business. Major Church is an engineer who has tackled a good many problems of this sort in New York's city government, and later with the army in Texas, Washington and France. He went to work, and presently reported with a plan. Here are its essential points: In business there are only three ways to spend money: first, for construction; second, for operation; third, for maintenance.

During the past four and a half years the United States—not to speak of the world generally—has been spending money in only two of these ways. It has spent for construction and operation to beat the band, cutting down maintenance to the minimum, and also cutting down on growth. To-day the country is full of machinery that has been pushed to the point where it squeaks and rattles, full of railroad cars with flat wheels, full of unpainted buildings, broken windows, patched clothes and leaky shoes

Now deferred maintenance is one of the most vicious and expensive things in business. You buy a piece of machinery for $100. It will require about $10 worth of maintenance yearly—new bearings, new parts, time spent in adjustments and repairs. Neglect maintenance this year, and next year it will probably cost you $30 to make up for neglect to keep the machine in good shape. By the fourth year it may cost you $100 to replace it with an entirely new machine, and there is a likelihood of an accident due to neglect which may cost you $5000 or $10,000.

"The United States faces a deferred-maintenance charge covering four and a half years," says Major Church. "A stitch in time saves nine—but we have not taken the stitches. Things are beginning to bust. It is up to the country to fix them—repair, adjust, replace equipment, and clean up, dress up and spruce up in person and home. Maintenance is the logical place to get production started again. Instead of spending a million dollars on one new factory let ten thousand people spend a hundred dollars, or a hundred thousand spend ten dollars. That's easier, and the effect on business will be better, because widely distributed expenditure will benefit more industries and put more people back at work. Psychologically the ten-dollar investment in maintenance means that a hundred thousand persons accept business conditions as they are and go ahead, whereas the investment of a million dollars in a new factory would mean probably that only one far-sighted executive had been converted."

Practically the whole world was gulled into believing that falling prices would be the immediate effect of peace. So everybody stood still waiting to hear something drop. But the nations are beginning to realize that peace itself has little effect on prices. If anything the tendency has been to boost some prices still higher. Study of price movements following past wars shows that the return to normal has always been gradual, and in ratio to the length and destructiveness of the war and the energy with which people went back to work, making commodities to repair destruction, catching up with deferred maintenance and deferred growth. Most of the stuff that the world makes during the next few years will be for deferred growth.

Last winter everybody assumed that we could automatically fall back into a normal world again along with falling prices. But now we begin to realize that we must grow into a better world. Falling prices would have been equivalent to letting the other fellow bear the losses and carry the heavy end.

We must make the world normal by building it up to human demand. Abnormal prices seem to be the measure of that demand—a blue print of the new world to be. We must take off our coats and get busy.

The Cost of Hiring and Firing

MAINTENANCE and deferred growth bob up everywhere. The other day an Eastern shipyard president astounded Uncle Sam by offering to build fabricated steel steamers at $149 a ton, against war costs round $200; which simply means that since the armistice that shipyard man has been busy on maintenance and deferred growth. During the war labor was scarce and restless. His labor turnover cost him a lot of money—$10 to $200 is the estimated expense of hiring a man, the Department of Labor figures, and during the war that man was often a greenhorn and had to be trained. When the armistice came the shipyard executive went hunting for seasoned mechanics who knew the job and would stick to it, and was also able to make good the chronic shortage in his work force. The announcement startled his own organization. Rumors flew round the yard thick and fast that wages would be cut. Actually by plain business attention to maintenance and deferred growth ships are to be built cheaper without disturbing wages. Some idea of the opportunity for extending this principle to business generally is given in the Department of Labor statement that the total working population of the United States is estimated at 40,000,000 people, that it has a turnover of 250 per cent, or 100,000,000 hirings yearly, and that the bill is approximately $2,000,000,000. Some item!

Apply the self-starter of maintenance to the railroad business and one finds that even during the shortage of war the bill for keeping up equipment and roadbed

(Continued on Page 69)

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HARDMAN TIRES

(Continued from Page 66)

involves hundreds of millions of dollars, and that better maintenance and provision for deferred growth are exactly the place to take hold of the railroad situation and begin solving the problems.

View building through the spectacles of maintenance, and figures for a city like New York show that for two dollars invested in new buildings one dollar is to-day being spent in alterations which will make old buildings quickly accommodate more people and relieve the general shortage. And so on through every industry.

If a New Yorker lifted his telephone receiver off its hook in 1914 and Central failed to ask "Number, please?" within three seconds he complained about the service, and had to be shown that service had slowed down only a second, instead of the minute he honestly believed he had waited. To-day waits of thirty seconds to one minute are rather common. The reason is—deferred growth. Telephone engineers must plan growth three to five years ahead in normal times. Their development studies view a city as a growing boy who will need larger clothes next year and the year after. By watching such factors as increase in population, construction of buildings, extension of transit facilities, and the like, they are able to make some very trustworthy prophecies. Probably all the indications of their development study point to the erection of a new skyscraper in the block where you do business within three years. That skyscraper will bring demand for some thousands of new telephones. When it is finished and the tenants move in there must be cables waiting underneath the street, with switchboard facilities at central stations, and more trained operators and repairmen. So in normal times the bigger suit of telephone service has always been ready for the growing boy when he needed it.

An Outgrown Suit

In this case war caused the boy to put on five years' growth in one year, and at the same time took away his clothes—speaking in terms of New York telephone service. Embarkation of soldiers from New York, and later their return, added a quarter to a half million new transient population. Trained telephone operators and mechanics were taken by the Army, and war industries made it difficult to replace them with green recruits, to say nothing of the training, which requires months. The war stopped building and put pressure upon factories for military telephone apparatus. As a consequence New York to-day needs six new central-telephone buildings, additions to eleven other buildings, seventeen new central-office switchboards, and additions to thirty-six other switchboards, besides miles of new cable under the streets, and thousands of new employees. In 1914 New York made two million telephone calls daily, whereas to-day the number approaches four million. Estimates were made for 1919 growth at the beginning of this year, but by April sixty per cent of that growth had been already realized—that is, the growing boy was wearing his August suit in April.

The same situation is found in telephone service all over the country.

Out near Chicago there is a big telephone-equipment factory, backed by a large engineering and scientific organization in New York. When peace came telephone managers said to themselves: "Now prices will come down," and waited for this to happen before going ahead to provide growth. Furthermore there was uncertainty about government control of wire service, which made it financially hazardous to take the initiative in investing money in new plant. So the big factory near Chicago stopped its war work and laid off employees, while the engineering staff in New York found itself without an immediate job, for the results of research and invention are all turned in to the factory, where demand for equipment supports the engineering staff.

Decreased Efficiency

The officers of this company did a very wise thing psychologically—and here is the point of the story:

When the panic of 1907 brought a similar situation in that business they had reduced the engineering staff, and it took nearly ten years to replace the experts, renew the spirit of the organization and make up for deferred growth. So they decided that, far from cutting down anything, they would make 1919 a banner year in research, and appropriated an unusually large sum for scientific work. Moreover, they picked out a fine big objective. Uncle Sam had taken over the telephone and telegraph services, was running them as part of the post office, and through such economies as delivering telegrams through the mails had apparently some notion that the wire services might be cheapened through decreasing efficiency. From the telephone expert's viewpoint, however, it seemed that both telegraph and long-distance telephone service were rapidly being transformed into substitutes for the mails. Hundreds of business concerns now

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with ordinary care, because they are scientifically cushioned to prevent breakage. The glass bottle inside the metal case rests on a shock-absorbing cushion which keeps jolts and jars from breaking it. For ten years Icy-Hots have been the leaders.

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Keeps lunch moist, while Icy-Hot Bottle in kit provides steaming hot tea or coffee or fresh, cold milk

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Ask your dealer for Icy-Hots. Look for trademark Icy-Hot on bottom. Send now for our new catalog showing Icy-Hots from $2.25 up. If your dealer can't supply you send direct to us, giving your dealer's name.

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Federal Cap Pistol

Fifty Shot Repeater

Safe and sane amusement for the youngsters! In this pistol the Ammunition Roll is locked in the iron magazine; the hammer stroke is forward; the cap explosion is shielded on all sides—no splashing. No danger at all.

And noise! Fifty loud reports at a loading, as fast as you can pull the trigger. Sure action. Well made; put together with screws instead of rivets. Simple mechanism; stays in good order. Handsome design—looks like a real pistol. Nickeled.

PRICE, 50c AT DEALERS for Pistol and 25 rounds Ammunition (1250 shots). If unable to get the genuine—marked "FEDERAL"—send us One Dollar ($1.00) for Complete Outfit: Pistol and Five Cartons of Ammunition, packed in special wood case and delivered to you express prepaid. Just send the dollar and your address.

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conduct a large percentage of their correspondence over the wires, especially between their own branches. So the scientific objective set by this research organization this year is to develop new principles and inventions in both telegraphy and long-distance telephony. Incidentally it is said that telegraphy has had hardly any basic improvement the past twenty-five years.

This company bet on the United States and won—for at the present writing its factory is again getting under way, as telephone executives throughout the country realize that prices are not likely to drop suddenly and prepare to make good the war neglect of maintenance and growth.

Contrast with this the building industry, which began marking time and waiting for falling prices after the armistice. Naturally the building industry is more complex than a single manufacturing corporation when it came to taking the initiative. Property owners and bankers must come to a clear understanding of costs before contracts are let and construction started. Bankers were apprehensive of high prices for structural material, saying: "The building that costs you $100,000 to-day must compete in 1925 with a building costing possibly twenty-five per cent less," and were chary about loans. So all winter the building industry sat idle.

Meanwhile it was difficult for travelers to find a billiard-table bed in many cities, or to put a roof over one's family. In New York returning soldiers and sailors were assigned to cots placed in churches and office buildings. Rents were mounting, and long leases eagerly signed. One investigator estimates that the country is forty-six per cent underbuilt, and New York City thirty-three per cent. This includes not only shortage of dwellings, office space and hotels, but public buildings such as schoolhouses, post offices, hospitals, railroad freight and passenger stations, together with the port facilities which we must have to develop trade through our new merchant marine.

Buying With Fifty-Cent Dollars

This expert not only advises building to-day but points out advantages in doing it now. Prices of building material are not coming down, in his opinion. Through the winter they have been unstable, due to artificial and local causes. But prices are based on supply and demand, and demand is overwhelming. Lumber mills, brick kilns, glass works, cement and steel mills are either closed down or working at reduced capacity. When building really starts, as it must, demand for materials will quickly exhaust the supply, congest the railroads and absorb labor. Then the property owner with his building under way will get it done quicker and probably cheaper than those who wait until next year, and his property will be available for renting at present rates.

Business as usual with fifty-cent dollars seems to be the principal rule of the new peace game.

We have got to get used to buying, producing, selling, paying wages and rent, paying the grocer and butcher with fifty-cent dollars, because the world has been manufacturing dollars and destroying commodities. The paper currency of fifteen leading nations was less than $8,000,000,000 at the beginning of the war, and had grown to $44,000,000,000 when it ended. On top of this the world's debts had grown from $40,000,000,000 to $220,000,000,000 and bank deposits from $27,000,000,000 to $75,000,000,000. It takes two dollars to do the work of one dollar, and the only way out of that situation is to manufacture commodities and destroy dollars—that is, cancel war debts and deflate the currency by plain everyday work. There is no other way, and idleness will never get us anywhere.

A New York landlord has an old residence in the Greenwich Village section. It is pretty well run down, but demand for houses is so great that it will be rented as tenements during the next three years, at a good profit. By the expenditure of a few thousand dollars for alterations this building could be turned into modern studio apartments, housing twice as many small families. That would help ease the housing difficulty, bring more money to the landlord, increase property values and be desirable in every way. It is a concrete example of getting business started again through expenditure for maintenance. The landlord in this case prefers to let well enough alone, make no repairs on his property, but simply collect rents.

The New York Landlord

Over in Russia the Bolshevik government has issued $80,000,000,000 worth of paper money the past eighteen months, and the people are too busy with revolutionary matters to produce commodities. In Germany the people are idle for lack of raw materials. In France idleness is charged to physical and financial exhaustion. In England and other countries the same story—idleness, agitation and apprehension. The New York landlord is an obstacle to the resumption of business, for he will not go to work at his trade of landlord and increase the commodity wealth of his community.

We are not only able to get back to work immediately but if we lay a square money bet upon the future of the United States we are certain to win.

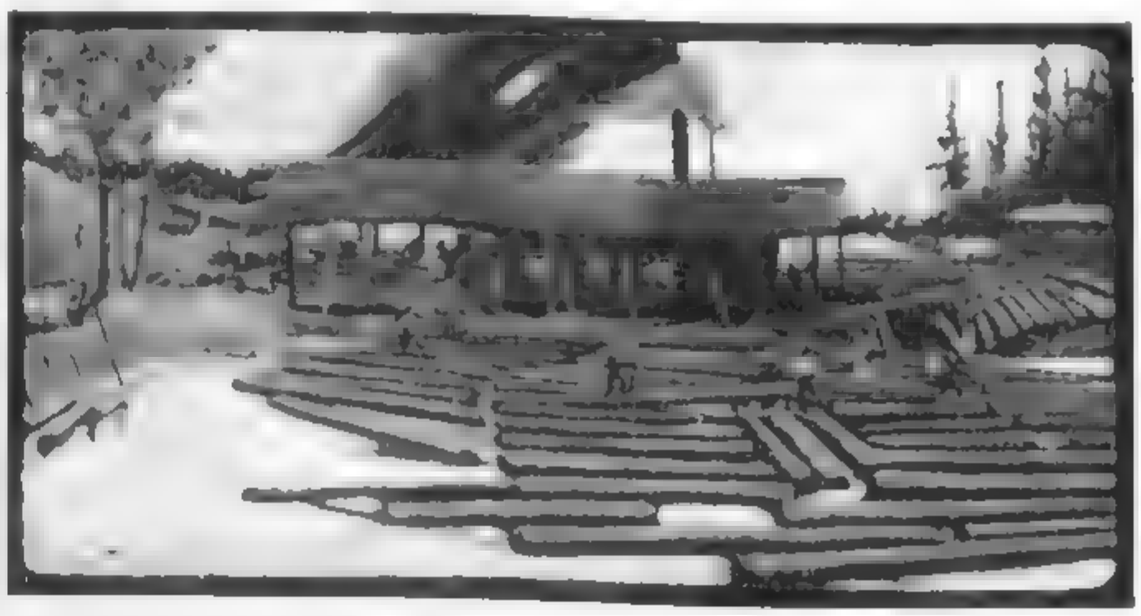
Two months after the armistice a Baltimore wholesaler found himself between the frying pan and the fire. He handles raw materials made by one group of manufacturers and used by another. His makers maintained that prices would not come down, and refused to shave quotations, and became almost emotional in declaring their belief in high prices. His sellers were just as insistent that prices must come down.

Result—absolutely nothing doing in two industries that should have been the first to begin getting back to normal.

Presently the wholesaler conceived a plan which he laid before both makers and sellers.

"I am willing to make an investment in to-morrow," he said. "If I shave my profit twenty per cent it will mean a loss of $20,000 on the next six months' business. But even that will give you fellows a little concession on this price business and take it off your minds for a while. Those of you from whom I buy my goods will be getting their price and the customers to whom I sell will be getting a reduction. Maybe you will both go back to work and begin fattening up this war-starved business. If you simply go back to work I will get my money, never fear! For the possibilities of growth are so great that within a year my volume ought to wipe out my loss. I am putting some money into futures. Have you fellows got the same confidence in your own business? Do you want to buy some futures too?"

The outcome was definite price concessions on both sides, and to-day that industry is practically out of the woods.



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Save Half of Tire Cost and All of Tire Worry

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A wonderful new principle embodied in an invention by Charles E. Gates, E. M., developed, perfected and applied by him to tire construction, is revolutionizing tire manufacture and the cost of tire mileage.

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This new principle insures a tire which, at half the cost of the ordinary tire, gives equal *distance* mileage and better *quality* mileage, and is guaranteed to be puncture proof.

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The Gates construction enables you to double the usefulness of your casings, insures you the advantages of greater resiliency, double resistance against internal pressure and external shock, and added comfort.

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GATES HALF-SOLE TIRES

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RECLAIMING NORTHERN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 36)

"Here's your man," replied the officer, turning to a companion at his side, "Lieutenant Forter. In private life he's an engineer and contractor in Idaho."

And thus Lieutenant Forter, of the United States Navy, had the job wished on him. He mentioned that he'd always wanted to see that devastated northern country at close range. And the idea of getting sundry thousands of refugees under shelter seemed to appeal to him.

"But what about labor?" persisted the persistent Mr. Poland. "Do you suppose you might lend us a labor battalion of sailors to get the barracks up?"

The naval officer suggested a call for volunteers. He also suggested that it was highly unprofessional for the United States Navy to be fooling round in those waters at all. What would the admiral say? As a matter of fact the admiral did say something. I understand he swore. Nevertheless, a call for one hundred gobs was made. And one hundred gobs responded. These were no common sailors. Every one was a rated man, a carpenter's mate or a trained mechanic. Every one had in him the makings of a foreman, the boss of French peasants or a batch of German prisoners.

With this nucleus of a labor battalion Lieutenant Forter went north, gold cap, long cape and all. And when he beheld the stupendous size of his job—hundreds of barracks to be scattered all over that desolate land—he realized that his hundred gobs wouldn't make even a dent in the situation. And barracks were needed that minute.

He presented the facts to Hoover.

And Hoover said categorically: "If you had more men you could do it in less time?"

"Right-o."

"If you had twice the men you could do it in half the time?"

"Correct."

So more gobs joined the expedition into this No Man's Land of the north. In the end there was a naval unit of five hundred volunteers. And then those five hundred gobs cleared the deck and went into action.

Here, as elsewhere, the key to the entire situation was transportation. Barracks had to be hauled from train yards, distributed, set up. That meant a big central transportation plant, with camions, trucks, automobiles, motorcycles, and a first-class machine shop to keep them on the roads. All these things were assembled. The automobile repair shop that I visited employed ninety-five mechanics—all gobs. The supply room—containing spare parts more precious than rubies in this land of breakdowns—was padlocked, and the padlock was further reënforced with a strong current of electricity so that he who meddled with that padlock did so at his peril. A notice above observed mildly: "If you want spare parts ring the bell."

The Gob on the Job

With the transportation problem solved, the construction of the barracks went booming ahead. The theory of their location and construction was this: The mayors of towns containing refugees without shelter or in insanitary quarters, cellars or demolished houses, turned into the C. R. B. a request for a certain number of barracks, and the gobs went forth and set them up. That was the theory. The practice was somewhat different, as practice is apt to be. For some of the mayors were good, some bad, some indifferent—and some weren't there at all. Some hustled like good shepherds to get their charges in out of the cold. Some were down in Paris, shaking the Legion of Honor tree. Some had stayed on with their people through the worst days of the occupation. Some had cleared out with the first thunder of the guns.

I met one of the latter. It was the end of March and he had just returned—four months after the armistice! But he had been shaking the Legion of Honor tree to some effect, for he bore the precious insigne in his buttonhole. Behind his back the people winked and nodded their heads. They saw the grim humor of the situation—and rather admired the rascal for his shrewd business acumen. Legion of Honor, eh? For running away from his people? That was a rich one!

This seems to be a diversion from the subject of gobs and barracks, but there is a connection. For it can readily be seen that while the good mayors hustled and sent in requests the bad mayors played politics, and many did nothing at all. In such cases the naval unit took matters into its own efficient hands. The gobs went forth, looked over towns where the refugees were in a bad way, and set up barracks. Then they drove trucks into the town square, piled the refugees and their stuff aboard, settled the whole boiling in clean up-to-date quarters, and were off to other waters. And this resettling process has been done so often that a gob can tell you exactly what kind of souvenirs a Frenchwoman saves from her destroyed home. I am not going to tell you what they are. Ask a gob!

These barracks, bought from the British and French Armies, are fairly comfortable, heated, sanitary, clean. They are not grand châteaux. But they are better than dank cellars and caves with the wind and the snow blowing in. It is simply an emergency job, not permanent, designed not to remedy but merely to relieve the strain; to get the people under shelter and give them time to plan and think while the government arranges for their complete rehabitation. But I, for one, suspect that the refugees will be found in these same quarters at the end of two years.

The Orphans on the Flagship

Usually these barracks, partitioned off into various two-room lodgings, are situated on some high vacant lot in a village, and the mayor supplies the tenants. But there is a second type, located not in towns but out in remote agricultural regions. For with the coming of spring, some demobilized poilus and peasant farmers desired to put in their crops, but they could not negotiate the difficult problem of shelter and food. Accordingly the naval unit constructed the barracks for them and the C. R. B. guaranteed their food. In this type of barracks neither women nor children are allowed. They are simply pioneer camps for the use of farmers getting their land into shape.

Recently in one of the town barracks the first little girl baby was born, and the gobs were called in for a name. They debated long whether to call her Spare Parts or Portable Barracks, but finally compromised on Columbia.

Upon another occasion a lady blew into Lille, leading by the hand forty baby Belgians, orphans, and could find no place in all the big city where these mites could for a night or two lay their small heads. She sought the C. R. B. headquarters.

"Good heavens, we can't accommodate 'em here!" cried the officer in charge. "Forty babies! My eye!" He turned to Lieutenant Forter. "Could you put them up down at the ship?"

The lieutenant telephoned down to the good ship Lille, which was anchored aways downstream.

"Say," said he, "*écoutez, mon commandant*, and likewise lend an ear. There's forty kids just detrained—Belgian orphans. Kind of cute little scouts. Can we take care of them for a night or two?"

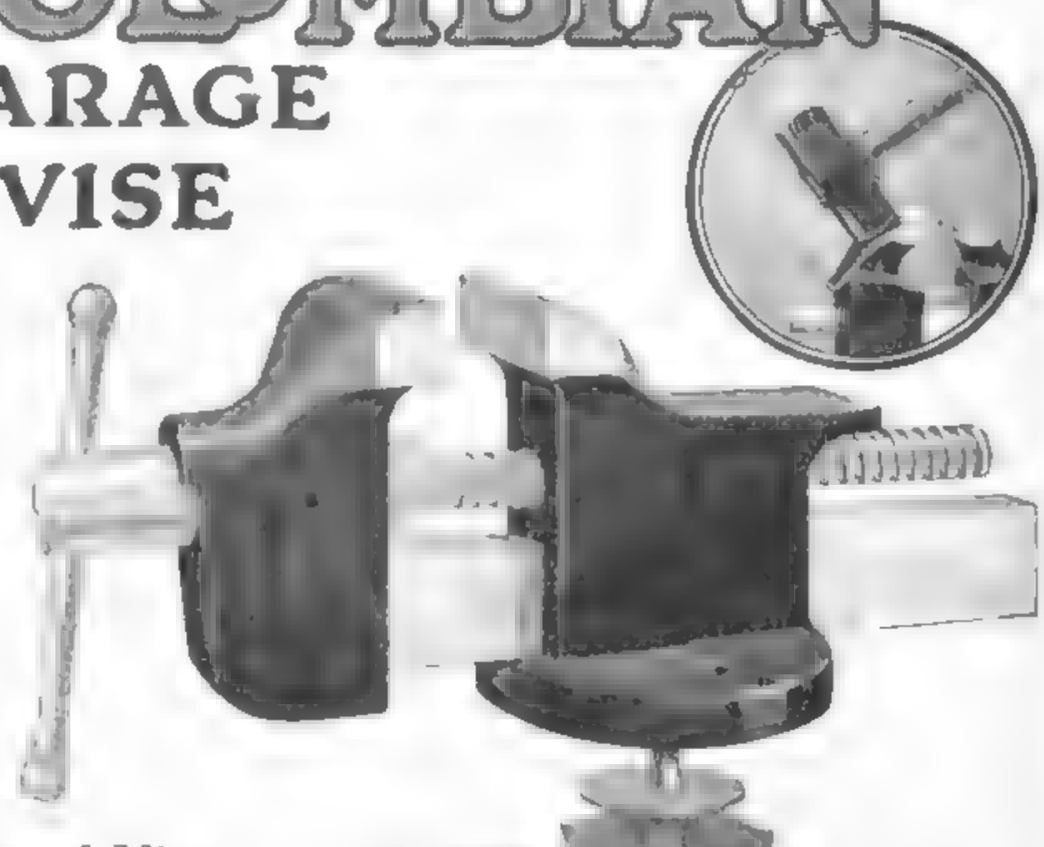
"Surest thing!" said the commander. "Fetch 'em aboard. We'll put 'em in the sick bay."

Accordingly into the sick bay they went, into berths made up on the floor, and the nurse set them round in a semicircle for supper, and spooned the nourishment into their round, open mouths, gravely, one by one. And it is furthermore recorded that every gob in Northern France when he heard of their arrival got shore leave and beat it over to the flagship to see those forty orphan kids feed!

This outlines briefly the scope of the work undertaken by the American committee, in collaboration with the French Government. The function of the C. R. B. in this particular situation has been to organize, to get things started, to fuse conflicting activities, and having put the operations on their feet to turn the entire concern over to the French. Its principal business during the past few months has been to feed, clothe and find shelter for the refugee population. And this business it has achieved.

COLUMBIAN

GARAGE VISE



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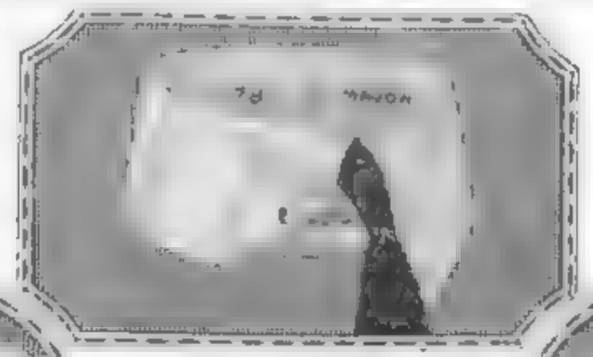

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On sale at more than 14,000 good stores throughout the U. S. LOOK FOR THE "REGAL" NAME. Your dealer has Regals or can easily get them. If he will not do so, remit direct to us, stating size worn, and taste as to loud, medium or quiet pattern. We will see that you are supplied.

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WHITE SHOE DRESSING

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

LIQUID & CAKE

For Women's Children's and Men's Shoes

The F. F. Dalley Corporations Ltd. Buffalo N. Y. Hamilton Canada.

Not without the expenditure of inexhaustible energy, inexhaustible patience, for it had to run dead counter to the spirit of the times, a spirit of criticism, bitterness and governmental strife. That the American Food Administration, ably supported by a certain contingent of the French, has successfully bucked its projects through is in itself no mean victory.

Besides the C. R. B. there are also other American societies at work in Northern France. There is the American Fund for French Wounded, which distributes clothes. There is the Women's Overseas Medical Unit, which has established hospitals and clinic centers—the barracks constructed by the same ubiquitous gobs!—to render medical aid to the civilians. In addition there is the Ann Morgan Unit, the Smith College Unit and the Friends' Unit, each occupying its own territory and providing help and good cheer. Very important, also, is the work of the American Red Cross, which assists with clothes, furniture, pays for public baths for children afflicted with skin disease or a strong hereditary disinclination to water, and fills in chinks generally.

This envisages the American effort in the liberated districts of Northern France. How many hundreds of millions of dollars, how many thousands of tons of gift boxes laboriously packed, in hundreds of faraway towns of America, were here represented I cannot attempt to say. But I do know this: That to look at close range upon this magnificent concentrated labor of love; to go up and down that wrecked land, seeing American boys constructing barracks and installing refugees therein, one carrying the baby, another a bird cage; to watch American girls feed hundreds of tuberculosis-infected children; to witness, in short, all of these scores of thousands of unfortunate refugees, who had so suffered that they had lost energy and hope, being helped back to life by American effort, an effort, moreover, which did not ask for graft or political favor, but only to stay on the job until it was well done—to see all this as I saw it in Northern France made me proud to say: *Civis Americanus sum.*

The Diplomatic Kaleidoscope

The contrast to Paris was striking. February and March have been stormy months for the Conference of Peace. Paris, like a great society lady at a sensational murder trial, has watched the big battle of the diplomats with breathless, hysterical interest. But Paris is always excitable. She is always running a temperature. Paris has groaned or applauded or hissed at every stage of the battle. And that there has been a grim battle goes without saying. Conservatism and Liberalism have locked horns. The ancient eye-for-an-eye, soak-your-enemy doctrine; and the modern doctrine which regards the enemy just as it would regard a business proposition, a bankrupt firm, let us say, that should be put on a solvent basis in order to pay the innocent stockholders—these two doctrines are engaged in a life and death struggle down in the arena. The one doctrine says: Strangle your enemy to death while you've got him down. The other says tersely: Kick the scoundrel to his feet and make him pay his bills. The one is inspired by fear, the other by confidence. The one is east, the other is west. And up from that arena has risen a powerful lot of dust. It darkens the whole sky. Being near at hand you are bound to take sides. One day you get the Lloyd George angle; the next day the Clemenceau reaction; the next the Sonnino refraction; the next the Wilson reflex—and you wonder how it all will end. Thus is Paris.

But up in the harsh ruined lands of the north the people who have suffered most from this atrocious war are not troubled by any of these tremendous pfoblems which harry the diplomats. The immediate urgencies of food, shelter, clothes consume all their time. They do not even ask you about reparations. The women have hung up dainty curtains at their tiny barrack windows. The children have planted spring gardens. Ask any refugee mother how she does and she will smile and say "*Tout ça bien*"—"All goes well"—and show you an ancient sewing machine she has saved from the Hun.

These people are like pioneers in a new country, save, as I said, they have not the fresh vigor of our Western pioneer who conquered the virgin wilderness. These pioneers are weary, and this particular wilderness does not tempt the appetite. Nevertheless, the situation is hopeful. Individual effort is slowly reclaiming the land. There is no fevered excitement, as down in Paris. But there is a world of hard work Northern France, behind the back of Paris, which is fulminating over its tragic state, is slowly struggling to its knees. It's not statesmanship, it's not diplomacy that's done it

It's plain, grubbing, individual effort—the same poilu effort that won the war.

Almost Time to Quit

And now I have arrived at the conclusion of this sketch of civilian conditions in Northern France. I have tried to give a glimpse of the vast panorama of destruction, the morale of the refugees, the various agencies of relief, the physical obstacles in the way, and the first springtime sprouting of the reclamation process. And now I am going to finish off with a question. It is the question which has been put a thousand times this winter and spring by American workers in that devastated land. Taken all in all, America has put over a magnificent piece of altruistic emergency work in France.

When is she going to quit? That is the question. There is going to come an hour when all this work of benevolence must cease. There is going to come an hour when to linger on will work a positive damage instead of good. There is going to come an hour when the civilians must stand on their own legs—or fall. The big French minds see this clearly. The question of assistance is an extremely delicate one, and it is, unfortunately, far too entangled with politics. But one thing is certain: The hour is going to strike when, for the good of France herself, the big American benevolent societies must close down their works, shake hands with the mayor, embrace the women and children, blow their noses—and buy their steamship tickets home.

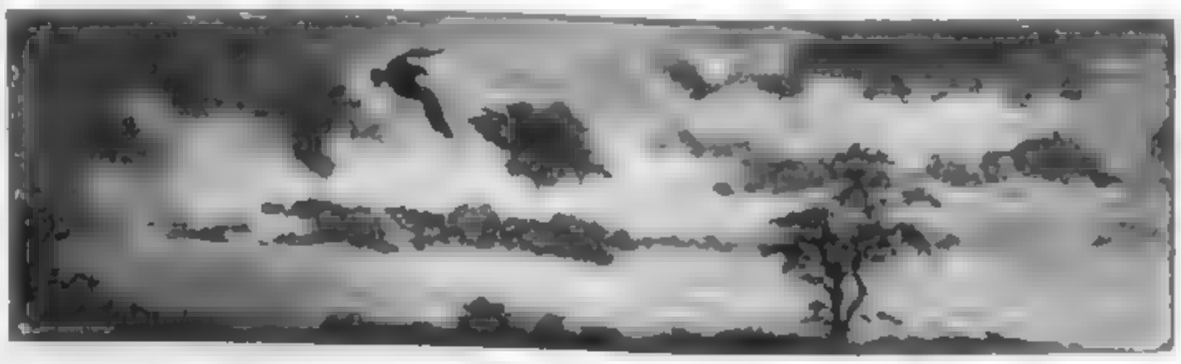
Now, when is that hour going to strike? Well, in Belgium it has already struck. In Northern France, where conditions are more stubborn, the government more slack, the hour may be somewhat postponed. But not for long. In the end the French themselves must work out their own salvation. This last winter, this cold hard spring, the American millions, and even more the American labor and love, were extremely welcome. But now summer is at hand. And with it, peace—one hopes.

So with the warmth of summer, with food, shelter, clothes, the refugees will find themselves on a tiny springboard upon which to pause and catch their breath before they dive off into the dark waters of the unknown.

Not much, is it? But to stick round indefinitely on the bank with life belts and vacuum bottles would be fatal. Nobody would learn to swim!

Then let us name a month. July? By July, at the latest, American benevolence, save for a few rare exceptions, should be out of France. July is the zero hour when the big American societies must go over the top—for home, or lose the very thing they set out to gain.

So much for France. But what about America? What will America do without a country on which to lavish all her love, her labor, her gifts? What about the energetic organizing ladies with the oceans of idle time? Well, there's Serbia. There's Rumania. Begin, ladies! Begin!



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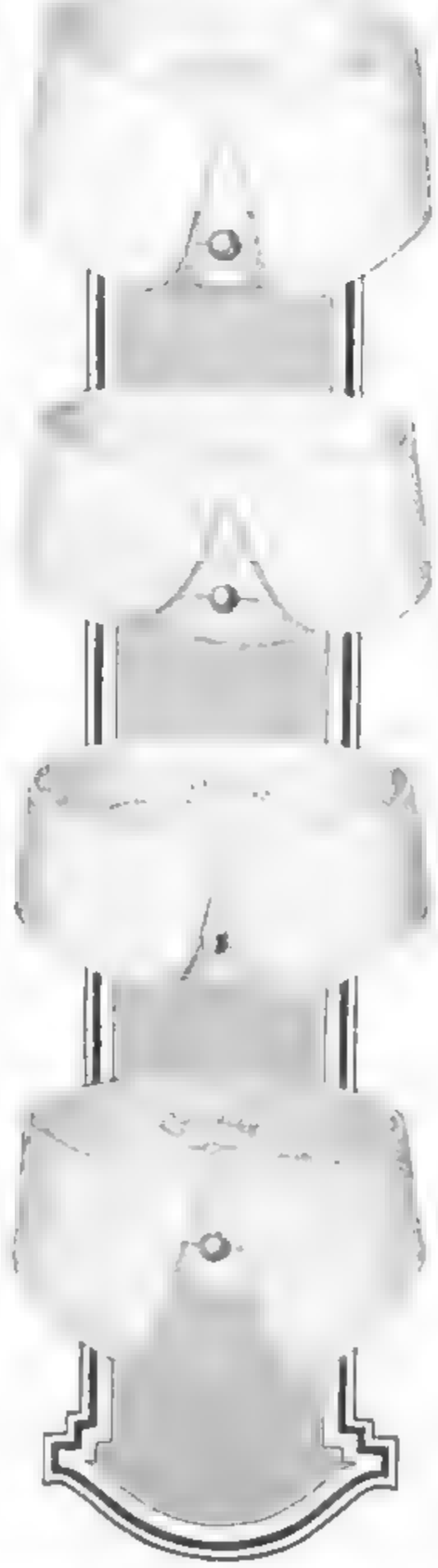

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DU PONT

The Motor of The Most High

By RICHARDSON WRIGHT

"SIR, you may believe me or not," the adjutant exclaimed fervidly, "but I tell you on the word of a gentleman and a soldier, Stevanoff is sober—cold, stone sober!"

The colonel's reply need not be recorded here. He spoke as man to man in the tongue of the barracks.

Scarcely had the words left his lips when the door opened and Stevanoff appeared on the threshold. He was, as the adjutant had so fervidly avowed, without mark, stain, trace or odor of drink. In a distracted fashion he glanced round the mess hall, nodded to the two officers, who had jumped stiffly to their feet, and went out, slamming the door behind him.

"Didn't I tell you?" the adjutant remarked gleefully when the thump of his boots had died down the corridor.

The colonel ruminated for a moment and finally evaded the retort.

"But think how much the Varnik will lose if it's permanent!"

Whereupon he summoned an orderly and demanded vodka for two.

From the officers' mess hall the rumor crept down to the company room where the noncoms were playing drafts, and from the noncoms to the ranks. Ol' Walrus, as they commonly knew Stevanoff, was sober—for the first time in a year since he had taken over that command. And each in his own fashion wondered what it all meant and how the general's reform would be taken at the Varnik, the solitary *café chantant* that made life possible for him in Verkhne Udinsk.

For there may have been worse places in Russia to live than Verkhne Udinsk, but no place worse for a man accustomed to luxury and excitement as Stevanoff had been.

He was ordered from a comfortable Kremlin berth in Moscow, so the rumor ran, for being too ardently attentive to a certain grand duchess. She called him—this also is gossip—"Beet Face" and other delicate epithets. You couldn't blame the young dear—she was still under thirty—for Stevanoff was all she said of him.

An effusive man of the upper forties was Stevanoff, big-bodied, prematurely paunchy, with a red face, a partially bald head, also red, and a sweeping black mustache that drooped round his mouth in the fashion of a walrus' whiskers. In the barracks he was known as a strict disciplinarian, and among his fellow officers as a gentlemanly gambler, a valiant soldier, a companionable and consistent tippler; in fact, all that a general of His Imperial Majesty's Army should be. This repute, however, did not prevent his transfer, once the young lady put down her foot, and the command at Verkhne Udinsk being vacant he was ordered there.

From the first he made no effort to acclimatize himself to the rigors of his new Siberian post. He straightway sought out the Varnik and nightly enjoyed its hospitality. For this no one should judge him too harshly, seeing that Verkhne Udinsk is the sort of place it is.

It lies on the Trans-Siberian Railway at the juncture of two rivers, and suffered from the fact that the government once planned a branch line to run south from this point across the Gobi Desert to Peking—and then never did anything about it. Railway miscarriages are invariably fatal to a town. For a few years Verkhne Udinsk lived on roseate dreams and then languished back to her former desuetude. Commercially it had value. The Peking-Gobi Desert caravan route terminated there—as it does to this day. Huge caravans lumbered into town with cargoes of tea and China silks, and lumbered southward with vodka and tobacco and other goods needed by man. As the Mongolian frontier was only a short distance away and Japan was rumored to be casting lustful eyes on Manchuria, Russia kept a big Cossack garrison in barracks, ready for eventualities. So it happened that the town was inhabited—in these giddy days of the late nineties—by few people such as a genial commander, fresh from the social whirl of Moscow, would care to associate with.

The interest of the town stretched along a straight, wide, cobbled main street. There stood the better-class residences, the churches, the shops, the theater, the Buddhist lamasery, the caravan compounds, the administration and military offices—and the Varnik, a two-story brick-and-stucco building with an irrational German nouveau-art façade.

Despite its architecture the Varnik was a jolly little place, with the lurid atmosphere you read of Frisco's having in Forty-nine. The fun there started at midnight. When the theater and the gaming rooms closed down everybody worth while crowded into the one long restaurant. The tables were bright with the uniforms of the garrison and women in smart costumes. At the farther end was a small stage on which a score of maidens in a minimum of skirt and a maximum of smile nightly went through fatuous double shuffles and fancy dances to the tune of La Petite Tonkinoise and other popular airs of the epoch.

Regularly as midnight Stevanoff, arrayed in his best uniform, his breast resplendent with medals, left the gaming rooms upstairs and took his place at a table in the corner farthest from the stage. He shared none of the revelries and sedulously avoided the habitués. Immediately on his appearance the waiter brought a bottle of soda water. This he consumed wholly. Then a carafe of vodka with caviar. Next, cold sterelet and a pint of Caucasian claret, followed by pheasant and a quart of champagne. Between courses he smoked two cigarettes. After the game the waiter brought a tray of assorted pastry and Stevanoff would eat the entire contents irrespective of size or number. Finally coffee, and after coffee a fresh bottle of Benedictine.

With the Benedictine the waiter brought a straw, and thereupon followed a pleasant little scene. Stevanoff would grasp the straw in his fist and, leaning back, squint his eye and endeavor to see through it. If he could not see through he broke it in pieces and demanded another. Some nights he broke a dozen or more before he found one that pleased him.

Usually he drank most of the Benedictine, but when he felt that even this was excess he poured the remainder on the anæmic fern that stood on the table, and loudly demanded cigars. The cigars were the signal for departure. At that point his orderly entered, took him by the arm and led him from the restaurant.

Stevanoff had been doing this almost every night in the week—save Sundays—and for every week in over a year. Consequently, when he appeared this evening sober—cold, stone sober—the mess was thrown into unprintable exclamations.

"If he's given it up for good," the adjutant remarked as the orderly set the vodka before him, "I guess the fur'll begin to fly."

"Looks to me like a reign of terror," murmured the colonel; "night maneuvers and forced marches and all that sort of thing."

But back in his office Stevanoff was contemplating no such departures. He sat at his desk, his work tunic unbuttoned, reading over and over again two important documents. The first was a letter, the second a decoded message just received from the military governor of the district.

The letter was from Karatkoff, the tea magnate of Verkhne Udinsk, and ran as follows:

My dear Stevanoff: It has occasioned me no little surprise that you have not as yet met the obligation incurred the other night. Surely a small matter of five thousand rubles should not be embarrassing to a man of your position and means. I cannot quite grasp the reason for your failing to settle this account.

The other, the telegram, read this wise:

Am sending via train to-day one military motor car H. I. M. Siberian Motor Transport, to be tried on caravan route to Urga for dispatching supplies. Results from your experiments will determine wisdom of introducing motor vehicles on this route. Try at earliest convenience and report. RADION.

When he had read these messages over several times he remarked audibly and with some relief: "Well, the one will doubtless solve the other."

And having reached this conclusion he went to the clothes press, changed his mussed office tunic for a full-dress coat, straightened the three lines of decorations on the breast and, slinging his cloak about him, went out.

II

IT WAS a mild night in late May. Stars powdered the sky and made the roadway plain. Stevanoff strolled up the main street until he reached a large white building encircled by a high wall. The dragon-gargoyled gate was locked, but a smart rap brought a sleepy slant-eyed face to the wicket.

"I am General Stevanoff," he announced gruffly. "I wish to see the father abbot."

At the mention of his name the gate swung back noiselessly and he was ushered along a covered passage to the building.

This was not the first time he had visited the Buddhist lamasery, but he had never come there at night. The strange doors and walls, the faint odor of stale incense and the far-away pom-pom of a prayer drum cast a sinister chill over him as he strode on his way to the reception hall.

Here he waited a long time while the porter roused the father abbot. But the wait was not in vain; when he entered the abbot's room his eye was caught by a long low bench loaded with fruit and platters of sheep's tail and *boba*, the flat Mongolian biscuits, and strange vessels for tea, and in the midst a nickel lamp. Above the table hung a veil of incense that drifted from the cluster of joss sticks burning before the golden pot-bellied Buddha against the farther wall.

The abbot, an old man with a shaven head and a face like wrinkled parchment, bowed low at his approach, apologizing abjectly for offering such poor hospitality to so honored a guest.

Stevanoff clicked his spurs noisily and, gathering his great jeweled sword up into his lap, squatted on the floor in the native fashion across from the old man. Strange vis-à-vis these—Stevanoff, the gourmand and man of the world, garish in his crimson Cossack coat with its decorations and gleaming cartridges athwart the breast; the old abbot, ascetic, thin-lipped and wrapped round with the yellow-and-blue pelisse of his degree.

When the dishes had been passed and the tea poured they drank each other's health and made long felicitous speeches in the flowery language of Celestial diplomacy.

"And now I would drink to the health of The Most High, Gigin, The Living God!" Stevanoff raised his tea bowl.

"*O mani padhimon!*" the abbot whispered reverently between his teeth. "O thou jewel in the lotus flower, hail!"

"They tell me that you are fresh come from Urga, father abbot. I trust the health of The Most High is perfect?"

"Perfect, Your Excellency." The abbot bowed.

"And that his wives are many and beautiful?"

"More numerous than the sands of the Gobi, Your Excellency, and more beautiful to look upon than young willows beside still water."

"And that his wisdom increases day by day?"

"He is more learned than any man, Your Excellency."

"And that his palace lacks for nothing beautiful and wonderful that men make in all lands?"

"The Most High possesses all things that are beautiful and wonder-working, Your Excellency, though, perchance ——"

There the abbot halted, for he was a man ripe in wisdom, and having dwelt among Russians for forty years and more he read their purposes before they spoke.

"Perchance there may be one or two he lacks," Stevanoff filled in.

The abbot nodded, looking past the general to where the gilded Buddha against the farther wall sat sublime and serene above the smoldering joss sticks.

"It is of such a thing I have come to speak," Stevanoff said, clearing his throat. The abbot shifted to an easier position on his pillows and waited attentively. "I have recently acquired," Stevanoff continued, "a chariot like unto none that men have seen in these regions. It moves without horses and glides with greater speed than the fleetest pony. The steep hills, the rough way, the cold, the heat, the sweeping sand storms—nothing defies it. Does the father abbot know if The Most High possesses such a chariot?"

"The humble servant of The Most High is fresh returned from the palace at Urga, and there is no such chariot."

Stevanoff cleared his throat again and leaned forward.

"I have been told that The Most High, blessed with illimitable riches, often purchases such rare and wonder-working machines."

A faint sardonic smile flitted across the abbot's sallow, uncommunicative face.

"Your Excellency speaks the truth."

"Of course you understand, father abbot," Stevanoff whispered, "were I a rich man I would consider it an honor to present this chariot to The Most High. But I am only a soldier, a poor ——"

The abbot stilled him with a gesture.

"If Your Excellency is so generally moved as to permit The Most High to purchase such a chariot, I am sure ——"

And the rest was expressed by another gesture.

"And would he condescend, do you believe, to trade for such a chariot so small a sum from his infinite riches as—say—twenty thousand rubles?"

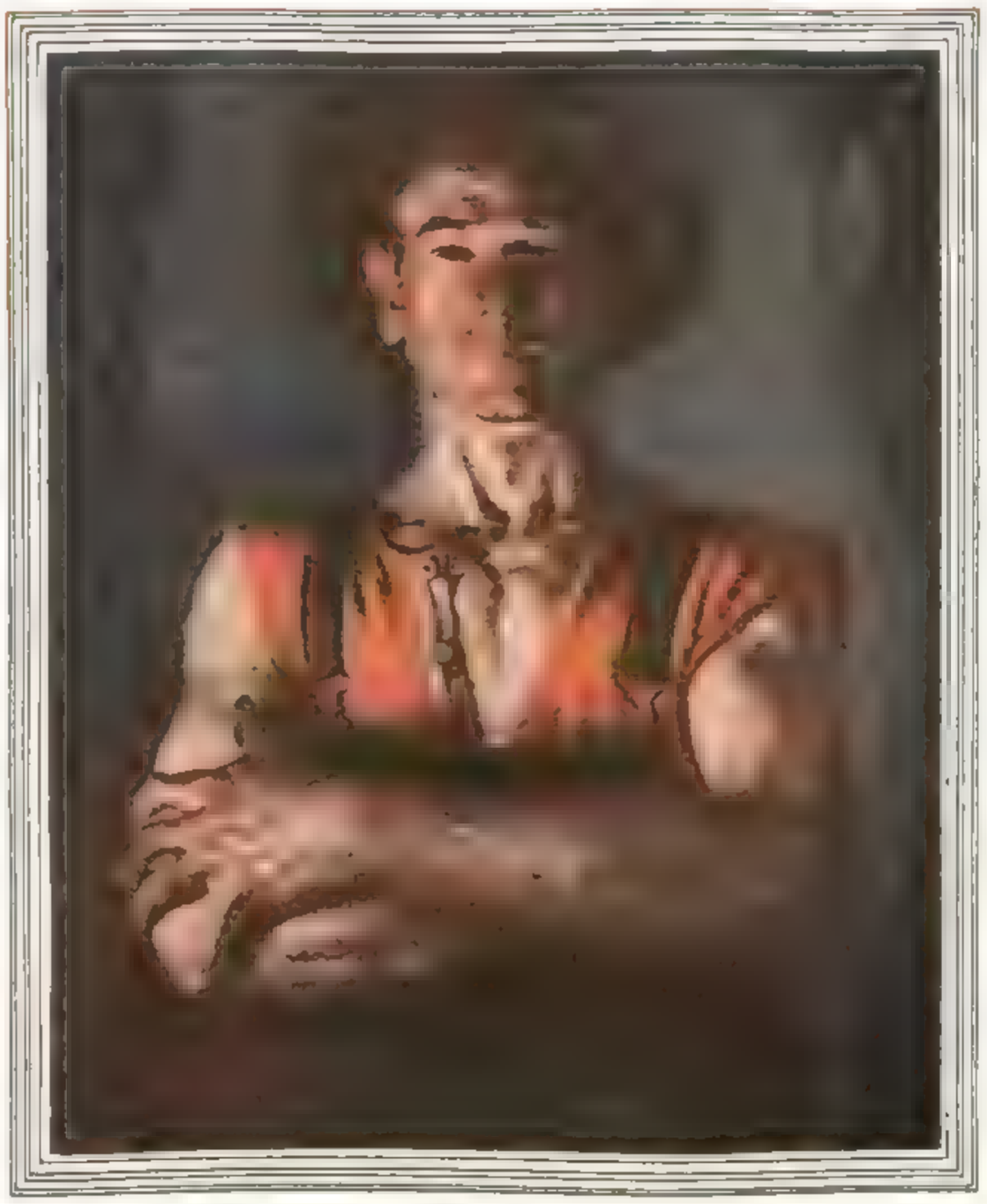
For a moment the abbot remained in contemplation. Then he shrugged.

"The sum is very small, Your Excellency. When I have seen the chariot and reported its wonders to The Most High I am sure ——"

He gestured again.

(Continued on Page 78)

"ARE MEN SQUARE?"



WE have expressed our belief in the square deal, as an immediate solution of our industrial problem—a square deal in which management serves both capital and labor.

From all sides come two questions.

First: are men square—is the square deal a workable proposition?

And *Second* (from the skeptics): how do you explain the unfairness that has marked so many disputes?

* * *

MEN ARE SQUARE. This is not faith with us. It is knowledge—knowledge gained from day to day contact—knowledge gained from the experience of hundreds—knowledge that is common to every employer and to every workman who has gotten below the surface of things—who has come to know men as men—as living, pulsing beings, all moved by the same human emotions.

Men are square—make no mistake of that.

* * *

AND TO THE OTHER question? To the skeptics.

There is no easy path to understanding.

The world has just gone through its agony to finally know that greed and might cannot prevail.

In industry we have gone through our bitterness and today are commencing to understand.

Today we know that justice—right—is the most practical business principle.

There is a compelling motive drawing together the capital and labor of every business institution. It is the desire to promote and protect the institution from which each draws its livelihood. And each commences to recognize the right of the other to a fair division.

Is this too radical a statement in this day of our awakening?

* * *

AT HYDRAULIC we are earnestly seeking to apply these principles. We have made mistakes, but we learn daily and each of these articles that we have published brings us helpful comment.

This is the sixth of a series of articles in this publication. The next will appear on July 12th. Reprints of former articles will be sent on request.

THE HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 76)

"Should that be the pleasure of The Most High," Stevanoff said smilingly, "and should you permit me, father abbot, I should be honored to present to this lamasery a substantial sum in recognition of your worthy endeavors for the public good in Verkhne Udinsk."

Which was a bare-faced lie, and Stevanoff knew it. The Buddhist lamasery had never lifted a finger for the public good in Verkhne Udinsk.

"A thousand rubles?" suggested Stevanoff.

"That would be the height of generosity, Your Excellency."

"And to-morrow afternoon when the chariot arrives," Stevanoff continued, "I shall be glad to welcome you, father abbot, with the other honored gentlemen to an inspection."

"The servant of The Most High is moved by such a privilege."

A moment later Stevanoff was being conducted back through the covered passage and out the gate to where the blue and diamond-sprinkled skies made light the road.

As he walked back to the barracks through the dark and sleeping town his thoughts ran southward across the sandy reaches of the Gobi to the strange city of Urga, the city of ten thousand monks, where high in his palace, amid splendors unbelievable, dwelt Gigin, The Living God, Grand Lama of the Tibetan faith in Mongolia. None but true believers had ever looked upon Gigin and lived. Stevanoff recalled how once, on a visit to Urga, he had been conducted through the lamasery and held conference with The Most High through a thick arras in a palace doorway.

No one knew how rich Gigin was. His income from the shrines alone was said to be half a million rubles yearly, and he extracted a tithe from every believer to keep the palace in a fashion befitting The Most High. Here were rare works in jade and silk, intricate carvings, walls covered with Tibetan lacquers. Behind these glorious ramparts The Most High dwelt with seven hundred wives, the youngest and most beautiful maidens of his faith, sent to be honored with his dalliance by devout believers from all parts of the kingdom—from the Kalmucks on the Volga in far-away Russia, from lordly Manchus, from rich Booriats and the wild tribesmen of Tibet.

When he wearied of beautiful things and dalliance Gigin would withdraw apart into another palace where were preserved examples of all the wonder-working machines of the world—a printing press, a music box, a sewing machine, an assortment of modern locks, a reaper and binder, numberless Swiss watches with works that struck chimes and hands that danced, a piano in a gilt case—gift from the Czar—various French clocks of intricate design, numerous buggies, traps and jaunting carts, German picture post cards and a hurdy-gurdy fitted with tunes from a long-dead Bohemia. Whatever was new came eventually to Gigin's palace, either by gift or purchase. There they were stored, room after room of them, without regard for purpose or design. And thither The Most High would retire with a learned monk and set the machines to working one by one.

"Not a bad life!" Stevanoff commented to himself as he turned into the barracks gate. "No unbeliever ever sees him, and those who see never tell!"

III

THE arrival of the big gray automobile—the first of His Imperial Majesty's Siberian Motor Transport—roused a storm of excitement in Verkhne Udinsk. The natives knew not how to regard it, and for a day or so the joss sticks at the Buddhist lamasery, under direction of the father abbot, burned furiously.

The local dignitaries who had heard rumors of these wonder-working machines flocked to the barracks yard. But to Stevanoff it was an old story, for he had used motor cars in his command at Moscow. However, he made a great show of amazement at its powers and was diligent in studying its mysteries.

After the first week he gave Verkhne Udinsk another surprise by running the car unattended round the town. He also learned to take it apart and put it together again. When they asked him why he didn't let the government expert do the work he replied that no commander should order his men to do what he himself could not; moreover, that he intended to drive the car himself to Urga. This made a deep impression on the native mind and his reputation soared.

Finally, when he had mastered every detail of the machinery and studied every inch of the Urga caravan charts, he had the car loaded with supplies, issued a fur-lined *shuba* to Ivan, the mechanician, and announced that the car would start the next morning at ten.

Late that night while he was in his office the colonel entered. He seemed excited and worried.

"Aren't you taking a guard?" he asked.

Stevanoff shrugged. "There is only room for two. If I take a guard they will have to ride outside on horses, and we should outdistance them. Remember, colonel, this is not alone a test for endurance but for speed as well."

"I feel, however, that it is unwise, sir."

Stevanoff raised his eyebrows.

"The intelligence department reported a few minutes ago that shortly after dusk this evening Ki Lin, chief of the Hoong Hoo brigands, was seen to enter the lamasery. He was there for half an hour, and when he came out he left town, riding southward."

"So that's it!"

"I suspect that Ki Lin and the father abbot have fixed up a little arrangement between themselves." The colonel drew closer. "Of course I know that the father abbot has a great reputation for holiness, but, my dear Stevanoff, I do not trust him."

"But if Ki Lin does attack the car and capture it," Stevanoff argued, "what good will it be to him? He can't run it."

"No, but he can hold it and you for ransom—and then divide the ransom with the father abbot."

The general rubbed his hand wearily over his brow. Was the father abbot going to outwit him? And outwit Gigin as well? Suddenly he looked up.

"Colonel, I am a soldier of twenty-five years' experience in every part of His Majesty's Empire. My record is without stain. It has never been said of Stevanoff that he feared anyone or anything. I assure you, I shall go through with this journey as planned, with only one companion. The dangers are not so great nor the discomforts so many as you imagine. The car is capable of greater speed than the fleetest horse, and I have elected to run it myself without guard, because once the precedent for a safe journey is set we can introduce motor transports on the Urga route without fear of failure or attack. After this trip the natives will be accustomed to seeing them. As for Ki Lin—pooh! I've fought the likes of that scoundrel in a dozen corners of the empire!"

The colonel retired apologetically and went to the mess room, where he made remarks about headstrong old fools.

The next morning the assembled garrison cheered the big gray car out the barracks yard. Stevanoff was at the wheel, with Ivan sitting stiffly at his side. Tins of gasoline and water and provision boxes filled the back of the car, with a tarpaulin thrown over them and lashed to the sides.

At Kiahkta on the frontier they put up the car for the night. Stevanoff went to sleep with the faint rumble of Booriat prayer drums in his ears and awoke when the first temple bells were tinkling out through the morning mist. If all went well they could make Muktui in two days and Urga in a day and a night after that. Meanwhile the car was running without halt or accident, and they changed seats and did their shifts as though it were an everyday job.

From Kiahkta southward the desert began to pall on Stevanoff—the solitary, limitless, remorseless, shadowless, unsheltered reaches of sun-baked sand with never a sign of a green growing thing and only an occasional glimpse of a caravan creeping along the horizon or a Buddhist *obo* by the track side where the faithful had piled stones and hung prayer streamers for a safe journey and escape from brigands. His companion, too, was wearying. A doleful fellow, this Ivan, a browbeaten-looking creature with a doglike, nonirritant sense of fidelity. By the time they neared Muktui, Stevanoff secretly began to regret the venture. Perhaps he should have detailed a younger man. Then he would think of those five thousand rubles Karatkoff was dunning him for, and rouse himself into action. Besides, it was at Muktui he had planned to relieve Ivan of further responsibilities by the simple expedient of getting him intoxicated and leaving him behind.

It was late when the car swayed into the mud-walled compound of Muktui's solitary inn. Mo San, the beetle-browed proprietor, came out to meet them, bearing lights. He examined the car with the intimate scrutiny of an expert, for it did indeed look very strange with its coating of dust; and the two men who blinked at him through grimy goggles were stranger still.

As he stepped down Ivan said he thought he'd not go to bed, because the car ought to be overhauled before they started the last leg of the journey. Stevanoff protested, and for a time the argument ran back and forth. Finally the general was prevailed upon to go indoors. And there Mo San, who had heard of Stevanoff's titanic thirst, spread before him a feast of much vodka and bamboo sprouts and sea slugs and a magnum of champagne.

Now it was a long time since Stevanoff had looked on the wine when it was amber. The first taste made him urbane and exuberant. The second gave such contentment that he forgot Ivan and the car and the trail ahead. When he finished the bottle he called for more, and with the second magnum he called for companions—bade Mo San rouse the other guests to come in and drink with him.

Mo San said it was out of the question.

"Get 'em up!" shouted Stevanoff, pounding the table.

Again Mo San protested. Again Stevanoff insisted.

Fearing trouble Mo San made an emphatic gesture to silence him. It was an unwise move. Stevanoff leaped to his feet, striking out violently right and left. The slant-eyed publican reached to defend himself. He seized the platter of sea slugs and smote the gallant general across the forehead. The blow drew blood and stretched him full length on the floor.

Wondering at the noise Ivan rushed in. At that moment Mo San was leaning over the general, extracting a watch. With a sharp blow from behind Ivan stretched Mo San out on the matting beside the general, where he lay very still.

For a moment Ivan did not know what to do. The sight of his commanding officer lying unconscious on the floor greatly perturbed him and welled up streams of compassion. He contemplated the scene—the table with the upturned bottles, the broken dishes and the two men on the floor. And suddenly a great light was vouchsafed him.

He picked Stevanoff up in his arms, carried him out to the car, threw him on top of the boxes and slung the tarpaulin over him. At least his general's condition was covered from vulgar eyes. Then he hastily started the machine and fled the town.

IV

ON ALL sides the air was cool and gray. Stars shone down wanly on the caravan path. Creeping ahead with insistent speed went Car Number One of His Imperial Majesty's Siberian Motor Transport, a dust cloud floating off its back wheels like spume in the wake of kicking screws. The persistent rhythmic chugging of the motor broke the silence—that and the swish of the sand as the wheels cut it. To the eastward never a sign of day save a faint rosy haze that danced along the horizon. The west was still blanketed in purple.

Dimly in the mauve wraiths of the west, almost lost on the horizon, a dot moved along. It gradually grew larger and focused itself into the contour of men on horseback. After a time it broke, part going one direction, the other coming directly toward the car.

Ivan's eyes, fixed on the path ahead, did not see the riders or the way they were fanning out before and behind.

A sudden shout, and through a cloud of dust men came riding. He glanced round.

"Mother of Kazan!"

More speed. The car shot ahead, its wheels throwing up sheets of sand to right and left. He glanced round again. The riders were far behind. He bent low over the wheel.

In front, far ahead on the trail, another dust cloud rose. It came closer. A rifle spoke. Ivan glanced up. The bullet had snipped off a splinter from the seat.

"Kazan!"

Could he ride through them? No, they blocked the trail. Another shot. It buried itself in the box above his head. He threw on his brakes. The car skidded along the sand and came to a standstill. He'd have to fight now.

He drew his revolver. A third shot. With a spasmodic leap he pitched forward from his seat and over the running board into the sand.

Slowly they gathered round the car—eight of them—fierce-looking pig-tailed Mongols on shaggy little fleet-footed ponies. Over each pommel rested a modern Krag, gift of a beneficent German Government that dreamed of a Teutonic empire at Russia's eastern door. For a time they conferred in whispers among themselves. Then the leader advanced cautiously and came to where Ivan lay. He prodded him with his foot. No movement. The others drew closer, so close that they could reach out and feel the car with their hands.

Some dismounted and squatting down examined the wheels. One bold fellow crept under the car and felt of the steering gear.

At this moment Stevanoff, refreshed from his midnight activities, stirred beneath the tarpaulin and sat up.

"Ah! The dawn! A beautiful day, Ivan. I guess——"

At the sight of him a wild yell of derisive laughter went up. Stevanoff was an odd sight with his beety face and drooped mustache and swollen eye and the great gash across the forehead where Mo San had smitten him with the platter of sea slugs.

He looked round cautiously. Brigands on all sides. The view sobered him. He blinked, nodded solemnly and sat very straight. From the group one finally detached himself and came forward. Stevanoff recognized him.

"A good day to you, Ki Lin!"

The brigand chief did not reply.

"May I ask what you are doing here? I suppose you know this is His Imperial Majesty's Motor Transport."

"It is worth twenty thousand rubles," Ki Lin replied slowly in his best Russian.

"What is that to you? I advise——"

Suddenly Stevanoff realized that Ivan had not spoken.

"Where's my man?"

The crowd laughed and pointed at their feet. Stevanoff jumped up and looked to where Ivan lay, his head resting on a dark reddish patch of sand.

"Poor devil!" he muttered.

Then he slowly unbuckled the belt of his revolver and flung it to the crowd. Ki Lin picked it up and adjusted it about his waist, beckoning to the general to come down. Stevanoff reluctantly obeyed.

"See here, Ki Lin," he remonstrated as he reached the ground. "You've killed my man, and you've stopped

(Concluded on Page 81)

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AT Cleveland, Ohio, in official test before an Allied commission, the first Liberty motor ran fifty hours without a change of spark plugs.

That motor was AC-equipped.

Not one of the French, English or Italian engineers who witnessed this performance had before seen a high-powered airplane engine operate fifty hours with a single set of spark plugs.

Eighty to ninety of the best European spark plugs were commonly required for a fifty-hour test.

When the United States began her gigantic aircraft program, Washington cabled Paris for advice on spark plugs.

Paris answered: "It requires eighty to ninety of the best airplane plugs we can produce to run an aviation engine fifty hours. What have you?"

Then came the battleplane test, mentioned above, where all spark plugs were given the opportunity to qualify, and Washington cabled Paris "The best is AC."

So it was that AC Spark Plugs were selected for standard equipment on all Liberty and Hispano-Suiza airplane motors.

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AC Spark Plugs have always been first to meet the big engineering emergency, just as they met the airplane crisis.

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Champion Ignition Company
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U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915 U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, February 13, 1917.
Other Patents Pending

The Standard Spark Plug of America

Spark Plugs

(Concluded from Page 78)

His Imperial Majesty's devil wagon. Now what do you purpose doing?"

"We are going to make you run the devil wagon where we tell you," Ki Lin replied. "After that I do not know."

Stevanoff shrugged.

"Do you think for one moment that His Majesty will tolerate this? He can send a million troopers down here and wipe you off the face of the earth."

He shook his fist in Ki Lin's face. Ki Lin grinned. It looked hopeless. And yet it was for getting out of just such tight places that Stevanoff wore those three lines of decorations on his dress tunic. But had he ever been in such a tight squeeze as this? Rapidly he searched his memory for a solution.

He had already disarmed himself. That is always the first move—when surrounded, feign submission. There was still the car. He alone knew how to run it. While the brakes were on all the strength of their combined horses couldn't budge it an inch—and they wouldn't have sense enough to loosen the brakes.

"All right. I'll go with you," he concluded, wagging his head submissively. "But you'll have to help me start. Here, bring me your horses."

They brought their horses as he directed and he tied four on each side of the running board, each horse separately, each rigged so that it could pull. Then he placed the men at the back and showed them how to get a toe hold in the sand and put their shoulders to the push. To Ki Lin he gave the place of honor beside him on the front seat and told him to strike the horses at the signal.

When all were in position he walked round the car and inspected them, moving one man slightly, now another, tightening a belly band on this horse and on that. Then he climbed to his seat and threw off the brakes.

"All together—hep!"

As the car crept slowly forward and Ki Lin lashed up his ponies Stevanoff advanced the spark. A sudden bark, like the fire of a cannon, sent the men at the back reeling away and threw the horses into confusion.

He stopped the car and jumped down. The brigands surrounded him threateningly. It was nothing, he convinced them, and finally got them into position once more, and once more inspected them.

"Now when I say 'Hep,' Ki Lin," he explained, "you lash the horses, and you men push."

Ki Lin, stiff with importance on the dashboard, held the whip ready. The chattering at the back ceased. Stevanoff made a great business of throwing off the brakes.

"Now! One—two—hep!"

The car began to move. The horses strained on their ropes and pulled furiously as Ki Lin lashed them. The men shouted. Stevanoff shot the motor into another gear. The car leaped forward. With one kick from his heavy boot he sent Ki Lin vaulting headfirst over the horses into the sand. Now the car was speeding faster than the horses could run. He whipped out a knife and cut the traces one by one, advancing the spark between each release with such an explosion that the pony darted for the horizon at top speed.

A spatter of bullets in the boxes made him glance behind. He chuckled. The fools wouldn't dream of shooting at the tires! Far back through the drifting sand came howls and the crack of rifles. They grew fainter and more faint until finally they were lost altogether in the persistent rhythmic chugging of the machinery and the swish of the sand as the wheels cut it.

V

THE Urga lamasery, Stevanoff remembered, was on a hill outside the city, but where the back road to it began he knew not. Still, he must get the car into the grounds without being seen. Therefore he was thankful as the night came down.

But with it came fatigue, aching fatigue. Only the anticipation of the work ahead kept him awake. He steered by chance in the direction he thought the hill would be.

His instinct was right. Shortly before midnight the big gray car took an uphill grade, crept along the shadow of a high wall and halted before a tower gate. There was no sound. He heard no orders given. But scarcely had the car stopped when the gate swung back and a keeper with a lantern beckoned him in.

Stevanoff steered after the light, up a narrow roadway between low temple buildings. Through their opened doors he could see clustered joss sticks smoldering before gilded images. The air was fragrant with their incense. Still no one was in sight save the keeper with the lighted lantern, and no other lights save his and the joss sticks.

In and out the road wound tortuously, and the car crept along it with scarcely a sound. To Stevanoff the journey seemed hours long as he strained ahead through the dark. Finally the man with the lantern halted. Before him through the night loomed a building—a strange affair of sweeping gilded roofs interminably high. The keeper beckoned him down. Stevanoff put on the brakes and descended.

As he followed the lantern up a long flight of stone steps a door pushed back and a lama with a lantern appeared. He was an old man, stoop-shouldered. Through the door Stevanoff caught a glimpse of a long dim corridor with gilded walls and strange images on either side. A veil of incense hung languidly over them. He removed his cap and stepped inside. The door behind him closed.

For a moment he wished he had worn his full-dress uniform. He made a sorry sight in his old dirty tunic and greasy hands. Besides, he was sure eyes were watching him through those walls. Once he thought he heard the smothered laughter of women.

At the end of the corridor the lama halted and set down his lantern. Stevanoff seemed to remember that door. It had dragons carved in ivory round the lintels. A thick curtain closed in the view beyond. Surely, this was the same door through which he had held converse with Gigin twenty years ago! But he did not recall that corridor. Perhaps he had come another way.

It occurred to him of a sudden that he might have let himself into a trap. He was unarmed, and in such a maze of secret passages no man would have a chance. What if Gigin expected Ki Lin? What if he expected a lama from Verkhne Udinsk to deliver the car? It was just as well that he was dressed as he was.

At that moment feet pattered on the other side of the curtain. A throat cleared.

"One who comes from The Most High speaks," a voice said in a low singsong, half-Mongol, half-Russian dialect. "Do you come with the wagon that moves without horses?"

"I come," replied Stevanoff soberly, "with a wagon like unto none that men have seen in these regions. It moves without horses and glides with greater speed than the fleetest pony. The steep hills, the cold, the heat, the sweeping sand storms—nothing defies it."

An exclamation in a tongue unknown to him replied. He stiffened and waited. There came a rustle. Then a hand pulled aside the curtain. It held a wallet of golden leather embossed with dragons.

"Thy reward is within," said the voice. "Go in peace."

Stevanoff did not reply. Should he thank him? Should he —

A hand touched his arm. It was the old lama with the lantern, beckoning him to follow. A moment later he was walking noiselessly down the roadway he had come and out the gate. The great doors swung together behind him.

His first impulse was to count the money. His fingers feverishly slipped out the bills. Yes, twenty! Twenty one-thousand-ruble notes!

A sense of greedy satisfaction pulsed through him as he pushed the wallet into his inside tunic pocket. There, he had accomplished that! Now he would head for the Russian consulate.

The rest of the night's work would be easy. He had made up a plausible tale for the consul, and there was no track that he had left uncovered.

Several miles below the lamasery, he knew, the city began. If he followed the line of the wall he would eventually come to it. He started picking his way down the shadow. The night was very dark. There were no stars to guide him. He could scarcely see an arm's length ahead. As he tramped the sand began to grow heavy to his feet.

At the corner of the wall he halted. Not a light shone. Had he lost the way? No, the city lay straight ahead. And leaving the shadow of the wall he went out straight into the desert.

He knew not how far he had walked, nor how long. Only this he knew—he was utterly tired. He swayed in his tracks. His legs began to weaken beneath him. Could he keep going until he reached the consulate? He bent forward and forced his legs to move.

Oh, so completely exhausted! So he swayed, stumbled, staggered a few steps, then fell over.

Early the next morning the Russian consul at Urga, growing apprehensive of Stevanoff's safety, sent out a search party back along the trail toward Muktui.

Several miles outside the city, on a drift of sand, they found the gallant general. There was a deep gash in his forehead and he had been stripped of his revolver. The sand about the spot was stirred up, showing that he had struggled this far and fallen exhausted.

Three hundred miles or so up the trail they discovered the body of Ivan and the broken-backed form of Ki Lin. There was a bullet through the mechanician's head, and he also had been stripped of arms.

But of the motor car there was no sign; nor had the passing caravans seen it along the way.

Brigands? Yes, they had caught glimpses of what appeared to be brigands riding along the horizon, going northward.

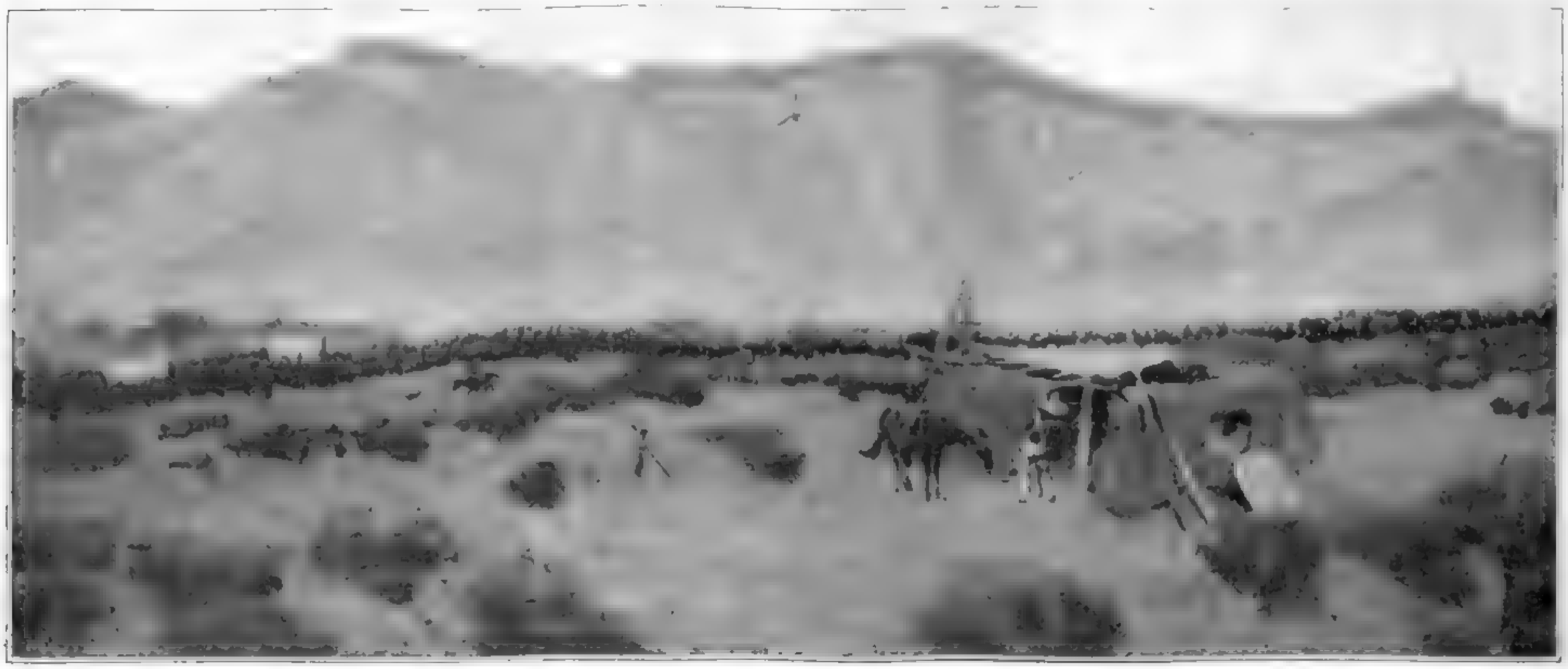
So the story was pieced together while Stevanoff lay asleep and exhausted in the best bed at the Russian consulate. And the story was wired to St. Petersburg, and St. Petersburg made summary demands on Peking, saying that if Peking could not control its brigands His Imperial Majesty's Government would send an army down there and wipe them off the map of Mongolia.

Stevanoff read the telegrams in bed the next day as he ate breakfast. He said that St. Petersburg was right, something ought to be done about it. And something was—several things, in fact. For his gallantry Stevanoff was awarded the Order of Mikhail and All Angels and ordered to return to his Moscow post. A telegram from a certain young grand duchess congratulated him on the honor.

Being a good soldier he obeyed the order without delay, stopping off in Verkhne Udinsk only long enough to collect his effects and say farewell to his old friend Karatkoff. Somehow he felt it unnecessary to call at the local lamasery.

To this day travelers in Verkhne Udinsk are told of the valiant Vladimir Stevanoff, and at the Varnik you can buy a brand of cigarettes named after him, with his picture on the box.

Of the motor car little is known, though legend says that The Most High still rides round the lamasery grounds in a large gray devil wagon drawn by two white sacred bullocks. This of course has never been proved, since no unbeliever ever sees him and those who see never tell.



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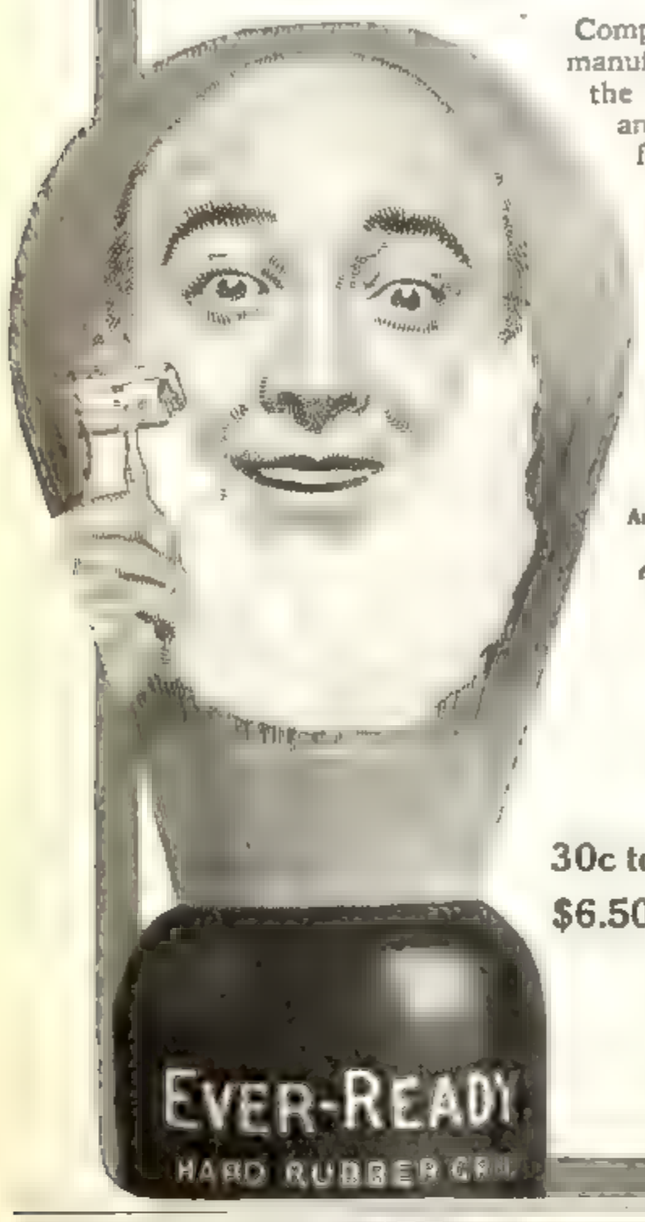

Compare the diagrams—see how some manufacturers conceal wooden plugs in the bristle base of their brushes—and sell you plugs when you pay for bristles.

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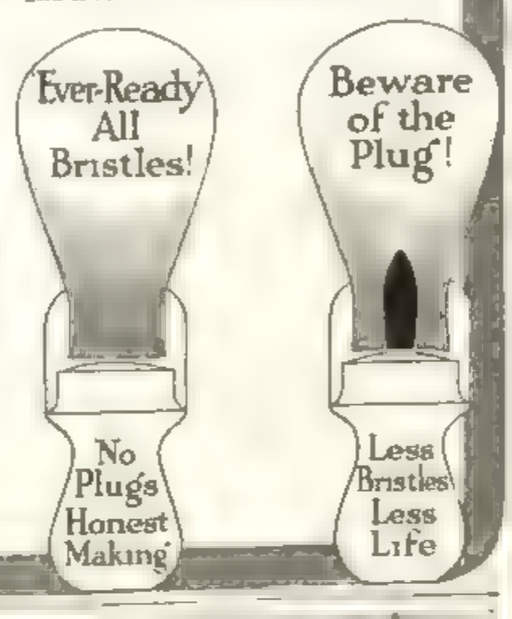

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OLD MEN'S PEACE

(Continued from Page 30)

"Johnny, I wish you wouldn't keep saying you're ugly. Of course you're not—handsome. But I like red hair and I always wished Phil had gray eyes. You keep talking as if you were a chimpanzee or something!"

"You're awful nice to me, Rhoda. How'd it be if I got drunk at one of these parties some night, huh? Then you could bust it off easy an' nobody'd ——"

"I wouldn't have you do a thing like that for anything on earth, John Cody! You've always been a good quiet boy and—you let me manage it!"

"I've been drunk before, Rhoda. I can stand it, but we've got to do something pretty soon. Grandpapa's talking about our gettin' married right after harvest." He had a recurring wild spasm of hope and babbled: "Of course I don't mind this as much ——"

"Oh, I'll think of something, Johnny! Don't you bother!"

But he bothered dreadfully. He had learned the torture of nearness and she was perpetually kind, almost affectionate. His nights were fearful with sleepless stretches when the owls' chorus rapped on his brain. His sweet temper took an edge of brittle suspicion. He was as jealous as though this mask of happiness were real, and he loathed Claude, the heroic lover of ladies; flared up at him one day at the swimming ford when the gay idler was concluding a repetition of his most gaudy passage in the long chronicle of conquests.

"If you ain't the biggest liar alive, Claude, you're a pretty bad egg!"

Claude compared him to several local saints and Johnny answered with reverse comparisons, his muscles stiffening in a desire for battle. The audience interfered, but Johnny was surprised a few days afterward when Claude lounged over to ask a loan.

"I'm thinking of going out West again. This place is so damn tiresome. I don't see how you can stand it."

"I expect it is pretty slow for you. It's all right for preachers and me," said Johnny, clinking a plow chain in his palms and wanting to smash the arched nose with it. Claude was taller and thicker-chested than he. In their infancy Johnny had come off worst in many fights. Claude was, he considered, a poor sort of creature. "Well, come over after dinner an' I'll write you a check."

"I'm much obliged to you," Claude said in a curious tone, as if he suppressed a chuckle, and went away.

The paying teller of the First National spoke to Johnny about this check later, on a corner of the square.

"You're a fool to do that, Johnny. You'll never see it in the world, any more than his mother will all she's spent on him. Even if you have got lots there's no use in chucking it round."

"Well, he says he's goin' West pretty quick. He makes me so sick I'd be glad to get shut of him at the price."

He drove home, changed into his most ragged clothes and ate a dreary midday dinner. The old men had gone to Cleveland in the morning to inspect furniture, chattering so peacefully that he had not found the heart to dissuade them. September had come in, and after harvest the old men would press for the wedding. How Johnny longed for some veering wind of favor that would make Rhoda forgive his face and settle to the peace of the slow unchanging farms! He went to nail loose cribs in the barn and labored noisily to deaden his thoughts, and Mrs. Braley had to thump his shoulder to distract him. The old lady was panting and purple.

"Johnny! Claude's took Rhody off in my buggy and he's got his best clothes on."

"Well, he'd ought to if he's takin' a girl drivin'."

"But that ain't it! He's took all his things out of his room. I tell you they've run off!"

Johnny flung the hammer across the barn floor with an oath.

"Which way'd they go?"

"Over towards Cypress. It's near an hour."

He had a feeling that his veins were hot wires and rushed down the slope in great leaps, crashing through the ripe corn, which choked him with its musky smell, and came upon Phil overseeing an even larger family of young rabbits.

"Where's Rhoda?"

"Rhoda gave me a letter to give you. I was fetchin' it over, but ——"

Johnny tore at the envelope and ripped it across. The jagged sheet quivered and crumpled in his fingers. The note merely said:

"*Dear Johnny:* Claude and I are taking the 3:30 train from Cypress. I want you to tell papa very carefully."

"What time is it, Phil? Oh, answer up! What time is it?"

"Why, I don't know, Johnny," Phil drawled. "I ain't got my watch on."

"Well, don't you say nothin' to nobody! You keep your mouth shut!" Johnny screamed and ran back to the shed, where his motor was lodged.

It had rained the night before and the clay road was deep with ruts. He must drive west and the sun came full in his eyes. The little clock in the foregear said three, and the way to Cypress curved constantly. Above any other pain he dreaded a crash that should halt him. The trees and hedges shot by in a horrible dance. And if he got to Cypress in time would she listen? How long had she loved a man who would steal her with money borrowed from her lover? He saw her in Claude's arms and shook his head frantically to be rid of the picture sliding in the clouds of his mind. He could not let her go to Claude or to a better man. He knew it now. The simmer of a real betrayal had his brain. It appeared that the molten hands of some brass giant were fixed on his throat; and Cypress, a huddle of silly white houses, grew on the cornfields while he agonized, with the smoke of the train whirling up from the farther woods.

Vaguely he recognized the Braley buggy as he swept up to the hitching rails behind the little station, the plumes of some unnoticed hen on his wind shield, and he heard a shout as he jumped through the waiting room. He was in time. Rhoda turned from Claude at the platform edge, raising her veil. Johnny seized her wrists.

"You come home! You ain't goin' off with him, Rhoda, I don't care if you love him or not! You come home!"

"But ——"

"Here," Claude barked, "you let go of her! I'll make you let go!"

Johnny began to drag at her arm pitifully. The cement platform bit his bare soles. He felt the crowd gather, though he could hardly see the locomotive rolling in.

"You get out of this!" Claude was yelling.

"You get out yourself! You're a dirty thief and you ain't fit to marry a cat! You come along home, Rhoda! He ain't ——"

A jar sent his head back and he knew that Claude had struck. Here commenced a murk of sensations. His fists swung of themselves and he heard a woman weeping. One of his elbows met hot metal and something rent his shirt so that the sun flicked his side. The cinders rasped his feet. Suddenly there was a loud intervening voice:

"If anybody's goin' to take this train they better come!"

It was a blue, calm conductor speaking. Claude, his face bleeding, was scrambling up the car steps and Rhoda was pulling Johnny back from the pursuit. Open mouths made a frieze along the train from end to end. Claude turned in the safety of the vestibule to brandish his valise.

"You go to hell, both of you!" he sobbed.

"Oh, please, Johnny, please! Come away! Everybody's looking!"

"All aboard!" cried the conductor, and added: "He ain't much on looks, young woman, but he's mighty husky."

It was clear to Johnny that he was being studied—his shirt in rags—by old women, small boys, a veteran of the Civil War in a brown straw hat, and a dozen dogs. He shook with mortification.

"Oh, come on, Rhoda, don't let's stay here," he gasped and dragged her into flight. His motor went full speed out of Cypress.

"Johnny! Johnny! Not so fast!"

He slowed the car and apologized.

"I'm sorry I was so late, else we could have talked it over quiet—not like that. But Phil was feedin' his rabbits. He forgot to fetch the letter over. Don't cry, Rhoda. I'll—I'll be as good a husband as anybody.

(Concluded on Page 85)

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THIS wonderful genuine sole leather is a happy discovery for mothers of outdoor, romping children.

KORRY-KROME is a mineral tanned leather—the first satisfactory chrome leather ever produced for use as shoe soles. It is made from the best part of carefully selected hides and tanned by a secret process known only to the Howard Tanneries at Corry, Pa.

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" * * New chrome tanning is almost the most important method of light leather dressing, and has also taken a prominent part in the heavy department, more especially in curried leathers and where greater tensile strength is needed. The leather produced is much stronger than any other leather, and will also stand boiling water, whereas vegetable-tanned leather is completely destroyed at 70°C. and alum leather at 50°C."—ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA—Vol. XVI, Page 341.*

KORRY-KROME sole leather is also splendidly adapted to adult wear.

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Ask your shoe dealer for KORRY-KROME Leather Soles on the next shoes you buy for yourself or family. If he doesn't have them, tell him to have them the next time.

Insist on KORRY-KROME when you have your shoes resoled. Not "chrome" but KORRY-KROME. All good repair shops are now resoling with KORRY-KROME and doing more of it every day, because its use means satisfied customers.

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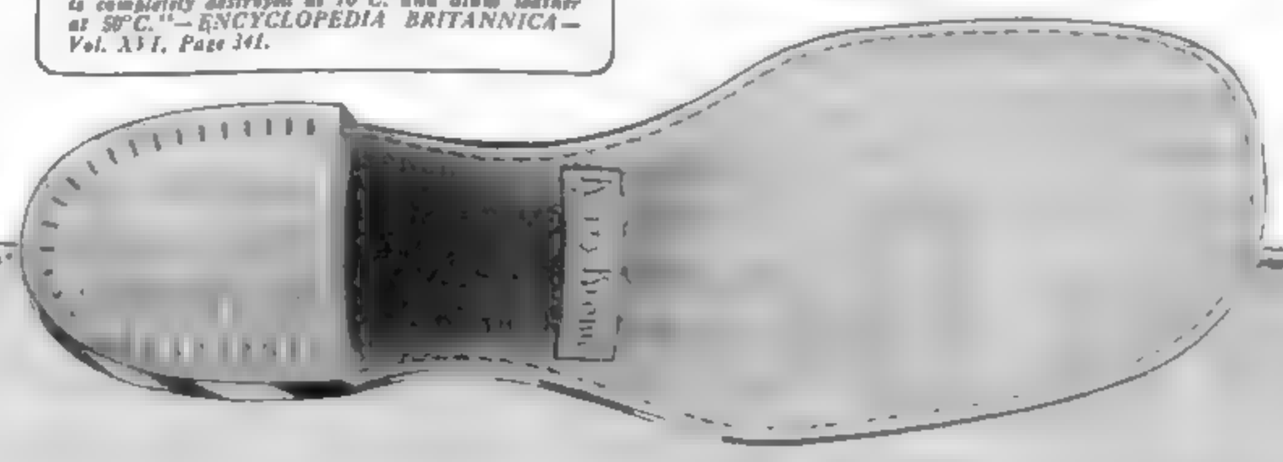

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If *your* grocer doesn't have them, please send us his name.

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Marshalltown, Iowa

Brown Beauty Beans

A NEW FOOD PRODUCT

(Concluded from Page 82)

You wait an' see. I love you. I can't help it. I'm ugly, but I couldn't let you go off with him. He—he's awful! Honest, he is. I can't tell you 'bout him. He just ain't any good. You better marry me. I ain't in love with anybody but you. Course he's handsome an' I ain't."

"Oh, stop talking about being ugly or you'll drive me wild. Stop the car. I've got to pin your shirt up. You aren't fit to be seen!"

"You'll get over carin' for him in a while, Rhoda. Honest, he's no good. If it had been some nice fellow like Bobby Cole or Sid Gruber, why, I wouldn't have acted that way. Only, I love you an' it hurt—it hurt."

Rhoda jabbed him mildly with a pin. She spoke in her brisk friendly voice.

"He walked all over your feet. You oughtn't to go round barefoot. You're too old for things like that. How long have you been in love with me?"

"Oh, I dunno! Ever since I came home from college the first time, I guess. Years anyhow. That was why it was so awful bein' engaged an' not havin' it mean a thing. Please try marryin' me. I'm ugly, but I ain't tough."

"Why didn't you tell me that you liked being engaged?"

"I—I didn't want you bein' sorry for me. You're so awful nice and good-natured. I didn't want you gettin' to think you ought to marry me. That'd of been mean."

"I don't see it would have been any meaner than having me run off with Claude so as to get us out of it!"

A conception of her generosity so amazing staggered Johnny. He gaped, shuffling his feet idiotically.

"But, Rhoda, that was awful nice of you to want me to get off that way. But you'd ought to of let me get drunk at a party, like I said. And you don't love him at all?"

"That? Oh, dear, no! I'd have got off at the next station!"

"Then it don't matter I hurt him, huh? And you'll think it over about marryin' me? Please? The old men'd like it so and ——"

"I'm going to marry you, Johnny. Better drive on."

"That's awful nice of you, Rhoda. I'm mighty grateful." He sighed his thanks timidly.

The plain blossomed into the most wonderful sights. The wind in the corn was music. The car progressed across the peace of the land toward home. He was silent dizzy with delight.

"Oh, I think you're too stupid for words to tell!" she exclaimed. "Of course I knew you were in love with me! Why on earth do you think I sent you that letter with the train time in it? You're a big fool! How could you think I'd marry a thing like Claude when I was engaged to you? Haven't you any sense at all, Johnny Cody?"

The car rambled into a shallow ditch and—fortunately—stayed there. The wind in the corn rose to a symphony of violins.

After a while Rhoda said: "Oh, Johnny, you've got the loveliest ears! It's so nice they don't freckle."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 27)

Octavus Roy Cohen

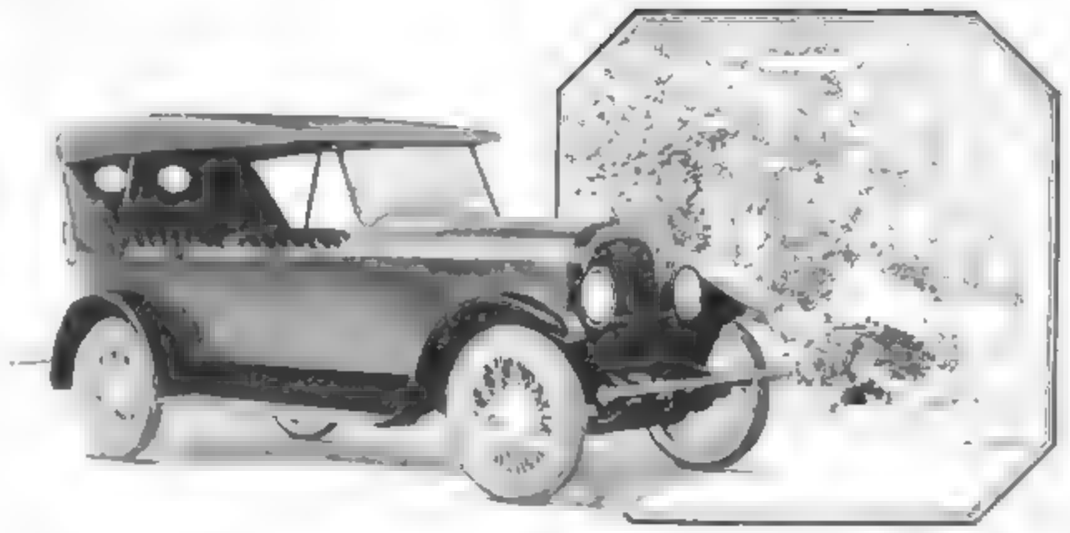
I resigned an engineering career and became a picture salesman: "We enlarge the photo free; you buy the frame."

Eventually I was swept into newspaper work with The Birmingham Ledger and there followed three years of rabid experience which eventually carried me to New York and returned me to the old homestead in Charleston, weak of nerves and strong of nerve. Whereupon I decided to become a lawyer. My father, himself one of them things, stood for it. He had long since known I was hopeless. I became a lawyer. My first retainers were from the towns of Lincolnville and Maryville, S. C., the only two—I believe—negro municipal corporations in the state. My annual retainer was $25 per each, and I have a vague recollection of once levying a special street tax in order to raise that colossal sum.

Becoming convinced that I had not been predestined for a place on the Supreme Bench of the United States, I turned desperately to fiction writing. I kidded a few editors into buying some of my stories, and, in the surge of exaltation and courage ensuing, married Miss Inez Lopez, of Bessemer, Alabama. I sold more stories and emigrated from Charleston to Birmingham, where I have placidly existed since that time.

And here, as a thoroughly domesticated mortal who is the father of the only wild and untamed Octavus Roy Cohen, Junior, in the known world, I plunged into the study of the Southern negro. I studied him via the medium of a million servants whom I would trail to their lairs when they failed to put in appearance at breakfast. I was not signally successful in developing any noticeable degree of constancy on their part and so I started writing about them.

I am hopefully young and hopelessly provincial; fond of my work and averse to working. My passions are billiards and chop suey. I incline—decidedly—to brunettes and books. N. B.—My wife is a brunette. Some tact, eh? My ambition is to write with the artistry of Booth Tarkington. It is an excellent ambition. Being impossible of attainment, I shall always be striving in an upward direction.



The Westcott with Neverleek Top

The Westcott is one of the many fine cars regularly equipped with Neverleek Top Material.

Neverleek is chosen because for seven years it has demonstrated superior service quality and lasting style. It was the first guaranteed top material and has never been successfully imitated. Despite its higher cost, Neverleek contributes so greatly to the value and beauty of a car that it is a first-class investment.

Nearly fifty manufacturers of high-grade cars use Neverleek exclusively—a greater number than are using all other materials combined.

F. S. CARR COMPANY

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A Booklet giving list of cars equipped with Neverleek Top Material and other interesting information mailed on request.

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-30 cents of each dollar saved!
HASSLERS for all Ford Passenger Cars
HASSLER
Shock Absorber
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The Hassler Guarantee: "Absolute satisfaction or your money back."
SUPPOSE your garageman gave you a check for 30 cents every time you spent a dollar for tires and repairs? Suppose he gave you a check each year for a third of the depreciation you know has taken place in your Ford Car or Ford One-Ton Truck? It amounts to exactly the same thing when you equip with Hassler Shock Absorbers.
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Don't ride without Hasslers because someone tries to discourage you. They are a quality product worth their price. The Hassler dealer in your vicinity will put them on for 10 days' trial. Your money refunded if you say so. Write for name of dealer and Trial Blank.
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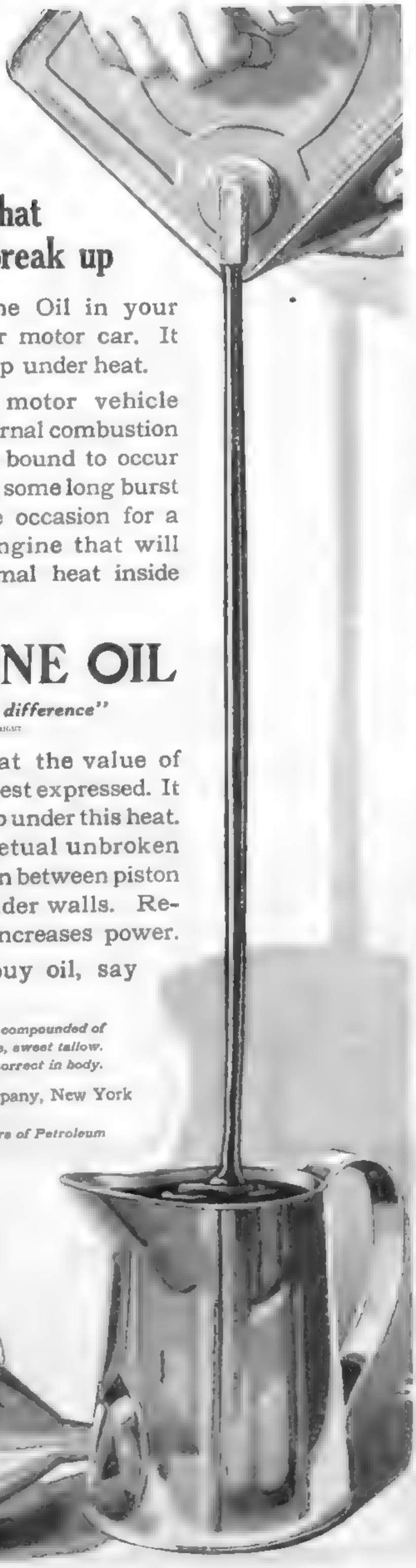

Here is oil that heat won't break up

Pour Havoline Oil in your truck, tractor or motor car. It will not break up under heat.

With every motor vehicle driven by an internal combustion engine there is bound to occur some heavy pull, some long burst of speed—some occasion for a fast-running engine that will generate abnormal heat inside the cylinders.

HAVOLINE OIL

REG U S PAT OFF

"It makes a difference"

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It is then that the value of Havoline Oil is best expressed. It does not break up under this heat. It keeps a perpetual unbroken film of lubrication between piston rings and cylinder walls. Reduced friction increases power.

When you buy oil, say Havoline.

Havoline greases are compounded of Havoline Oil and pure, sweet tallow. Clean to handle and correct in body.

Indian Refining Company, New York
Incorporated

Producers and Refiners of Petroleum

Sense and Nonsense

Heartsease

OH, THE wild pink rose by the hedgerow grows,
And the alder buds by the stream have broken;
The windflower went when the frosts were spent,
But violets linger for a token.
But never a bud by bank or wood,
And never a sweet bloom drenched by shower
Has a memory for the heart of me
Like the little wild purple pansy flower!

Through the May days rare, in the deep woods where
The tiny faces are all uplifted,
The heartsease grew in the days we knew
When the broken sunlight wavered and rifted
On the green, green bank where the wild bees drank,
When the young winds whispered of May and wooing,
The purple and frail little pansies pale—
You gathered them all for my heart's undoing!

Oh, ease o' my heart and tease o' my heart,
Where so long have your dear feet wandered?
Though the stars are gold yet the heart grows old
When love and youth to the past are squandered.
And the slow gray rain has a sound like pain
When it calls in the soul for a memory given
When skies were bluer and hearts were truer
And tears and kisses the lovers' heaven.

Oh, the same old moon's in the sky of June,
With its silver mesh and the high stars over;
There's the old dear trail 'neath the poplars pale,
And the old sweet haunting scent of the clover.
And the part of me that's the heart of me
Keeps wistful watch when the day is going,
Lest the feet of you and the sweet of you
Should pass like a shadow—and I unknowing! —Mary Lanier Magruder.

Too Many Questions

THE late ex-Governor Stone, of Mississippi, who rose by sheer ability from obscurity to the gubernatorial chair, used to tell this story:

"Once, when I was depot agent in the village of Iuka, Mississippi, two negroes came to my little office seeking information touching some item of freight. They asked an intolerable number of questions. I gave them what information I could and returned to my duties. They kept bombarding me with questions and finally I dismissed them rather curtly.

"As they walked away from the wicket window the older, a woolly-pated relic of ante-bellum days, shook his head and murmured to his companion: 'Yass, dat's de way it always is, de littler de station de bigger de agent.'"

Wet Flies

SPEAKING of his methods on rapid streams, fishing with the wet fly, one angler says:

"I prefer to get into the stream if possible, and cast up-stream. When the fly comes down to you, drowned, you will often notice a fish move in the swift water. Strike at once; he has taken your fly. You can use a short line in this sort of fishing. Personally I always get as close to my fish as possible. I am not a dry-fly purist by any means and use the dry fly only when it is the most killing method. But I do rub red-deer fat on my line for either wet or dry fly-fishing, because it has a tendency to float the line better; and if the line is sunk below the surface the strain of dragging it out for another cast prevents one from casting quite as far as one can if the line is taken from the surface.

"I always use a nine-foot leader; so the line floating on the surface does not scare the fish very much."

In actual fishing the nine-foot leader is not always practical, especially if the wind is high or if one has to do close casting in brushy water. In a much-fished stream, where one can employ all the fine wrinkles, the tapered line and the nine-foot leader are the best combination. In some conditions of country and weather they are by no means the best. In a high wind, when the water is a trifle rough, anyhow, a level line and a five-foot leader will put far more fish in the basket.

The angler above quoted makes the following comment in regard to windy weather:

"The most difficult cast is one with a strong wind at one's back. The way I do it is to take the line off the water close to me, with the rod upright. Then I roll or flip it out in front of me, letting the wind carry it out."

This, of course, is the roll cast, with which all finished anglers are familiar. It is capable of putting a fly out over quite a bit of distance and is very practical if one is fishing where a back cast is impossible, as on a small and brushy stream.

You can roll a fly out on the open water ahead of you without danger of hanging up in the brush above you or at one side. A bellied line and long leader work best for this cast.

Afoot Alone

I WALK to my work when the weather is fair,
For I can't spare the price that they ask for a car,
And also I find that in taking the air
As I take it, afoot, is a cure for one's care,
And causes one's fancies to wander afar.
So I walk to my work, having nothing to pay,
And am cheered by the wonders I see on the way.

This morning my barber, a pale little man,
Swished hastily past me; he drives a sedan;
On the boulevard yesterday, down by the river,
I was passed by our scrub lady, driving a flivver;
The plumber, the druggist and grocery clerk
Drive chummies or roadsters while going to work.

The down is still soft on our office boy's cheek,
But he purchased a car—at a bargain—last week;
And I've just heard the junior bookkeeper inquire
Where the janitor was when he blew out his tire;
Our typist appears to be troubled, alas,
Because of the price they are charging for gas.

The men who sell turnips and milk and cigars
And neckties and sausage all have their own cars;
The cobbler who fixed the old shoes I am wearing
Rides forth in his car when he wishes an airing;
When the girl at the switchboard is peevish, I know
That a blowout or puncture is making her so.

I walk to my work when the mornings are fine,
For I can't pay the price to be riding in style;
The cars hurry past, a continuous line,
But often fair fancies and pleasing are mine,
Such fancies as shorten the merriest mile.
So I walk to the work that's to gladden my day,
And am cheered by the things that I see on the way. —S. E. Kiser.

Reaching Home

ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF, the writer, who is by profession an advertising man, told a group at lunch at the New York Advertising Club the other noon that his faith in national publicity had been greatly stimulated recently.

Some weeks ago Updegraff had a story in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST entitled The Sixth Prune. He admits to being fond of prunes himself and says he has them almost every morning for breakfast—and until recently has always drawn the inevitable five in his saucer.

But all that is changed now, for the efficient domestic who presides over the kitchen in Updegraff's home got hold of the S. E. P. and read his prune story, and the next morning he found six prunes in his saucer. Not a word has been said, but the sixth prune continues to appear in the saucer every morning.

"Nothing like reaching the home through the national magazines of large circulation!" says Updegraff.

Goblin Soap
WORKS WONDERS

HERE'S health! Your work in the garden, in the garage, in the shop, or elsewhere, may leave your arms and hands covered with dirt and grime. When you "clean up," use Goblin Soap.

It leaves your skin clean and healthy. It dissolves the most obstinate dirt and will not injure the most delicate skin.

An all-purpose soap; fine for office, shop or home. Meets every need.

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, please send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 W. Monroe St., Chicago
64 Macaulay Avenue, Toronto, Canada

Minglin' With the Moonbeams

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IT'S a gold mine to a gopher hole that some of them Hannahs will rope and throw me yet," gloomed Mr. William Hapgood, as he watched the trim form of Miss Geraldine McCann whisk round the corner and disappear from mortal ken. "I'll have to quit minglin' with the moonbeams an' 'tend to business, that's the how of it. What's the matter with me anyway? I never get off runnin' but some petticoat wades ashore an' starts to feed me to the lions."

Mr. Hapgood spoke with the sophisticated conviction of one who concedes that he is a perambulating target for Dan Cupid's darts. He removed a rakish-looking straw hat and arranged his sleek locks with solicitous care. These latter were smooth and shiny, the kind that lie down the minute their owner talks to them.

"It's just hell," he amended as he readjusted his head covering to the desired angle. "Wouldn't it wake the baby? The minute a feller lights in a new burg some frill has to come along an' kick him in th' heart."

The speaker had just descended from the northbound express and was standing outside the depot taking mental survey of the town he was about to call home. He was a tall slender youth of clear complexion and pleasing countenance. His apparel was the very last word in certain fashions mainly affected in the provinces but which might not pass muster with more exacting arbiters of good taste. Mr. Hapgood was what might have been termed—in the vernacular—"a nobby dresser."

The pilgrim viewed his surroundings with an eye of expert appraisal and summed up his verdict in three words of simple syllable.

"It's a tank!" he exclaimed ruefully. "Just as I expected. One of them tall grass jokes. It ain't United States aytall."

But notwithstanding his apparent pessimism Mr. Hapgood was not numbered with those who sit permanently in the seat of the mourners. He was far older in experience than his looks would indicate; moreover, he was an adept at playing whatever cards old Dame Fortune dealt.

"I wonder which way that Jane went," he soliloquized as he reached for his suitcase. "She looked good enough to bet on. If I have to stick here for a spell there ain't no reason why I should lock myself in a room."

He walked hastily to the corner and reached it just in time to see Miss McCann enter a barber shop in the middle of the block on the other side of the street. Exactly five minutes thereafter Mr. Hapgood was sitting on one side of a little table with his finger tips submerged in a bowl of lukewarm water, while on the other side sat enthroned the imposing Miss McCann making ready the implements and cosmetics of her sacred art.

And here it might not be out of place to mention that Nature had dealt very kindly—not to say generously—with Geraldine McCann. In face and figure she was a most enticing creature, presenting a picture that most men love to contemplate—a rare combination, at once restful to the eye and pleasing to the senses.

"You're a stranger, I imagine?" purred Miss McCann as she reached gracefully for a towel and proceeded to dry the digits of her patient's trusty right hand. "Stranger, eh? Ever bin here before?"

"A female Sherlock Holmes; an' how did she know it?" bantered Mr. Hapgood in mock admiration.

"I'm a seventh daughter," laughed back Miss McCann airily. "Besides which I was on the platform when you got off the train."

"It's fifty-fifty between you and me after this," hummed Mr. Hapgood; "even money and take your pick. I seen you before the wheels quit movin'. Yep, you got it th' first time. I'm th' mysterious stranger."

He was in his element now because he flattered himself that he had all Geraldine McCann's kind numbered, ticketed, labeled and filed away. But be it said that all unwittingly he had spoken words of wisdom because Geraldine McCann prided herself that she could hold her own in any passage of arms invented by the opposite sex.

"It's Fifty-Fifty Between You and Me After This," Hummed Mr. Hapgood; "Even Money and Take Your Pick"

"Goin' to stay long?" interrogated the lady half carelessly. It was an attitude Miss McCann had cultivated. She never gave any man the idea that she was interested in his goings or comings.

"Oh, I dunno," confided her client. "I dunno. If I can land a job that suits me I might linger a while. This little old town looks good to me." He shot a swift glance surcharged with open-eyed admiration at the presiding deity. "Of course it's got to be what I want or I'll pull my freight pronto," he explained.

"Ah!" Miss McCann was passing wise in her generation. Ordinarily confidences breathed across her narrow little table went into one pink ear and out of the other. But there was something about this happy-go-lucky stranger that appealed to her. She would let him talk some more.

"Yep," he resumed, "I was managin' a café in one of them winter towns back of Los when th' drought struck us; so I blew before they passed a law against shinin' shoes or eatin' lamb chops."

"There's a swell café across the street but the proprietor manages it himself," volunteered the lady. "He keeps six bartenders, three on the day shift and three nights. The head mixologist left yesterday. I think there's a vacancy but—but perhaps that wouldn't appeal to a gentleman like you."

There was something more than words in the last sentence. Miss McCann knew how to put cream on her peaches.

"I'll go and look th' drum over," responded Mr. Hapgood nonchalantly. "If it stands the acid test I might hang my hat there. It'll do on a pinch of course. There ain't no law to compel me to stick to it for the rest of my natural life."

He threw a dollar on the little table.

"Keep the change and buy yourself a house an' lot, Sister Jane," he enjoined.

"If I get anchored here I'll drop in once in a while an' swap anecdotes with you. I'm old King Gossip and I've lived half my life in Rumorville."

He lounged gracefully out and sauntered leisurely across the street. No use talking; Billy Hapgood was the custodian of what women call "personality." It is not a breach of confidence to state that he was followed by the admiring gaze of Miss Geraldine McCann.

"Gosh," soliloquized that lady coyly as she divested herself of her haughty professional airs and dropped into the vernacular of original beginnings. "Gosh, I hope that fellow does stick round. He certainly has me goin' already."

But wholly unmindful of the impression he had created Mr. Hapgood crossed the street and found himself standing in the august presence of Lem Belcher, proprietor of the Sunset Café. This latter gentleman, overdressed, bejeweled and ponderous of demeanor, seemed in himself to justify the claim that he was sole proprietor of the largest bar south of San Francisco.

"An' so you're a first-class bartender?" queried Belcher as he took swift inventory of the candidate. "Where you been workin'?"

"Everywhere," responded Mr. Hapgood evenly, and with a comprehensive wave of his hand. "Everywhere, up an' down the Coast—best places. No deadfalls—seelect patronage—last burg went dry, so——" He waved his long arms, palms outward. Anyone could understand, especially a man in the business. There was nothing more to be said.

"I don't cater here to nothin' but th' tops," emphasized the proprietor. "I don't stand for no rough stuff or short change an' I'd tear the head off of a guy which I caught monkeyin' with the cash register. None of that brand goes. D'ye get me?"

Hapgood nodded. "I'm halfway round the track now," he vouchsafed. "I know! You deal for the best trade that's goin'. I got that the minute I set eyes on you. Sez I to myself: 'There's a guy which don't train round with nothin' but high-toned gentlemen; it ain't his style.'"

The great man visibly expanded. Insidious flattery of this kind was irresistible.

"An' as for tryin' to knock down or get away with any of that jazby work," resumed the job seeker, "well, I'm human an' liable to jump the fence some day, but when I start it won't be on you. I'll pick somethin' easier." He spoke with all sincerity and the supreme conviction of one who realizes that he is stacked up against superiority.

"All right," returned the other; "you kin go to work. It's twenty a week an' two meals. I don't muzzle any of my men but I don't want no souses round. If you can't wear your liquor inside your vest don't start."

"I never drink."

"Hey, what's that?"

"I don't drink."

"Smoke?"

"No. I have never smoked."

The saloon man drew a long breath. It registered amazement keyed up to the nth degree.

"Lemme hear that again an' say it slow!"

"I said I didn't drink and I don't smoke," reiterated Mr. Hapgood modestly.

"Well, say, you're a queer card," wheezed Belcher. "Ever gamble? Play the ponies or—take a whirl with the short cards?"

"Not yet, I ain't."

Belcher consumed a few minutes in deep thought, then his face lit up. He had an idea.

"Ah, I got it," he chortled triumphantly. "You blow all your savin's on scenery, eh?"

Mr. Hapgood looked down with something more than pride at his sartorial excellencies.

"Yep," he confirmed affably. "I like clothes. A feller has to have a front, but I don't drink an' I don't smoke an' I don't bet on no other man's game."

"Do you bet on your own?"

Billy's mouth half opened to reply, but he checked himself.

"No," he returned slowly. "I don't gamble on nothin' with nobody."

"You're hired!" emphasized the other. "You're hired! But I never had one like you before. The world might be full of such folks but I ain't never met 'em yet." So it was that Mr. Billy Hapgood went to work for Mr. Lem Belcher.

II

TWO weeks slid rapidly by and during that time it should be recorded the acquaintance of Mr. Billy Hapgood and Miss Geraldine McCann had ripened and expanded to such an extent as to give birth to a certain mutual understanding. They were always seen together at dances and other such public functions. Men and women who told themselves and others the truth had to admit that they were the best-looking couple in town.

(Continued on Page 93)

Warning to Tube Buyers

Nearly all motorists are familiar with the many imitations of Michelin Red Inner Tubes, and with the fact that such imitations have been unsuccessful except as regards color.

Failing in imitating Michelin Quality some of these inferior tubes are now being offered in boxes closely resembling the characteristic Michelin box both in design and color.

To protect against substitution examine the box carefully being sure that it is sealed and that you are actually getting a Michelin Tube.

MICHELIN TIRE CO., MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY

Canadian Headquarters: Michelin Tire Co., of Canada, Ltd.
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It is to these artists the public instinctively turns fo
cal entertainment in the great opera houses, theatres a
cert auditoriums throughout the world. And on the
their glorious art echoes and re-echoes in thousand
thousands of homes.

To hear these famous artists on the Victrola is
thrilled and inspired by their exquisite interpretations, to
ence the delight that only the greatest music can be
that only Victor Records bring into your home. Ever
tion as true as life itself—and it is in acknowledgment
perfection that these great artists have chosen the Vic
the instrument to convey their masterpieces to the mus
of all the world.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $12 to
Any Victor dealer anywhere will gladly demonstrate the Victrola
and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U

Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchr
processes of manufacture, and their use, one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month

"Victrola" is the Registered Trademark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products

Victrola
Victrola XVI
Maho

or artists Victrola

AMMARCO TETRAZZINI
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Production.

of this Company only.

XVII, $275
electric, $332.50
ny or oak

Weighed-and not found wanting

That is the verdict rendered on every can of *Certain-teed* paint before it leaves the plant. It is the final judgment which is passed upon the accuracy of each process in the manufacture of the paint.

A little thing with a mighty big meaning because the slightest variation in the proportion of any ingredient, or in the thoroughness and uniformity of grinding and mixing, will throw the scales off balance.

To do things right—to safeguard quality at every step—is possible where resources and equipment are available to perfect and standardize the processes of manufacture.

The same factors which safeguard the quality of *Certain-teed* operate to lower costs through the economies of production on a large scale.

Certain-teed Products Corporation
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Certain-teed Products are sold by dealers everywhere

Certain-teed

PAINT VARNISH ROOFING & RELATED BUILDING PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 88)

and it is needless to say that the judgment of Paris rattled along from house to house and filtered through grapevine channels until it reached the ears of the lady herself.

"An' he's so graceful an' has such elegant manners," gushed the bearer of these pleasing tidings. "He certainly can dance too. You an' him make a ideal couple, Geraldine."

Miss McCann preened herself and shot a swift glance at the mirror. In the brief space of time before she answered she told herself that she would not change places with the woman who sat on the loftiest throne in Europe.

"Oh, I dunno," she returned with assumed indifference and as if tributes of this kind were not unusual. "Oh, I dunno. There's lots of good-lookin' boys an' girls in this town. But I will say for Mr. Hapgood that he's one of the nicest gentlemen I ever met. Of course, we're friends, you understand—that's all."

"Fibber!" returned the other. "Fibber! You can't fool me, Geraldine. You might tell somebody else, but not me. D'you know what I think?"

"No. What?"

"I think," chirped the first speaker—"I think you're just crazy about him. Why, anyone can tell it—that is, any other woman. A man mightn't see it, but a woman—good Lord, Geraldine!"

A rosy blush suffused Miss McCann's countenance and her eyes drooped. For once in her life she was off guard. "It's a way he has," she confided coyly. "There's—a—there's a—there's something about him, I—I—I just can't explain it, dearie, but—but—I never did think no man could get me batty about him."

Her visitor smiled indulgently.

"It ain't a crime to be in love, Geraldine," she murmured in caressing tones, "no matter what the gossips say; it ain't a crime."

Miss McCann stiffened. "Has anybody been talkin' about me?" she queried abruptly. "Has any of them tabby cats been turnin' me over with their tea?"

"No, no, dearie," soothed the other. "Wherever did you get that idea? Nobody's said a word about you—not a word or a syllable."

"Who was they talkin' about, then?"

"They was just a little gossip about somebody else. They didn't think that a—a ——"

"Didn't think that who?"

"They didn't think it was just right for you to go round with him bein' as —"

"Bein' as what?"

A more circumspect bearer of glad tidings might have cast anchor to windward at this stage of the game or would have better interpreted the writing upon the wall, but the visitor sensed none of these things. She just rattled along, intent only upon indulging in that pastime of all feminine pastimes vulgarly calling "putting the knife in and turning it round a few times."

"Don't get excited, Geraldine," she enjoined with well-simulated sympathy. "It didn't amount to nothin' what they said. They was just talkin' about him bein' a bartender an', of course, hintin' that his place in society was not just what it ought to be for a girl like you. If it was me I would kinder consider I was complimented."

Miss McCann rose to her full height and pushed back her chair.

"I thought there was a fly in the ointment somewhere when you come in here with all that honey smeared over your lips," she intoned icily. "I was wonderin' what was behind all them compliments you was dealin' out. And so that's the conclusion the cats' convention come to, was it? I might have known it. Well, run back an' tell 'em that Geraldine McCann says that a bartender like him is good enough for her, which means that he's too blamed good for any of them."

But after the bird of ill omen had winged her way out, Miss McCann sat gazing into space with her elbows resting heavily on the little table and her head between her hands. Because, notwithstanding her bold front and defiant attitude, the words spoken by the visitor had struck deep and still rankled. And what hurt worse was that it was true. Geraldine knew that. She began to doubt even whether she should have taken exception to the remarks of her visitor after all. A wise woman like her falling into a trap like that! She could picture the scene which would follow the elaborate description of her indignant attitude.

"Gosh," exclaimed Miss McCann ruefully, "that dame got my goat! And the worst of it is she knows she did and she'll tell 'em so."

Meantime Billy Hapgood pursued the even tenor of his way. The most captious critic could not have taken exception to the manner in which he performed his duties on the day shift at the Sunset Saloon. Belcher watched him closely for the first day or two because he was naturally suspicious of any young man in the wet-goods line who did not drink, smoke or gamble. But after a while he came to the conclusion that the new bartender had told him the truth. His clothes were always immaculate and he was more than polite and accommodating to customers; but summed up he wasn't just exactly what is called in the parlance of the trade a good mixer. How could a man be, who did not drink, smoke, play the ponies or gamble in mining stocks?

Now to the individual up a tree it might appear that an employee of this kind would be regarded as a

"I Think You're Just Crazy About Him. Why, Anyone Can Tell It—That Is, Any Other Woman"

treasure. But Belcher viewed things from a different angle. In the first place, there was a bucket shop next door where all known and unknown mining stocks of the locality were listed. Belcher had a 50 per cent interest in this enterprise. He also ran a poker game upstairs above the saloon for the benefit of the tired business men who congregated there nightly. And last, but not least, was a handbook on the races operated by Belcher's brother. Most of the bartenders who worked in the Sunset had left the major portion of their salaries in one or other of these temples of chance. Any man who saved his money was listed in Belcher's book of undesirable citizens.

Of course, Billy Hapgood did not know that he would not have secured a job unless Belcher was short-handed. Such is one of the blessed dispensations of Providence. So he went along from day to day performing his duties with almost religious exactitude. Amid surroundings such as these, it did not take long for Mr. Hapgood to become a marked man. For instance, Eddie Simpson came to him one day and showed him a telegram from a horse owner who was racing his string at New Orleans. Eddie was an associate of Hapgood's behind the bar.

"Here's a chance to get yourself a piece of money," confided Eddie. "He ought to be as good as ten to one, and I can get you a bet down on him. You can hock the family plate to bet on this one. He's oil in the can."

"I didn't never bet on no horse race," parried Hapgood. "It ain't safe to bet money."

"Why, you rummy," stormed Simpson, "this ain't takin' no chances. 'Tain't no secondhand information. This is fresh from the feed-box stuff."

"It might be as fresh as a new-laid egg, but I don't want none of it," retorted Hapgood as he wheeled about to rearrange the glasses behind the bar. "I ain't never lost nothin' on the ponies, so why should I go lookin' for it?"

"Gee, you're a hard-boiled one," shot back the other. "You wouldn't take a chance on a diamond necklace if the tickets were sellin' fer a nickel apiece, would you?"

"What's the use of takin' chances when you don't have to?" responded Hapgood. "All you guys round here seem to be crazy to get a livin' without workin'. I ain't, that's all."

And then one day Colonel Boney Tank came along. He used to be state senator and was interested in several more or less paying mining propositions. The old man liked Hapgood's appearance and manner; especially when he found out he could concoct a mint julep Southern style. And in a moment of extreme appreciation he advised the mixologist to buy a little Bear Cat Copper.

"It's selling at twenty-six now," counseled the old man, "and it'll go to a dollar before Christmas. I know what I'm talkin' about."

"I never bought minin' stock in my life, an' I never will," returned the recipient of the tip rather brusquely; and much to the senator's surprise.

Next day Bear Cat went up five points, and Hapgood was guyed unmercifully by his coworkers.

"Sure it went up," he rejoined. "I know it. Can't I read the papers? But it's liable to go down again, ain't it? Anyway what do I care? I never expect to get no money by the short ship route."

"Lord, you're a piker!" protested Eddie Simpson. "If I had a tip like that I'd 'a' been playin' it yet. You must think you're unlucky."

"Perhaps I am," agreed Mr. Hapgood affably; "I don't know, I ain't never tried to find out. But the only gamblin' I'll ever do will be with O. P. M."

"O. P. M.? What's that?"

"Other people's money," responded Mr. Hapgood sagely. "The whole world is made up of two kinds of folks: Those which have money and those which are trying to take it away from 'em."

The little affair between Miss McCann and our hero progressed until the lady in the case assumed a kind of proprietary interest in his goings and comings.

Geraldine McCann was not the kind of girl to give way before criticism. She told herself that one day she would remodel William Hapgood, persuade him to change his avocation and take the place which she believed rightly belonged to him in the social order of things.

"It seems to me you might get a job at the Big Store," suggested Miss McCann one evening; "with your personality and acquaintance you'd be a find for them folks down there."

"I'd land the job all right, but that's about all I would get," combatted Mr. Hapgood. "They don't only pay fifteen dollars a week, an' I'm gettin' twenty an' cakes where I am. That don't spell business."

"Yes, but look how your position would be bettered in the community," persisted Miss McCann.

"I ain't studyin' about them," retorted her suitor. "When I get settled, I ain't goin' to hook up with no community; I'm just goin' to marry one gal." Mr. Hapgood had large expressive eyes.. He turned a broadside upon Miss McCann, and for the time being that lady capitulated.

"It was only a suggestion on my part, Billy," she gurgled. "I don't want you to think I'm tryin' to interfere with your business. Only a job like yours don't lead no place."

(Continued on Page 96)

Un-retouched photograph of one of the wide single Goodyear Solid Tires which have increased rear wheel tire mileage for Mr John Cassaretto, 345 Berry Street, San Francisco, California.

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

They Come Up Smiling!

"HAULING crushed rock, sand and gravel is hard on truck tires—and it is especially so along the San Francisco waterfront. However, our Goodyear Solid Tires already have given us more mileage than any others which we have used and still look good for a year to come. The severity of this trucking seems to make the superiority of the Goodyears all the more conspicuous."—Mr. John Cassaretto, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Crushed Rock, Cement and Fresh Water Sand, San Francisco, California.

WHEN a motor truck runs 50 miles a day between supply bunkers on San Francisco wharves and construction work in the city, its tires encounter conditions that test all their staying powers.

So the dealer in gravel, cement and sand, whose name is signed to the statement above, naturally feels that his experience with Goodyear Solid Tires has been decidedly convincing.

Until a short time ago he regarded the service limit of solid tires, carrying heavy burdens over his routes, to be about 7,500 miles.

He had tried out different makes and compared them in the same arduous duty.

He had watched for tires that would overcome the various handicaps sufficiently to break through that 7,500-mile dead-line.

Now he has found them—in a pair of Goodyear Solid Tires of the wide single type built for rear wheel service on trucks making short hauls or running on irregular going.

For eight months these big dependables have been rolling over the biting rock and gravel strewn on the docks and over the cobblestones of city streets while making up to 20 trips per day with 5-ton loads.

Yet they are still burly-looking, still smooth and thick with live rubber, still like new tires.

The un-retouched photograph on the page opposite even shows that the raised letters, on the side of one of these redoubtable Goodyears, remain largely unscarred.

This photograph, then, offers visible evidence of the tremendous toughness of the tread rubber compound developed by Goodyear after years of ceaseless development.

It offers visible evidence of the well-known ability of Goodyear Solid Tires to resist cutting, chipping and shredding as well as separation from the base.

Grinding along on their unfavorable daily rounds, these particular Goodyear Solid Tires have traveled 10,830 miles and, as is plainly indicated here, they appear well able to travel that much more.

In contrast to their record is that of other tires on the front wheels of the same truck which, though applied three months later, are practically worn out.

The user also refers to valuable attention received from a local Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station which began its good work by advising this type of solid equipment to satisfy fully his requirements.

Throughout the country are hundreds of such Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations which in each case recommend the type of Goodyear Truck Tire best fitted for the trucking conditions.

This is typical of the way in which Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations are assisting truck owners located in all directions to reduce hauling costs.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES

(Continued from Page 93)

"Oh, I dunno; sometimes it does! Besides, don't think I intend to stick to it all my life. Somethin'll happen." Mr. Hapgood lifted up his voice and broke into song:

"This world loves all the winners,
Lauds the saints, adores the sinners,
Never asks them how they got it, where or when,
So long as they can write a check
Or buy blue diamonds by the peck
Or blow a bloomin' million now an' then.

"Let's talk about somethin' else, honey—but then, what's the use?" His arm stole round Miss McCann's waist and he drew her closer. "Say, sweetheart," he whispered, "how could any guy talk business when you was round? If he could, he wouldn't be human."

For the first time out of many experiences in affairs of the heart Mr. Hapgood was absolutely sincere. His original prophecy had come true. Metaphorically speaking, he was "roped, thrown and branded."

"Very little happens round here, Billy," ventured Miss McCann at length; "leastways not to a man of your stamp. The boys say you don't never take a chance on anything. They say ——"

"Oh, them fellers just like to hear themselves talk," broke in Mr. Hapgood scornfully. "If they ever got a holt of a regular idea they'd hike for a hospital to find out if they didn't have brain storm. I've been sizin' up suckers half of my life an' I never seen such a crop of come-ons. Why ——"

The speaker stopped abruptly before he completed the sentence. If he had intended saying anything of import he evidently thought better of it.

Miss McCann nestled closer. "What was you goin' to say, Billy?"

Mr. Hapgood pulled himself together. "Oh, I dunno," he subterfuged. "I guess I was about to remark that they was a ignorant bunch of yaps."

He drew the girl to him until her head rested on his shoulder. "We should worry, honeybug," he observed optimistically; "we should worry!"

III

AND after these things it came to pass that temptation to gamble once more visited Mr. Hapgood. On the present occasion it was disguised in the form of a lottery ticket. Just about the time that our hero was making all things ready for the noon rush a greasy old man invaded the café and hung his personality against the bar while he shoved a few slips of paper insistently under Mr. Hapgood's nose.

"Buy a lottery ticket," he droned. "Buy a lottery ticket, mister. Big drawin' on first of the month. The Great-Jano-Mexicana-Lottery.

"Capital prize fifteen thousand dollars. Buy a lottery ticket!"

"Get out o' here, pronto," warned Mr. Hapgood, "or I'll baptize you with the siphon. Beat it!"

"Let him be!" cautioned Eddie Simpson, the assistant bartender. "Let him alone! He's a kind of a pensioner of the old man's an' he lets him peddle his tickets here."

"Well, that's all right; but I don't want him comin' round me when I'm rushed," returned Hapgood with some warmth. "Why should I be the mark for every Gip an' Jazby in th' world? I'll bet they're all bunco games, every one of 'em."

"It shows just how much you know," rebuked the other. "This is a new lottery, but they give the biggest prizes was ever offered on the Coast. Fifteen thousand dollars for the capital an' twenty one-thousand-dollar prizes to the next lucky ones. I've been readin' all about 'em an' they give you a run for your money. Of course there's a lot of fly-by-night affairs because a new lottery is started every minute in this neck of the woods, but this one is on the level, sure. I bought a ticket myself last month; an' just to show you what I think of 'em, I'm goin' to buy another now."

"You didn't win nothin', did you?" retorted Mr. Hapgood sarcastically.

"That's all right," responded the other. "Everybody don't win all the time. But I read in the Bakersfield paper about how some bum walked into town last month an' went to work in a livery stable. He bought a whole ticket for five dollars, and he didn't do nothin' aytall, aytall. Oh no, he didn't!"

"What did he do?"

"Oh, nothin' much!" vouchsafed the other ironically. "That hombre just copped the capital prize. An' when last seen he was doin' nothin' but countin' money."

"I'd have to see it to believe it," insisted Mr. Hapgood. "Like as not that's a pipe dream of some cub reporter lookin' for a sensation."

"It ain't nothing of the kind," expostulated Simpson. "A guy come in here a few weeks ago that seen this guy draw the money out of the express office with his own eyes. He seen it . . . the actual money. Gosh, Hapgood, you don't believe that the trees have leaves, do you?"

"Oh, yes," returned the other half apologetically; "so long as your friend saw it, it goes with me. I ain't as bad as all that. You got me pegged wrong, that's what's the matter with you, Eddie."

"Well, why don't you loosen up and buy a ticket?" queried the other. "Here, old man"—this to the ticket peddler—"gimme a couple o' them dollar ones. Odd numbers. No, I don't want to pick 'em myself. Just gimme any two out o' the bunch so long as they's odd." He shot another glance at Hapgood. "Go on, an' break a record, Billy," he bantered. "Buy one; it'll be the talk of th' town!"

"If I bought one at all, I'd buy a whole ticket," mused Mr. Hapgood. "Now, let's see. A whole ticket costs $5. Is that right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"An' if I was to win on it, I'd win all the money, wouldn't I? I wouldn't have to divide with nobody, eh?"

"You'd cop it all," confirmed Mr. Simpson.

Mr. Hapgood slowly took the elastic from a modest bank roll and counted out five one-dollar bills. He laid them on the bar side by side and regarded them gravely.

"It looks like throwing it out the window," he argued. "I don't believe I'd better."

He made a motion as if to retrieve the money again, but his coworker was insistent.

"Aw go on, an' be a sport, Billy! Fer once in yer life, take the cramp out of yer arm. You'll get cross-eyed if you keep on lookin' at that kale. Join the army, go on!"

"Well!" sighed Mr. Hapgood. "Nobody else but you could 'a' made me done it, Eddie." He pushed the money forward and reached for the ticket the old man tendered, turning it over and over between his fingers and examining it curiously. "It's the first one I ever bought," he supplemented, "an' I ain't got no more confidence in it than a rabbit. What's this big number on it for?"

"Why that's the number they draw on, you gilly," explained Mr. Simpson. "If a number the same as that comes out of the wheel, you win, that's all. Gee, I didn't think there was a man, woman or child on the Coast which wasn't hep to the lottery game. What number is it, anyhow?"

"Number 566,984," returned Mr. Hapgood. "Does that sound lucky to you, Eddie?"

"Sure it does!" laughed back the other. "I never seen a lottery ticket in my life which didn't sound lucky to me. Well, you won't have long to wait—the big drawin' takes place next Thursday."

Three days thereafter transpired the most wonderful happening in the annals of the town, because along about noon a greasy old man tore up the street in a state of wild excitement and burst through the swinging doors of the Sunset Café.

"Where's the guy which bought that five-dollar ticket from me last Monday?" he shrilled. "Where is he? That's him, ain't it?"

He pointed to the imperturbable Mr. Hapgood.

Eddie Simpson nodded. "Sure that's him," he confirmed. 'What's th' rush? Did he hand you phoney money?"

"Phoney nothin'," cackled the ancient one. "Phoney nothin'. What I want to know is has he got that ticket yet?" The old man was trembling with excitement. "Hey, young feller, have you got that ticket I sold you last Monday?"

Mr. Hapgood quietly drew forth his note case. "Sure I have," he responded. "Here it is! Anything th' matter with it?"

"What's the number on it? Read it off to me!" panted the ticket peddler. "Read it off to me; what's the number on it?"

"It's 566,984," smiled Mr. Hapgood. "Anything else you'd like to know?"

"Gosh all hemlock!" piped the other. "Gosh a'mighty, an' sufferin' dog! D'you know what you've gone an' done, young man?" He waved a sheet of yellow paper triumphantly. "You've won the capital prize! Fifteen thousand dollars! I guess my business ain't established after this, eh?" he exulted. "An' how about them wise people round here that wouldn't never buy a ticket from me? It'll give them somethin' to write home about. You've won the big prize, my boy, an' you're on Easy Street for life."

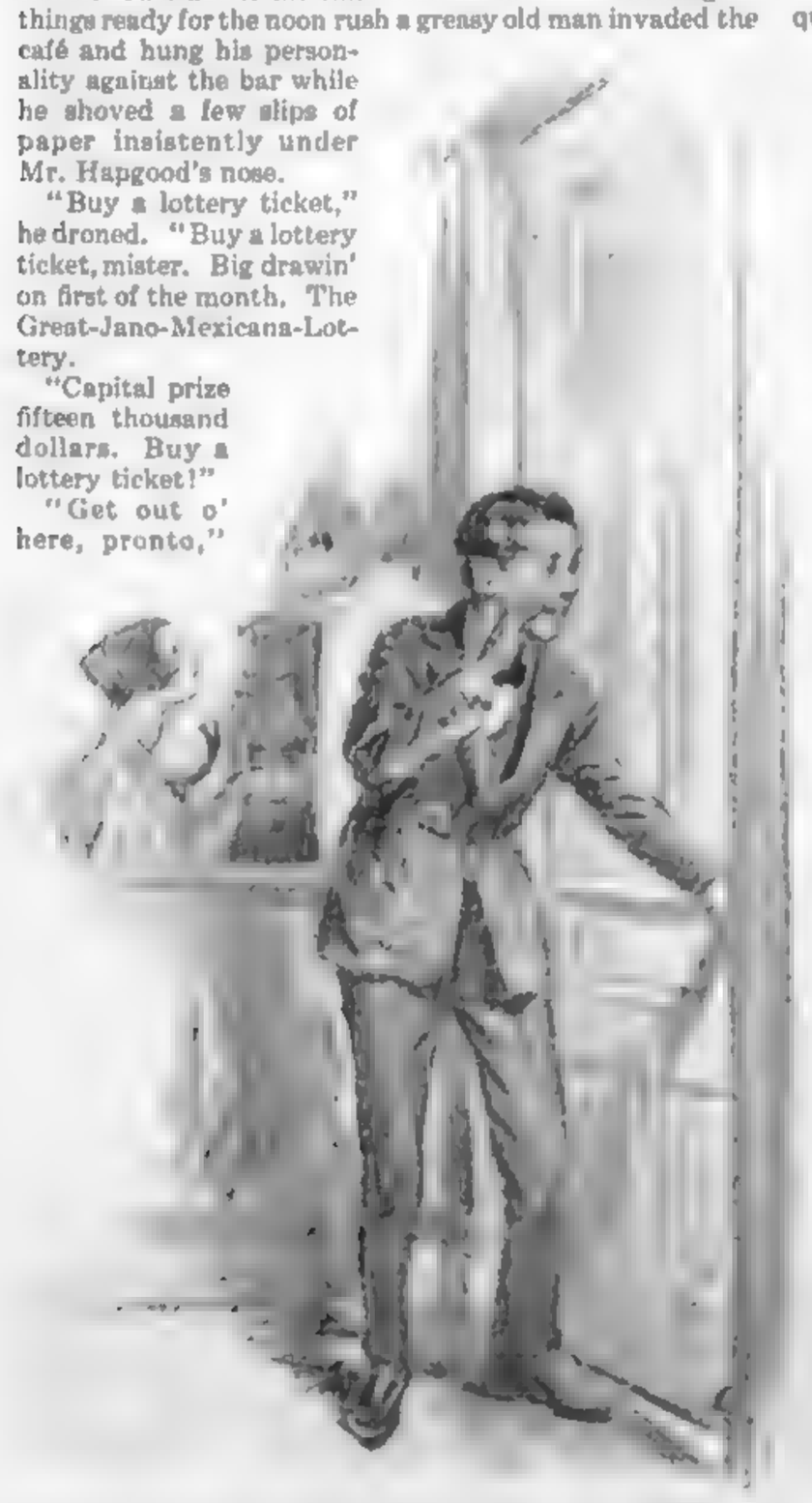
"What's that?" breathed Mr. Simpson from the other end of the bar. "He win? Th' lucky stiff!" His voice trailed away to a whisper as he eyed the fortunate one with lackluster optics. "An' I wished it onto him! Holy Saint Cats! Th' first one he ever bought in his life! The first time he took the elastic off th' little old bank roll. An' he don't do nothin' but come home with the groceries. Him the lucky nut which should never have been taken out of th' squirrel cage."

Mr. Simpson reached for the nearest bottle, filled a glass to the brim and almost choked as he gulped it down. "To think o' me!" he moaned. "Just to think o' me! An' I wished him into it. Why, that guy could start a ice factory at the North Pole an' get away with it."

Out into the highways and byways of the little town the news of Mr. Hapgood's good fortune was catapulted. It reached Miss Geraldine McCann just at the time that she was making the initial preparations to wait on a customer. It threw that lady completely off her balance—so much so, indeed, that as she rose hastily from the table in her excitement she overturned a bowl of lukewarm water into her patron's lap.

Her first thought was that of exultation. The rout of the tabby cats and town gossips had commenced. The star of Geraldine was in the ascendant.

(Concluded on Page 99)



"She's a Peach! A Regular Royal Queen, Boss," He Chirped. "She's the Kind That Bids 'em All Good-By"

Liberty Quality Proved By Performance

OWNERS will tell you that Liberty charm of appearance typifies an inbuilt goodness quite as distinctive as the beauty of their cars.

They will also tell you that the pleasing *difference* in the way the Liberty rides and drives is indicative of the high standard of Liberty performance under every condition.

In their wonderfully kind letters of appreciation, Liberty drivers particularly emphasize satisfying performances which truly proved the quality of their cars.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

This illustration shows a Remy Generator and Starting Motor with each of the major parts disassembled, ahead of all many minor parts.

Quality— the Sum Total of Perfection in Details

Nowhere does quality count for more than in the Starting, Lighting and Ignition System of your motor car. For, without an unfailing electrical system, your car may at any moment become inoperative.

Every detail is an essential. The degree of perfection of the smaller parts determines the degree of perfection of the system as a whole.

The Remy policy has always been one of attention to details. Every part, regardless of size or function, is given the same diligent attention.

Throughout the entire manufacturing processes, this policy is followed with rigorous exaction. The design is the result of scientific research. The materials are flawless. The workmanship is absolutely accurate. The inspection is rigid.

This policy—based on quality—assures to owners of motor cars equipped with Remy Starting, Lighting and Ignition a constancy of performance which knows no exception—regardless of differences in climate, extremes in driving and length of service.

When selecting your new motor car, your best judgment will dictate your choice of a car equipped with Remy Starting, Lighting and Ignition.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY

General Offices and Factories: Anderson, Indiana

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Tractor Equipment Division, Chicago, Illinois

Laboratories: Detroit, Michigan

REMY

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

(Concluded from Page 96)

"Huh! What will they say now?" thought Miss McCann as the observed of all observers she walked proudly down the street escorted by her victorious cavalier. Nothing is sweeter to a feminine soul than to be the custodian of the last laugh.

Then, when the necessary formalities had been accomplished, and accompanied by a self-appointed committee of admiring citizens, Mr. Hapgood visited the Wells Fargo Express office and exchanged his ticket for fifteen thousand dollars in hard cold cash. The money was counted ostentatiously by the agent and confirmed by a double count on the part of Mr. Hapgood. There it was. All men could see. William Hapgood, the darling of the gods, the favorite son of old Dame Fortune, had come into his own.

And Miss Geraldine McCann was not slow to plan for the future. She had an active mind and never let grass grow where she walked. Mr. Hapgood celebrated his luck in his usual modest way. The gamblers and hangers-on round the various games of chance decided before the sun had set on the first day that he would not prove profitable to them. He exulted a little, of course, over his good luck—that was natural; but somehow or other his general demeanor was not that of one who had been singled out from thousands of his fellow mortals as a recipient of extraordinary favors from the goddess of chance.

To celebrate his newly acquired fortune he had purchased for Miss McCann a diamond engagement ring for which he had paid $100. It was not exactly the kind that lady expected from her affluent lover, but she comforted herself in the assurance that he was conserving his wealth for more material things which were to follow.

Still she could not help noticing that Mr. Hapgood had lost a good deal of his old sang-froid and appeared to be ill at ease in her company. He still, of course, was verbose in his protestations of affection, but his words did not have the old ring. Even to a casual observer that was apparent. Miss McCann was by no means mercenary but she decided to bring things to a head.

"We could buy a nice little notion store," she suggested on the second evening after Mr. Hapgood had drawn the money from the express office. "You know, Billy, there's lots of money in that game. And I could attend to all the details."

"Uh-huh!" returned her suitor apathetically.

"Yes, but wouldn't it be fine, Billy?" urged the practical Miss McCann.

"Yep," droned the lovelorn one, shifting nervously in his seat. "Sure, I guess it would. Oh, yes, I guess it'd be all right," he stammered, "if—er—if—er——"

He was evidently laboring under some great mental strain.

"If what, Billy?"

The girl sat bolt upright and regarded him askance. Something not dissociated from womanly intuition wigwagged her to prepare herself for a shock. "If what?" she repeated.

"I was goin' to say," muttered Mr. Hapgood miserably, "I was just goin'—to—say——" He paused and wet his lips which had gone parched and dry.

"What is it, Billy? What has happened?" importuned Miss McCann, now thoroughly aroused.

"It's the same old thing," gloomed Mr. Hapgood, "the same old thing, only—it's different now—I was goin' to say——" He paused and eyed her as if cognizant of impending doom.

"What were you going to say, Billy?"

"I was goin' to say," he commenced again, "that—that it'd be fine an' dandy if——"

"Yes? If?" The girl was all tense now. "Go on, Billy," she whispered; "finish it!" She slipped one arm round his neck and drew his head down. "Go on, Billy," she insisted; "I don't care. Go on!"

"If we had the money," blurted out Mr. Hapgood, in the reckless manner of one who needs must take a fatal plunge. "Oh, good Lord, honey, this is the only time I ever wanted the damn money in my life. I don't care nothin' about money. That stuff about me bein' a guy which wouldn't bet he was alive is all bunco bronco. It's the way I had to play the game."

"Play what game? Go on, Billy, tell it all! Don't mind me. I know there's something wrong, but it won't make any difference; remember that!"

And be it said in this place that, despite all her worldly wisdom, there was not a mercenary hair in Geraldine McCann's head. Beneath her assumed cynical exterior was a woman's heart of gold.

And so encouraged Billy Hapgood stuttered out his miserable story—told it brokenly and with all the contrition of a man possessed of a sensitive nature.

He told her how the Jano-Mexicana Lottery was owned absolutely by one Jabez Spencer, who in the seclusion of an ornate office in Los Angeles molded the bullets and pulled all the strings. He admitted that he was just a stool pigeon; how he visited some designated town and hung round a while working at odd jobs and always playing the game so that he would be persuaded to buy a ticket from one of the itinerant peddlers. Then he explained how he would send in the number of the same to the head office. The drawing was supposed to take place across the border in Mexico but no such function ever occurred. Only a few insignificant prizes were given away and they were chosen according to the size of the towns where the tickets were sold. The ticket held by him always won the capital prize. Wonderful publicity and priceless advertising accrued. His office was to draw the money publicly and return it immediately to the head mogul. All he got was a salary. The confession was complete. He neither spared himself nor his coworkers.

Geraldine McCann listened to him dry-eyed.

"I wouldn't have cared," he concluded brokenly, "if it hadn't of been for you, honey. It was an easy life an' I didn't never figure on the consequences till you came along." He made a gesture of miserable self-abnegation. "Now I suppose it's all over"

But William Hapgood had underrated Geraldine McCann.

"How many of those prizes have you won, Billy?" she queried. There was something in Miss McCann's tone that denoted action.

"About forty, I reckon," he returned dolefully.

"And you always sent back the money?"

"Always. They can't say I wasn't a reliable retriever."

"Have you got this money yet, Billy?"

"Yes," he confessed, "I got it right with me—right here. I was figurin' on goin' down to Los to-morrow an' reportin'."

"I think you had better hand it over to me," resumed Miss McCann after a moment's thought. "I don't believe you want to go to Los Angeles, Billy."

"No?"

"No," announced Geraldine McCann judicially; "I think I'll go myself. You better hand me that money." And Billy Hapgood passed over to that fair lady without comment or demur of any kind the capital prize of the Jano-Mexicana Lottery.

Mr. Jabez Spencer, a large, expansive, heavy-jowled man, was opening his morning's mail, when a lady was announced. Although well past the milestone of the fifties Mr. Spencer had not declared himself out of the lists of love and rather prided himself that his personality rather than his plethoric bank roll made him welcome in certain feminine circles not particularly noted for extreme culture. Few ladies visited Spencer's office to transact business. The lottery magnate was immediately interested.

"What does she look like?" he queried gruffly. "Who is she? Didn't you find out her name?"

The office boy produced a card on which was inscribed the name of Miss Geraldine McCann.

"Huh!" grunted the magnate. "She's a new one on me. Good-looker?"

The office boy leered knowingly. "She's a peach! A regular royal queen, boss," he chirped. "She's the kind that bids 'em all good-by."

"Ah!" wheezed the corpulent one. "Show her in!" He settled himself comfortably in his huge armchair and his little pig eyes beamed expectantly. When Miss McCann entered, his face had assumed what Spencer always flattered himself was a most winning smile.

"Miss McCann?" interrogated the lottery king as he toyed with her card. "I ain't never met you before; leastways if I have I don't remember. Was it—er—a little matter of business?"

"Oh, yes," cooed Geraldine, "yes." She paused, because she noticed that Jabez Spencer was mentally appraising her, and she was loath to deny him that privilege.

"Yes?"

"Yes," resumed Miss McCann, "I happened to be coming up to Los Angeles and a mutual friend asked me to bring you something."

"My property?"

"Well, yes, I suppose it is in a way."

Spencer laughed shortly. He was commencing to be a little mystified. "Supposing it isn't," he cackled. He was a wary bird; the lady would have to do the leading if he knew anything

"You and I won't have any argument about that," beamed Miss McCann.

Jabez was again taken off his guard. "No, of course not," he agreed with one of his most gallant glances. "It would be hard to fall out with a woman like you, Miss McCann; but might I ask the name of the friend who commissioned you to call upon me?"

"Billy Hapgood!"

Miss McCann was looking across the table right at Spencer now. The name seemed to strike him as one who receives an electric shock. He gazed back at her open-eyed.

"What's that you said?" he stammered. "Billy . . . Billy Hapgood?"

"That's what I said!"

"And he gave you something for me?" stuttered Spencer as soon as he could find his voice.

"Oh, nothing, except a little matter of fifteen thousand dollars," responded Miss McCann airily. "It was the capital prize he won in the last lottery."

She intoned the last sentence as if it was an afterthought. "He thinks it belongs to you," she added. "He didn't have no time to come, so he asked me to be his messenger."

Miss McCann's manner was perfectly calm and collected. She might have been back in the barber shop of her home town addressing a customer on the trivialities of the day. But beneath her elaborate politeness Jabez Spencer could see the mailed fist of a strong, forceful character. He realized he was not dealing with the empty-headed butterflies he most affected. For a few moments he puffed his cigar meditatively and then his gaze wandered out the window.

"Ah!" said he at length. "Am I presuming too much if I suggest that you an' Hapgood are pretty well acquainted?"

"Engaged to be married," murmured Miss McCann sweetly.

"Yes?" Spencer again wandered off in a brown study.

"Yes," supplemented Miss McCann. "We're going to be married this day week. I have advised Billy to break off all his old associations."

Spencer wanted to hold himself in check but his curiosity ran away with him. "Has he told you all?" he queried abruptly.

"Everything and then some," snapped Miss McCann. "He told me how——"

"Never mind, woman, never mind!" exhorted the now thoroughly aroused lottery man as he rose from his chair as far as his huge bulk would permit. "Never mind; I don't want to hear what he told you! I suppose he lied like hell!"

"Did he?" Miss McCann's tones were now surcharged with icy resentment. "Did he? All right! That remains to be seen. If anybody thinks Billy lied I'll make 'em prove different."

She rose as if to go, turning halfway round.

"Oh, I forgot!" she ejaculated evenly. "I forgot something.

"Here's your money."

She extended an envelope toward the man across the table, but his face was now livid with suppressed rage.

"Keep it, you hold-up hussy! Keep it! It's my wedding gift," he snarled sarcastically. "My wedding gift to the bride and the groom." He settled back in his chair puffing with indignation. "I know what you come for as well as if you told me. I was on the minute you opened your mouth, an' I knew I'd have to pay the piper! I told that feller that some day some frail one 'ud get him so tangled up that he'd forget all the friends he ever had. Tell him he can keep the money with my best wishes. An' I ain't afraid of him blowin' on me either. Because any time he does he'll land hisself in jail along with me."

Later along that same afternoon a telegraph messenger breezed into the Sunset Café and handed Mr. William Hapgood a dispatch.

The latter opened it, perused its contents and slowly divested himself of the white coat which he wore in the administration of his duties.

He hung the garment up on one of the pegs in the corner and took down that which he wore when off duty.

From a seat at one of the tables in the café Lem Belcher noted the movement and sensed its import. He rose and waddled over to the bar. The prize exhibit was about to take wing.

"You're a-goin' to quit?" he interrogated sourly. "Well, I thought you would. None of you guys can stand prosperity. You're a-goin' to leave me flat, eh? An' if I hadn't 'a' given you a job here, you never would have lucked into that fifteen thousand dollars"

Hapgood turned and eyed the speaker but did not deign to reply.

"Yes," resumed the proprietor, "I s'pose after this you'll be in the big town planted on the dollar side of the street, givin' the passers-by a pleasant time, eh?"

He spoke with rising inflection.

"That's about what you're goin' to do," he snarled.

Mr. Hapgood surveyed himself carefully in the mirror and rearranged his cravat.

"No," he returned affably. "You lose, you big hunk of cheese. I'm a-goin' to stick right here in this little old burg an' mingle with the moonbeams some more."

The source of their strength is their "Vitals"

MOST often, power is a *hidden* force. The strength of the destroyer is within the shell. And the strength of a tire is beneath the surface,—something in-wrought, *in-built.*

You say it is a good tire because it gives good wear. You don't attempt to determine the cause. You don't bother to ask—*Why?*

You should know the *reason* of the everlastingness of the 'Royal Cord'—because there *is* a reason. The secret of its strength is in its vitals—the "innards" of the tire. An "inside story" that is *sensed* when you start your car.

The 'Royal Cord' is built from the inside *out,*—based on a structural feature which is the centre of strength. Reinforced at every step,—bulwarked and barricaded at *every point.*

It is really a difference in methods as well as materials—a perfected process developed in our own laboratories which makes the 'Royal Cord' almost impenetrable—almost *invulnerable.*

So you may reason from causes. You may learn *why* the 'Royal Cord' does things—why it wears and proves, and stands up; why it satisfies universally under every test of *stress* and *strain.*

Find out for yourself. No need for experimenting. United States Tire Sales and Service Depots are everywhere.

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Good value and good service assured at all times. Whatever your need, choose a United States Tire—and you cannot go *wrong.*

For passenger and light delivery cars—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for motor trucks, cycles and airplanes.

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RUBBER SYSTEM
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United States Tires are Good Tires

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'

Among Those Present Were—

By A SOCIETY EDITOR

WHEN I became a part of the society department of one of the biggest newspapers in the country I believed that mankind could be divided into two classes; that a financier would see the world's people as rich or poor; a clergyman, as good or bad; a scholar, as cultured or ignorant; a social worker, as those who lift or those who lean; while as far as my particular scheme of things was concerned there was no separation of the wealthy from the impecunious, the righteous from the unrighteous, the learned from the untutored, the helpful from the helpless, for my whole universe could be divided into just these two classes—those who would and those who would not indulge in publicity via the press, particularly the social column. But that was when I first became a part of the great newspaper world in the guise of a society reporter, or gunner for social news.

Through the years of apprenticeship spent in learning what a gunner might and what she might not do with dignity, I found that though the classification could extend to some callings it was not at all applicable to my profession, since people, one and all, high and low, rich and poor, renowned and unknown, are brothers and sisters in this one respect—they love to see their names in the paper. With the passing of the years the conviction had grown upon me that there is no person—and I except none, no matter what protestations to the contrary he or she may make—who is not secretly delighted to be in the paper, even if only in that most unobtrusive way—"Among those present were ——"

Though the charm of insertion in any part of the paper is not to be denied, publication in the social column seems to be the goal toward which the majority of persons reach out, and many are the wiles to which they resort in order to induce society editors to use their names in the column. When it comes right down to bed rock, insertion in any social column is more often a matter of personal liking than anyone would imagine. Many a time have I inserted three notes to cover something easily dispatched in one, merely because I liked the maid or matron concerned and wanted to help her social game along.

For instance, even a short trip out of town can be mentioned in three issues, one of the notes stating that Mrs. Thomas Henry Jackson will leave shortly for a week's visit to the shore; the next announcing that Mrs. Jackson is at the resort, where she will remain for a week; and the third heralding her return. I unblushingly have made it five or even six notes, if I was especially fond of the matron and I thought she would not feel that she was being forced, adding to the three already quoted a fourth stating that Mrs. Jackson would leave "to-day," which note appeared on the day she left, though following the previous note by a day or so only, while the fifth mention appeared toward the end of the week's sojourn, and stated that Mrs. Jackson, who had been spending the week at the shore, would return to her home on a certain day. If I wanted to use a sixth notice I would have the matron joined by a relative for Sunday. In this way Mrs. Jackson with but a trivial outing as an excuse would be kept before the public an entire week. On the other hand, if I did not like the matron, even if publicity was requested I let it go with one notice that stated that Mrs. Jackson would spend a week at the shore.

A Summer Day's Invention

TO SHOW any doubting Thomas who may exist just what may be the outcome of the persistent use of a name in a social column day after day, let me relate something that started innocently enough one idle summer day, but ended in a way that astonished me.

It was one of those warm summer days when even office girls and business women wore the thinnest of apparel, and it was so early that there was no necessity for haste in grinding out copy. I was looking idly down at the pretty summer frock I had copied painstakingly from one worn by a widely known young society matron at a recent horse show, and the thought came to me that, worn by a girl in society, that frock would be written up in every social column in the city.

It was of white lawn, with its snowy surface powdered with pale-blue dots the size of peas. About the skirt, square neck and then-fashionable kimono sleeves was a lace insertion finished with a two-inch band of blue that matched the dots. The square neck was filled in with the insertion and the girdle was of the blue.

Since it was so early in the day that I could frolic about among the paste pots, copy paper, shears and typewriter that made up my office paraphernalia I wrote a description of my pretty frock. It looked so nice on paper and read so alluringly that I hated to discard it. Then, too, it was midsummer. I had sent most families out of town for the season, and the few that remained were keeping quiet and doing no entertaining, while the country clubs even had discontinued their midweek hops because of the heat. Consequently notes were very hard to get and it was a Herculean task to assemble enough for a creditable column. I reread the paragraph about my dress and decided to use it. I changed my first name to a fanciful one that was a great favorite with me and added a surname that would have commanded attention in any column in the land, and slipped the note in a story of other frocks that writing about mine brought to mind.

The next day the frock with its camouflaged name thrilled me and I read it over and over. After that every one of my frocks was in the paper when a story of clothes appeared.

Not content with that, I decided to take myself somewhere by way of the column. Accordingly the next time I was invited to the country club for luncheon my column duly recorded the fact that Miss Gwendolyn Stuyvesant had been entertained at luncheon at the Bon Air Country Club the day before. I was careful not to use the name of my hostess, to be sure, nor did I give Gwendolyn any definite abiding place in town, for I did not want anyone to walk about the fashionable district and look up her home. I installed her in a beautiful suburb where numbers of fashionable families had their spring and autumn homes, a large enough section to house a few families not known to the station agent and postmaster.

The Social Capers of Gwendolyn

AFTER that Gwendolyn had the time of her life. She stopped going to my luncheons and dinners and had parties on her own account. Also she ceased wearing my clothes and had wonderful hats, wraps and frocks of her own. She spent week-ends at fashionable resorts and at splendid house parties. She was entertained by the fortnight at the most exclusive summer resorts. For Gwendolyn had become very real to me by this time and she was nothing if not popular, wealthy, select. I suppose I unconsciously let her do all the things I always had wanted to do myself. At any rate, no girl ever had such a lovely time as my make-believe Gwendolyn had.

Of course she had to have surroundings, so I presented her with a father and mother and, as need rose, with a brother who went to Harvard—so she could attend college festivities there. She also had a sub-deb sister who was away at school except at holiday times, when she brought a number of her school friends from other cities back with her; a smaller sister, who had parties at Christmas and Easter; and an older sister, who was to be married but who was abroad collecting her trousseau, for the war had not then made foreign trousseau-hunting an unpopular pastime.

When Gwendolyn had made about a dozen appearances in the society column I had the surprise of my life. A youth known in the most popular set of the city, a young man who was at once the joy and despair of match-making mothers and husband-hunting young girls, came into my office, and after the usual airy nothings concerning the weather and the latest affair at the country club he came to the real reason for his call. He asked me who Miss Gwendolyn Stuyvesant was.

I told him she was a very nice young girl and that I was very fond of her. This statement was absolutely true, for at that time Gwendolyn was my other self, wearing my clothes and going to my parties. He wanted to know how he could meet her. She listened good to him, he said, dropping into the vernacular of the set to which he belonged, and he sure would like to know her. I told him I would see what could be done about it, and was glad that I had selected such a big suburb for her place of residence.

My next move was to go to the suburb where Gwendolyn was supposed to reside and secure a post-office box for her, paying for three months and securing a receipt in her name. I asked the postmaster to give the mail to a relative of mine whose home was in that suburb and who could be trusted not to talk of the fun I was having. My post-office box was just in time, for Gwendolyn received mail within the next few days. She was asked to parties by people who claimed to know her relatives in this, that or the other city. The usual flood of advertising matter sent to those whose names appear in social columns was mailed her by enterprising firms, and this continued long after Gwendolyn faded off the social map, and in spite of her failure to deal with the firms.

A number of persons endeavored to reach her through the postmaster, but my relatives were unknown, having just moved to the neighborhood, and they furthered my fun by having the still less known children of the household call for Gwendolyn's mail. The postmaster's inquiries and those of callers for mail were directed to a family of the suburb having a surname identical with Gwendolyn's middle name, for early in the game Gwendolyn had annexed a beautifully fashionable one. This family tried valiantly to claim they knew the popular young woman, but their evasive answers only deepened the mystery, and instead of convincing inquirers that there was something queer about her made them all the more anxious to meet her.

Inquiries concerning her continued to come to my office, and I encountered her name in several parties given for the girls soon to come out. By autumn, when Gwendolyn was scheduled to make her formal début, I was being so pestered with telephone calls from persons who were sure they had known her relatives and who felt they were being remiss in not calling upon her or entertaining her, and I was being placed in such a queer position by encountering her name in scores of guest lists, that I thought best to have her and her entire family remove to a distant city to make their home. Needless to say they never returned, even for a visit, though a whole season later a society climber sent in a notice stating that she expected to have Miss Gwendolyn Stuyvesant as her guest that summer!

Just about the time that Gwendolyn moved away a case of poetic justice, one might say, came to me, impressing me forcibly with the social column's influence. In my mail one morning there appeared a sweet little note asking for an insertion in the Sunday page. Our Sunday page was a very democratic feature in which appeared all sorts of entertainments, children's frolics, masquerades, family dinners, débutante functions, even stag parties, and the hosts included everyone from the highest socially to the most obscure reader of the paper. Like most Sunday pages it was run from the point of view of circulation only, and the one office stipulation was that the names therein must be known for their respectability.

I was very vain about that Sunday output, and spent hours and hours of probably unnecessary labor in order to have it as finished a product as it was possible for such a thing to be. I took pride in knowing something about everyone whose name appeared, so that I became, in my own estimation at least, a sort of sponsor for those whose doings were recorded.

The Career of Hilda Strong

WHEN the sweet little note appeared I hesitated, because neither the name nor the locality meant anything to me. The name was a rather mediocre one that would have attracted neither attention nor criticism, and the address was that of a big near-by section of town within the city limits. The residents included socially prominent as well as obscure folk, just as in its environs were handsome big country estates and whole rows of tiny inexpensive houses.

The note stated that Miss Hilda Strong, who had been spending the summer at ——— had returned to spend the winter at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Van Rensselaer Strong. It was such a little item to be fussy about and it sounded so well that I sent it through with the rest of the announcements concerning returning families.

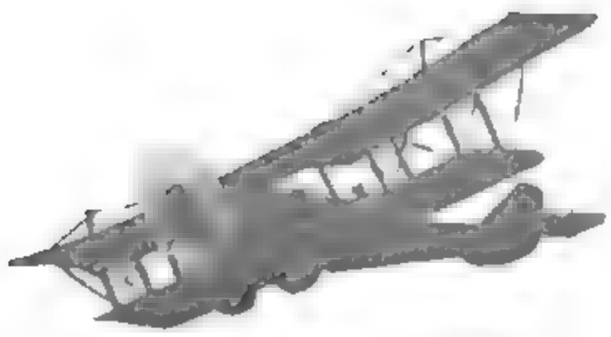
A few days later came a note of thanks signed by Hilda Strong. Now grateful notes are such rarities in a social department that I was quite impressed by the young girl's thoughtfulness, and when a week or so later a third note stated that Hilda was to be the guest of honor at a small masquerade party given on Halloween by J. Chandler Austin at the suburban golf club I felt quite well acquainted with her.

The name of James Van Rensselaer Strong did not appear in the telephone directory, as I learned after deciding to call Hilda for more news, and this disturbed me to such an extent that I asked a correspondent who lived near there to walk round to the address she had given and to make some excuse to ring the bell, in order to see what sort of people the Strongs were.

My correspondent reported that the street given was an exceedingly pretty little thoroughfare, and that though the houses were neither palatial nor impressive they were modern, good-looking and well kept. Number 26, the Strongs' number, had been in total darkness, but inquiry next door elicited information that Mr. and Mrs. Strong lived there with Miss Hilda.

My mind now at rest I used the items that Hilda sent in, but as the winter went on they became more and more flamboyant. That girl was being entertained by persons with the most astonishingly convincing names, and the lists of guests at these functions were wonderful to behold. I checked up on them in the social register and found that

(Continued on Page 105)



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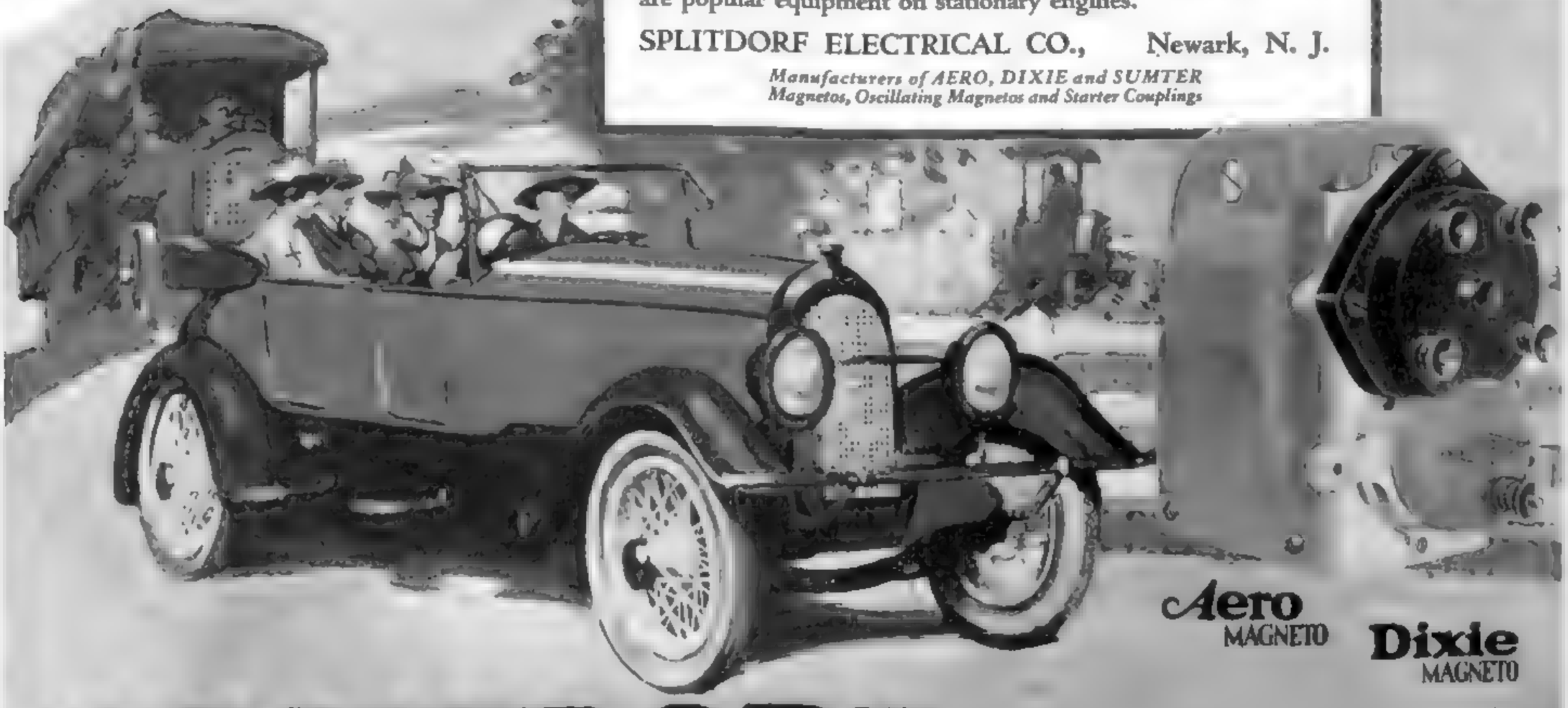

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Five Passenger Touring $2185
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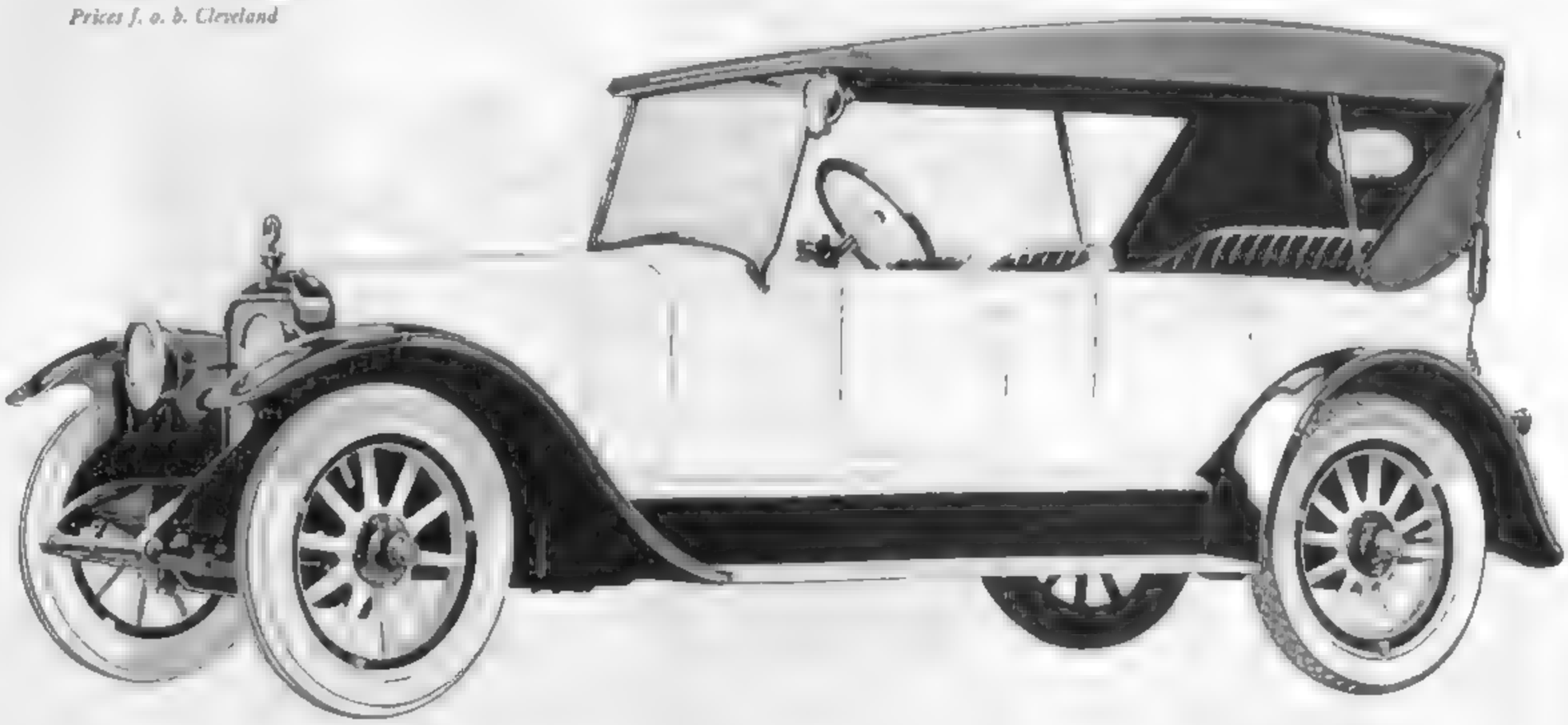

The Touring Car

(Continued from Page 102)

they came very near being the real thing, but just missed it. The social register would contain the name of J. Livingston Watts, while the list would include Mr. James Levenstone Watterson. It made me think seriously on the subject of Hilda and her friends, and I began to suspect that she was deliberately improvising lists that were real enough to be convincing to the casual reader and the neighbors and yet unreal enough to have no embarrassing comeback to Hilda.

With the arrival of a letter stating that Miss Hilda Strong would be the guest of honor at a small dinner dance given by Miss Mildred Shippen Russell at the Cloverdale Country Club, I wrote Miss Russell asking for her photograph to use in connection with the dance for Miss Strong, as well as the list of guests. No answer came, but Hilda sent a graceful little letter inclosing a list of those who would attend. Two weeks later my letter to Miss Russell was returned bearing the post office's terse comment, "Not at—Return to writer."

My assistant and I discussed the matter almost to the exclusion of any other topic. There was a real girl of that name, that we knew, which destroyed the possibility of a second Gwendolyn, but all these parties seemed preposterous when thinking of that obscure little terrace. Thanks to us the girl was getting so much social publicity that the other papers were beginning to take her up.

My assistant asked permission to handle the first item arriving after the return of the letter to Miss Russell. It proved to be a very flowery account of a reception and dance with the usual list of high-sounding names. Whereupon my assistant wrote a charming account of an affair given for Miss Hilda Strong at which all her small friends were present. The account continued:

The guests included all little Miss Hilda's friends between the ages of six and twelve years. The small guest of honor was attired in a very abbreviated fluffy white organdie frock with a pale-blue sash. Her slippers and stockings were of the same delicate shade of blue as was the bow on her bright curls. The guests played games after which ice cream and cakes were served, the latter being in the shape of dominoes so that the youngsters could have a game while eating. Afterward a prestidigitator plied his magic, much to the delight of the children, who enjoyed everything until the magician produced several bottles of strong glue from the end of a parasol, saying that the youngsters were getting entirely too frisky and must have their feet fastened firmly to the floor. This greatly alarmed the small guests, who were afraid they might be stuck.

Then followed the list sent in by Hilda, but each little girl's name was prefixed by either Baby or Little Miss, while each gentleman's name was led by Master.

My assistant was enraptured with the story she had written, claiming that it was justifiable, since Hilda was having fun with us. The account duly appeared in the Sunday page and we thought that would be the last of the pretty letters in Hilda's graceful chirography.

A few days afterward, on a lovely spring day, there appeared in my office doorway a radiant young creature. It was the time of year when the advance guard of girls puts aside heavy winter clothing and walks forth in one-piece silks and satins, wide fur neckpieces and the smartest of flower-laden hats. My visitor had all of these and more too, in the way of a gold-mesh bag, a gold vanity case, jeweled wrist watch, expensive slipper buckles, and the other small accessories that go to make up the costume of a young woman who looks like a million dollars well spent.

How Hilda Got Away With It

TO ADD to the attractiveness of the picture the young woman was charming in herself. She was tall and willowy, with beautiful soft hair, naturally blond, the clearest of blue eyes, and a complexion that surely was a direct gift from heaven and not hers by right of purchase only. Her voice was that of a gentlewoman, cultured, low, with the slurring of the r's and the precise pronunciation heard in the voices of many society women. She had neither the bold effrontery of an impostor nor the assurance of one to the manner born, but I was not prepared to have her give the name of Miss Hilda Strong, though, since she did, it did not surprise me when she said she had come on a matter of the greatest importance.

She desired first of all to know where we had got the perfectly absurd account of a party given for her that we had published the previous Sunday. I assured her I was most glad to meet her, as for a long time I had been wanting to inquire where we got all the perfectly absurd accounts of entertainments that we had been using.

She protested that she did not know what I meant, and throughout that remarkable interview this stylishly clad, gentle-voiced young woman held to her story that these people existed and all gave parties in her honor. She explained the return of Miss Russell's letter by saying that the Russells had recently removed from her own neighborhood, and at the time when my letter was sent they were packing at their old home, so naturally the postmaster at Cloverdale could not know them.

The conference got us nowhere. One cannot call a charming, earnest young girl a liar to her face; besides, I had only circumstantial evidence on which to base such an assertion. In the end she remarked with great dignity that if my paper did not care for her news she knew of others that did. And she was perfectly right about that, for publicity in our paper had given her a certain amount of standing in the eyes of the other society editors, and for the rest of the season Miss Hilda Strong continued to be entertained in the most extravagant style in the columns of rival papers.

In the early summer her engagement to a very fine young man of the suburb in which she lived was announced, and late that season she had a pretty wedding that, as a matter of news interest to the suburb, I felt compelled to rewrite from the other papers.

Later I discovered that she had deliberately played the game in order to marry well, and that the young man, who was a climber, had been so dazzled by all the publicity that he believed he was getting a social star. Marriage seemed to be the goal the girl sought—for never after did I see a single line concerning Hilda. Some day I expect to learn that she told her newly acquired husband that she always shunned publicity and that with him to protect her she would have none of it in future.

Publicity for Business Purposes

NOT everyone strives to get publicity for a definite goal, as Hilda did. However, I recall one woman who not only had a set aim in view but wanted to bargain with me at the beginning of tentative negotiations. She ought to have known better, for her people, as well as the family into which she married, had entrée into the most exclusive affairs. In fact, their social position was so unassailable that it became rather a tradition.

She drifted into my office one bright spring afternoon, and with no preliminary remarks came at once to the point. She wished to know what I could do to boost a certain hotel into popularity. She had often noticed, she asserted, that we used the names of those lunching at a rival and long-established hostelry and she did not see why we could not do the same for the new hotel. She informed me that she had no money involved, nor did she stay there, as she preferred the older house, but she knew the owner of the new inn and knew that much of his money was tied up in the place and so she had taken it on herself to see what could be done through publicity.

"In return," she chirped sweetly, "I will buy you a lovely new wardrobe, including all your spring and summer clothes, beginning with a charming hat I saw to-day."

Not believing her story of disinterestedness in the least, and thinking to have a little fun with her, I sought to lead her on into details, first inquiring just how I was to obtain the names she wished published.

Would the hotel extend to me a general invitation to luncheon, since no society editor on earth could afford to eat there, so prohibitive were the prices in vogue; or was she to supply the names?

She looked a little nonplused, but continued to smile brightly as she regretfully informed me that she could not furnish the names, as her husband objected to her giving information to the papers. She added, however, that she would be willing to help us at all times, provided we could call her at an hour when her husband would not discover it, but since she had not conferred with the owner of the hotel she scarcely liked to ask that I be permitted to sign luncheon checks. Now that she came to think of it, she believed I'd better sit round the hotel corridor and see the guests pass by on their way to luncheon. This would furnish me an opportunity to wear my new clothes. If I did not wish to do that I could interview the hotel manager, asking as a favor to my paper to be permitted to use the guests' names, and assuring him of my gratitude for his courtesy in giving them to my column. She admitted that this would take considerable time, as the manager would not talk to the papers over the telephone, nor was he often at the hotel, so I might have to make the trip of half a dozen blocks several times a day before seeing him. I bade her a smiling good-by after telling her the labor involved seemed too great for me to undertake just then.

But this experience was not nearly so humiliating as one I had with a woman who also should have known better, so assured a social position had she. Her granddaughter became engaged to a very fine young man, well worth attention in any social column, as was the girl herself, but the grandmother was panic-stricken for fear the turtledoves might be overlooked by the custodians of the columns of her favorite newspapers, so she decided to try persuasion.

In lordly state she sat outside the office in her splendid limousine while her chauffeur, a commonplace, too-familiar man, came in with an announcement of a dinner, and the request that it be used the following Sunday. It just happened that the Sunday page had gone to press early that week to make way for a special section of advertising import, and I could not have inserted an item concerning the engagement of a President of the United States. I told the chauffeur merely that it was too late, whereupon the man half turned his back and opened his hand, revealing a crumpled five-dollar note.

"Now can you get it in?" he leered unpleasantly.

I rose at once and asked if his mistress was in her car at the door, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, I went to her as quickly as a somewhat slow-moving elevator allowed. When the interview was over the mighty personage in her car had a much clearer understanding of the way social columns are conducted and the things that one may not say to a society editor. Then I sought the managing editor, for I fully expected a storm of protest directed by the grandmother's friends toward the editor in chief.

The managing editor was even more indignant than I, and we entered into an agreement whereby all such visitors were to be led gently to him, as he felt that my vocabulary lacked a great many words that he was not averse to using when occasion demanded.

There is one bit of social boosting that I did of which I am proud, because it brought so much happiness into the life of a lovely little lady whom I am glad to have on my list of friends. A friend of mine, who dabbled a little in society reporting because she thought it interesting and then spent the remainder of her time in discussing her career and profession at the luncheons and bridge parties that were her chief concern in life, asked me if I knew Mrs. Charles Pemberton. She told me that she seemed a sweet enough little thing and just loved to read social columns and to dream of the day when she might see herself in one.

I got in touch with Mrs. Pemberton, and later met her. To say that I was charmed with her is putting it mildly. She was a really beautiful woman, of wonderful coloring, hair a pure gold untouched by artifice, and eyes of that deep cornflower blue that seldom outlasts childhood. Her complexion was childlike in its coloring and she was slight in figure. Altogether I found her a fascinating little creature and liked her from the beginning.

She had no wild aspiration to shine in society, I discovered. All she wanted was to have entrée to big fashionable gatherings and to see her name in the paper as having attended these affairs. She was not averse to contributing heavily to charities for the privilege of seeing her name among those on the list of patronesses or as a possessor of a box at the entertainment. The only trouble was that she was so decidedly unknown that none asked her to take a box or to be a patroness.

She also wanted an occasional insertion in my column stating that she had entertained at dinner or luncheon, but as for guests, "Covers were laid for eighteen" was as far as she cared to go. The reason was obvious. She knew only unfashionable people living in obscure sections of the city, with no social standing at all, who would have been a detriment rather than a help to any climbing she contemplated.

She had married a man who had nothing but money and good looks to commend him; I doubt if before her marriage she ever had known the delight of having her name in the paper.

Boosting Mrs. Pemberton

WHEN I had talked to her I decided that I should be doing nothing out of the way in fostering her modest scheme. So I began to talk her up. In her case it was not sufficient to put her name in the column, for it would mean absolutely nothing to any of my readers, as she was entirely unknown, and her real name was so plebeian that I knew it could not be a case of Gwendolyn over again.

I commenced my publicity campaign by asking all my society-column friends if they knew her, telling each what a sweet little person she was, and what an asset she would be if her shyness could be overcome. This was true enough, dear knows, for so simple and unsophisticated was she that had I been able to wrest a bona-fide invitation to a dinner or reception for her she would probably have had a nervous spell. She was really afraid of society and its people, and all she asked was to be permitted to mingle with the mob and to be left alone.

I found a few who knew her country estate with its sweeping lawns, wonderful landscape gardening, magnificent trees, to say nothing of the house, regal in its size. None, however, had seen the inside, which was in keeping with the exterior.

After considerable quiet boosting on my part I came out into the open and asked a prominent woman, who was arranging a big fashionable entertainment for charity, to include my little lady in the list of patronesses, and if possible to send her a box. I assured the matron of my protégée's unobtrusiveness, and explained that she could not spoil any party, no matter how exclusive, as she was patrician in appearance and manner.

My pretty lady received a box, for which she sent a splendid contribution to the charity, and I saw to it that she asked the most prepossessing of her unknown friends to accompany her. Then I placed her well up at the beginning of the recital of box-holders and their guests, describing her gown down to its last tuck, not only on the day after the affair but also in the Sunday page.

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LYNITE:

Remolding the Motor Car

Part by part, piece by piece, *Lynite* foundries are remolding the motor car to new standards of liveliness and ease of handling, of gasoline and tire-saving.

Part by part, piece by piece, pounds or ounces are being cut from costly excess weight—pounds from the bigger parts such as cylinder-blocks, ounces from the smaller ones such as hub-caps and pedal plates.

For the automobile industry has found that no casting on a motor car is too big to be made of *Lynite*, no piece too small to be worth making lighter through its use.

Yesterday automobile dealers looked dubiously upon efforts to make of *Lynite* a few such parts as crank-cases.

Today more than seventy different car and truck parts are made of it, one car alone containing 48 different pieces.

And to the automobile world today *Lynite* no longer means those parts presenting comparatively simple metallurgical and foundry problems.

It means the whole external structure of the engine—from cylinder-head to oil pan. It means the heart of the engine—the pistons. It means entire bodies. It means, in a word, practically every part for which heavy cast-iron was once the accepted metal and still others that were formerly of steel, brass, wood or other material.

Lynite today is reducing the weight of motor cars from 300 to 500 pounds—not alone by getting rid of scores at one sweep from the larger parts, but by trimming off an ounce or two here, an ounce there from a multitude of smaller ones.

What is the explanation of this progress? For this you must look not alone to the tremendous strides which *Lynite* Laboratories and *Lynite* Foundries have been making — and are still making—in extending the use of *Lynite* to more and more applications in the car. You must look, as well, to the readiness of motor car builders to meet the ever-increasing public demand for weight-economy and all that it means.

Together they presage the coming of that day in the not distant future when the car with a cast-iron part will be as out of date as is the car of today without electric lights.

THE ALUMINUM CASTINGS CO.

Lynite and *Lynux* Castings
Plants in
Cleveland Detroit Buffalo Fairfield, Conn.

Lynite is Used for These 70 Different Car and Truck Parts

Accelerator Pedal
Accelerator Pedal Plate

Body
Breather Body
Breather Cap
Bearing Caps

Cylinder Block
Cylinder Head
Cylinder Head Cover
Cowl Board
Carburetor Body
Crank Case
Clutch Cone

Dust Cap
Door Bumper Socket
Door Handles
Differential Carrier
Differential Carrier Cover

Engine Support Brackets

Foot Rest Bracket
Fan
Fan Pulley
Fenders
Floor and Toe Boards
Flywheel Housing
Fan Support Bracket
Filler Cap (Gas)

Generator Bracket
Governor Casing
Governor Casing Cover

Hot Air Stove
Hub Caps
Hood

Intake Manifold

Oil Pump Body
Oil Pump Body Cover
Oil Pressure Regulator Body
Oil Strainer Body
Oil Filler Body
Oil Filler Cap
Oil Pan
Oil Gauge Body
Oil Reservoir
Oil Reservoir Cover

Pistons
Pedal Floor Plates

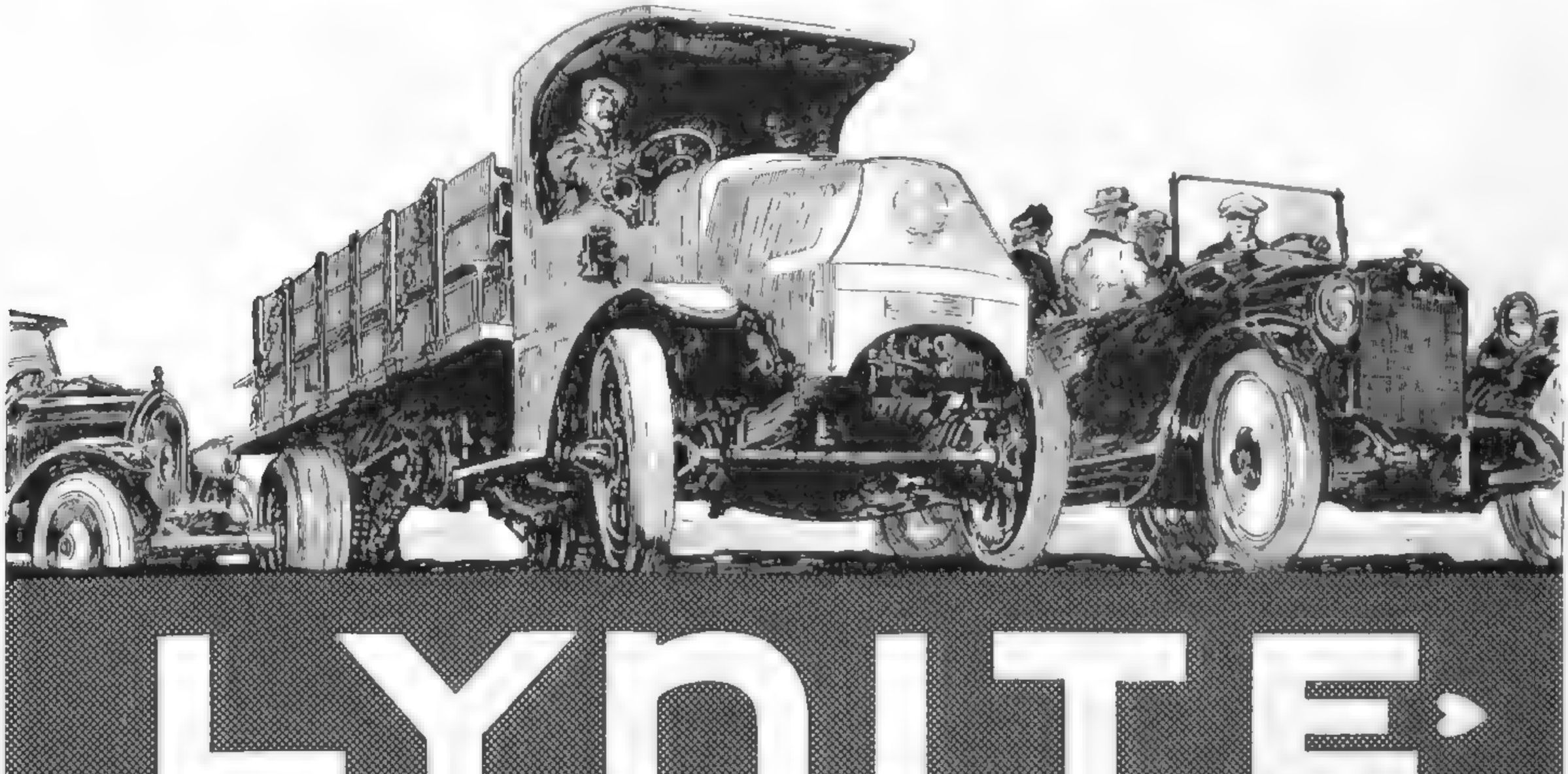
Radiator Guard
Radiator Header—Upper
Radiator Header—Lower
Radiator Shell
Rocker Shaft Support

Steering Wheel Spider
Steering Column Cowl Bracket
Spark & Throttle Lever
Spark & Throttle Sector
Steering Gear Housing

Transmission Case
Transmission Case Cover
Thermostat Body
Throttle Lever
Timing Gear Case Cover

Valve Lifter Rod Cover

Water Pump Cover
Water Pump Body
Water Outlet Elbow
Water Pump Support
Water Pump Support Caps
Water Inlet Pipe
Water Outlet Pipe
Worm Gear Carrier
Worm Gear Carrier Cap



LYNITE

(Continued from Page 105)

After that several prominent persons asked her to be patroness at big affairs. She was seen about so much that when the matron to whom I had appealed for the first charity entertainment was about to bring her daughter out I felt no hesitancy in reminding her of that box and the splendid check that went to the charity because of it, and asking that a card to the débutante tea be mailed her. Later she received a card to the young girl's wedding, one of the biggest events of a very big season. For an entire season I kept after worth-while matrons who had pet charities in tow, and though my little lady paid and overpaid her way to everything to which she was asked, she got just what she wanted—the right to mingle with the throng.

In the summer that followed I urged her to take a box at the horse show and to entertain mostly children, friends of her own children, or out-of-town friends. And after that event and the opportunity to exploit her that it afforded me I kept her in my social column as much as possible, so that society would not lose sight of her.

The next season was not nearly so difficult. I got her to take seats at the opera, and to promenade with downcast eyes, so that the fact that she did not know many persons to speak to would not be so noticeable. Toward the end of that winter, however, I made the important discovery that the downcast eyes were unnecessary. She had accepted such wads of tickets for entertainments, had been patroness to such an extent that scores of fashionable women knew her and felt constrained to recognize her at big affairs.

The pretty lady and her nice-looking husband are going about now a great deal, for with the opera; all the balls and entertainments given for charity; the débutante teas—to which they send a young florist shop; and the weddings—to which they send all sorts of handsome gifts—they have quite a busy time. They have a box at the horse show, and at any other huge outdoor spectacle at which I think they should appear. They have a bowing acquaintance with any number of persons of prominence. They never intrude, but seem entirely content to be on the side lines looking on, happy just to be seen bowing to the high and mighty of the fashionable set whom they admired from afar for so many years.

Press Agents for Beauty

Women are not the only ones who desire publicity in the social column. I have on my list of regulars a number of men of affairs who occupy high places in society and in the world of business, who never let a fortnight go by without mailing me an item or two. The odd thing about it is that every one of them wants such items to appear in the Sunday section. They, to a man, seem to have no time for or interest in the daily column.

So much generosity has been shown young women holding positions similar to mine that I have known them to take advantage of the circumstances to the extent of hinting when they want anything in the way of either trinkets or clothing. One girl made a practice of telephoning a certain wealthy woman before sallying forth to shop for hats, and the woman invariably asked, as the girl meant she should, if she could be permitted to send the hat as a token of her regard.

From hinting, one young woman passed on to telling generous matrons what she would accept in the way of Christmas gifts. Still another, trading on her position with her paper, as well as on her standing with and influence over fashionable families, entertained her personal friends at hotel tea rooms, and even went so far as to cajole caterers and florists into furnishing the food and decorations for any entertaining she did at her own home.

Stage folk excepted, there is no class of people more in need of publicity than débutantes of fashionable society in any big city in the land. A bud's family may be as rich and influential as the greatest of the great; her beauty and wit may make one doubt historians' praise of Ninon de Lenclos; her grace may cause one to wonder if Isadora may not be overrated after all; her charm and vivacity may lead to speculation concerning her descent from Madame Récamier—yet without the gentle art of press-agenting, without the aid of the ubiquitous social column her first season out is likely to be far from the triumph her parents fondly hoped for as her mother planned her presentation frock and her father had his bank accounts audited.

Without the publicity afforded by a social column, and I speak from the wisdom and experience gained in running one for many years, the little maiden of many attractions will find her sweet self superseded by girls with far less to recommend them to favor; for débutante popularity, like a great many other things in life, must be made known by sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, must be dangled daily in all its impressiveness before the eyes of those who make a débutante's first season a success.

A débutante is like a lover in one respect—everyone loves her, not as an individual, but as an exponent of a class. Everyone desires to do something to add to the joy of her first season, because she represents youth, joy, gayety. I have known matrons of influence and power, with no near friends with daughters of débutante age, who, when the season of buds arrived, became fired to such an extent with the idea of giving débutante parties that they turned to the social column and selected at random the name of their future guest of honor. Others have telephoned asking me to suggest the girl most likely to be the hit of the season. I have known still others, semiprominent women desirous of advancing their own social position, who deliberately selected leading débutantes getting much newspaper publicity and gave party after party for them, in order to be identified, via the social column, with the reigning favorites.

First Aid to Débutantes

That a social column is a first aid to a débutante has been manifested unmistakably many times. I have known farsighted mothers of meager means but unquestioned position who deliberately traded on their daughters' popularity with the various society editors and bargained to further the interests of a less fortunate sister bud. This trading is far more prevalent than one would imagine, and the popular bud is rewarded by gifts of clothing, the privilege of entertaining at luncheons and dinners at the leading hotel palm gardens, and week-end trips with the one being helped.

The most flagrant case of this kind that ever came to my attention was that of a woman whose right to leadership was undisputed and whom all the society editors loved devotedly. She entered into an agreement to link a totally unknown bud's name with that of her own débutante daughter, beginning with the presentation tea and continuing throughout the entire season, and the price paid was the prominent débutante's entire first-season expenses—the tea, all her clothing, entertainments that she thought it necessary to give, trips away at certain times, like the big football games at widely known college towns, and so on.

Of course the agreement was whispered by one fashionable woman to her favorite society editor and she in turn whispered it to the others, but all helped the popular impoverished matron by throwing open their columns to her scheme. The result was that the two débutantes had a wonderful season and the engagements of both were announced before the summer waned, the unknown having been won by a man she never could have hoped to meet had she been left in her own social environment, while the widely known bud was betrothed to a man of great power, position and wealth.

Enterprising mothers with tiny daughters start nine or ten years before the youngsters' début to enlist the services of a society editor and thus conduct a steady publicity campaign by means of the social columns of the newspapers. Consequently, when the child is ready for presentation she is as widely known in the little world she is entering as many a young woman who has been out three or four years. Every time the mother leaves for a week-end trip, she takes the youngster with her and gives the little daughter's name to the society editor. Every Christmas party, each small Halloween frolic, New Year's festivity or Easter celebration is given the society editor, with the list of the small guests, the list being added to establish the fact of the child's friendship with the children of leading families. The youngster will be the guest of honor at grand-opera matinees and the morning meetings of the horse shows, and the society editor will be requested to say something nice about the child in the résumé of the event on the Sunday page.

In such instances the society editor assists in the campaign by duplicating her notes and notices and mailing them to the society editors of the other papers, thus insuring the child publicity in all papers. She also introduces the child to the general public by having the newspaper photographers snap her with her pony at the horse show or just alighting from the family limousine at the door of the opera house. I knew one society editor who took on a woman with a pretty little daughter of eight or nine years, and so guided her through the ensuing ten years that her fame was established in three cities by the time she was ready to make her début.

But not all boosting campaigns were necessarily matters of solicitation on the part of persons too powerful to be ignored. At times some girl would strike my fancy and I would carry her through a season or so without her knowing a thing about it. One season the name of a débutante in the suburbs appealed to me and I took her on for no other reason than because I liked her name. It was very euphonious, and made me think of fun and dances and popularity and all the things I like to associate with young girls. I sent her to parties, to dinners, to receptions, and sent her out of town and brought her back with a faithfulness that never penetrated her head; and I gave her such a good season that I was not at all surprised to hear of her engagement to a fairly worth-while man. The joke of it was that the man always had thought he was destined to marry into society, and he bragged to his friends that he had captured a reigning belle whose name was always in the papers.

"Why, she can't even go downtown to shop without those darned society editors writing it up," he chirped in a burst of admiration to a friend of mine who knew what I was doing for the girl.

Then I had a surprise party all my own, for I met the girl. Of all persimmons that a misguided society editor ever picked from a tree of débutante youth that girl was the prize. She was lumpy, fat, overdeveloped, underexercised, possessed of a bad complexion, with no dignity, no poise, no beauty, absolutely nothing to recommend her but the euphonious name by which I had been attracted.

Needless to say the young husband-to-be never had reason to complain of too much social publicity after that meeting of mine with his fiancée, and later, when the girl's mother sent me an announcement that the engagement had been broken I was not at all surprised.

Blighted by Silence

Though indifference on the part of a society writer is bad enough, her positive enmity toward a débutante can work dreadful and drastic results. I recall an instance of a matron with a débutante daughter who incurred the enmity of an assistant society editor who enjoyed much popularity with her sister scribes. The family had moved from a town on the Coast and knew but a very few people in the city to which it had come. The assistant society editor, who was extremely proud of being on the principal sheet in town, the paper accepted by all fashionable folk as the most worthy of notice, had a relative in the quaint town from which the family had removed, and impressed by the fact that the relative, a mighty personage in her home city, had spoken of the newcomers, called them on the telephone, made herself known, and threw open the column of the paper, offering to let the old residenters know what a nice acquisition their set had made. It was very gracefully done, and had the matron been of the right stuff it would have been of great mutual benefit, for a number of desirable items would have rewarded the assistant as the campaign progressed and the column would have been an invaluable aid in the newcomer's quest for popularity.

The newcomer had a daughter just being graduated from a school in the South where she had met many charming girls of unquestioned family and position. The assistant advocated bringing this daughter out at once, and the matron, with a stroke of genius, decided to surround her with the most fascinating of the young Southerners, thereby making it necessary to annex only a few desirable young men to have a complete coterie. This would make it possible to begin the newspaper publicity at once without waiting until acquaintance was made with other débutantes.

The scheme succeeded admirably. Four young girls were brought from the South and the group of five girls, augmented by five men whom the débutante's father gathered together, had a succession of merry theater parties followed by suppers in the most fashionable hotel, interspersed with a series of luncheons and matinée parties. Each of the parties was duly inserted in the paper—rather, two insertions were made, the first being a statement that the party would be given in honor of the débutante, the second announcing that the affair had taken place the day previous and who the guests were—the ten names making a good showing. Each afternoon party was carefully chaperoned by the débutante's mother and each evening entertainment by her parents, which fact was duly chronicled, with the additional information that it was the family's first winter in town, before which they had made their home in the Western city.

An Angry Matron

About the time that a few persons in society began to think these people might be worth cultivating and the débutantes were quite willing to be friends with the new débutante whose parties were in the papers at all times, and that the other society editors, thinking they had let a rival sheet beat them at their own game, were busily using the parties, the matron became convinced that it was her own personal charm that had worked the miracle, and that her daughter—in reality a very commonplace, unattractive girl, burdened with too much flesh for any youngster to stagger under in a day when youth and scrawniness were synonymous, and further hampered by an unpleasant, husky voice—was a siren worthy of anyone's notice. Then came one day when she decided that some item already in possession of the assistant must not be used. It happened that the assistant not only had used this item to lead her page, but in the goodness of her heart had telephoned it to the other papers.

The column was already in type, the head set, the society editor and her assistant packing up to go home. The former young woman graciously explained that it was rather late to stop the publication, not impossible at all, but extremely upsetting to the office routine, since it would necessitate a substitution of a lead, to secure which would take so much time that neither she nor her assistant would be able to reach home in time to dress for the opera, but would have to cover it in their business frocks, going there straight from the office. She asked if anything was wrong with the note—any change of plan or withdrawal of guests—that would render its publication open to criticism by those who knew the family. She was assured that there was no reason for its being countermanded other than the débutante had met a few other débutantes, and she did not want the item to appear, as the new and desirable acquaintances might feel hurt on learning they were omitted.

The society editor explained that no new friends could feel slighted since they would realize that the party had been arranged before the hostess knew them. The matron seemed undecided. The assistant took the phone and her pretty little persuasive, almost childlike voice begged that her precious lead over which she had worked so hard be permitted to grace the next issue of the paper. Finally she won a reluctant consent.

It just happened that in the goodness of their hearts the two girls running that column had amplified the original note a trifle, saying that the new family was proving a delightful acquisition to the fashionable set, that the members of it were quite in the whirl of things, and that it really seemed as if there were two débutantes in the family since the mother had as youthful a heart as her daughter and no affair seemed complete without her.

It seemed an innocuous enough note and a graceful tribute to the sparkling young matron, but one never can tell concerning people to whom social publicity is a new thing. Instead of ignoring the note, as a woman who had been seeing her name in print for a decade or so would have done, the matron telephoned, not the society editor but the editor in chief, complaining

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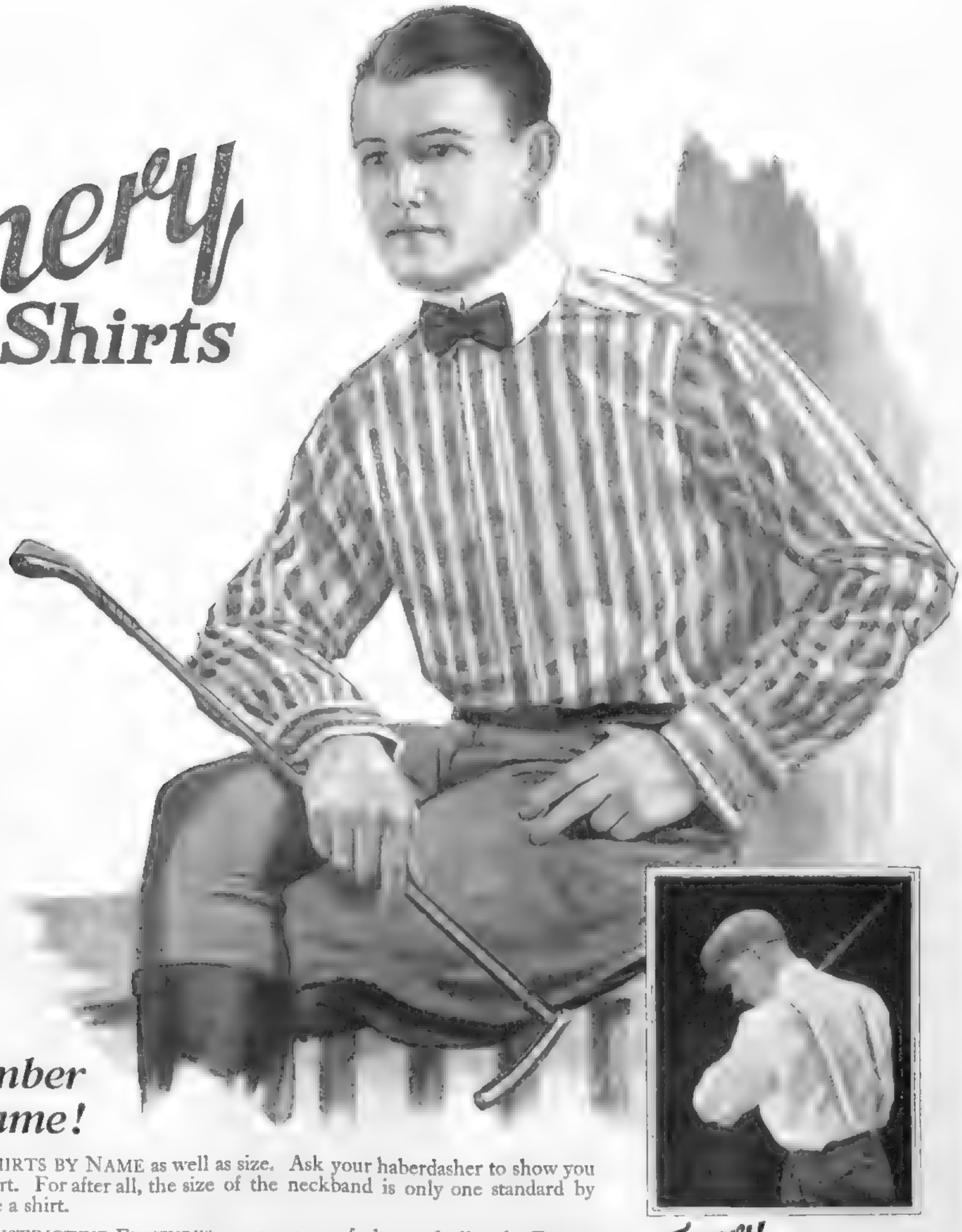
Emery Shirts



Remember the Name!

BUY YOUR SHIRTS BY NAME as well as size. Ask your haberdasher to show you the EMERY Shirt. For after all, the size of the neckband is only one standard by which to judge a shirt.

THERE ARE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES you are sure of always finding in EMERY Shirts. For instance, the EMERY Nek-ban-tab that saves bother in inserting the back collar button.

YOU ARE SURE of getting a garment cut on generous lines, without attempt to economize in material at cost of comfort.

YOU ARE SURE of correctness in every detail of pattern and design and the niceties of workmanship that stamps the wearer a well-shirted man. Of material stitched, seamed and buttonholed to return to you unscathed, from the ordeal of the laundry.

ALL THIS AND MORE is covered by the name of Emery Remember the name of the shirt you want as well as the size you wear. $2.50 up; $6 to $12 in silk.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro. Inc., Philadelphia

Emery *Golf Shirt*

A newly designed shirt with bellows-pleated back, for the out-of-doors man. Pleats open in action and close at rest.

Pipe, tobacco, cigars, notebook and other conveniences and comforts are provided for in capacious bellows-pleat pockets in front.

Mercerized Repp and Poplin. $3.00 to $4.50 at the same haberdasher's who sells you the regular Emery.

STEPHENS *Salient Six*

That is salient which is strikingly manifest or which catches the attention at once—Webster.

JUDGES of motor car values are impressed by the striking appearance and unusual performance of the Stephens Salient Six, and marvel at the power developed by its *perfected overhead-valve engine.*

Satisfy yourself that these are not empty statements. Put the Stephens Salient Six to the severest tests. Test it on your steepest hills; test it for quick acceleration; test it for flexibility—from 1½ to 60 miles per hour on high; test it for speed.

Then stand on a busy street and watch the passing stream of motor cars. Convince yourself that the Stephens Salient Six is more than just another automobile. In style, finish, quality and refinement the Stephens is truly *Salient*.

Among many instances proving Stephens performance, is the record made in the Second Annual Yosemite Economy Run under A. A. A. sanction. In this run the Stephens won the trophy in its class and in addition the Automobile Club of Southern California Trophy Cup for the best economy average on water, oil and gas, *over all cars entered*.

Such value is understandable, because back of the Stephens Salient Six is 54 years of continuous and successful manufacturing experience.

Distribution of the Stephens Salient Six is entrusted to only such organizations as measure up to our standards of permanency and success.

Moline Plow Company
Stephens Motor Works
Moline, Illinois
Factories: Freeport, Ill.

(Continued from Page 108)

that she had been ridiculed, and blaming the society editor, who, she claimed, had given her word of honor that the note would not be used.

The society editor phoned the irate matron several times, but to no avail. She demanded the dismissal of the assistant. The society editor, at great inconvenience to the next day's social column, made a personal call at the matron's home, and for two hours pleaded for mercy for the assistant, who the editor in chief insisted must go if the matron could not be placated.

The matron admitted that the whole trouble had risen because the young girls staying with her daughter had shrieked with mirth at the item, had dubbed her "Debbie" and refused to call her by any other name. The young men who had been enjoying the family's hospitality, egged on by the visiting girls, also had adopted the new name for the mother, and had been amusing themselves hugely by calling her on the telephone and teasing her about it.

The society editor offered to do anything in her power, to publish any note the matron would dictate, pointing out that the mischief was done, the paper could not be recalled, and that in all probability the note was forgotten by that time. "Forgotten" was a tactless word to use, it seemed, for it added fuel to the flame of the lady's indignation. In her anger she announced that she distinctly understood the relationship of the society editors of the various papers to her and hers. Her daughter was one of the most important buds of the season, which had been started virtually by her parties, and that it was imperative that mention of her be made in order that the society editors keep their positions with their papers. She fully realized her worth; she knew she had been an object of ridicule and she already had consulted a lawyer.

The Direct Methods of Dorothea

The society editor informed the furious woman that her request would be granted; the assistant should go.

"But," she concluded, "you are overlooking the fact that she is a very prominent young woman herself, that her relatives are rich and so firmly established in society that this story of injustice to her will be circulated broadcast. Furthermore, I will not place myself in a position for a repetition of a scene like this; therefore, hereafter you must personally telephone me and dictate any notice you wish inserted. And should there be any more trouble no phone messages will be accepted; you will have to write me a letter every time you want an insertion."

The matron backed water completely, announced that she would overlook the insult that time and that she would waive the assistant's dismissal, her only request being that the assistant be kept from handling her news. She graciously assured the society editor that she would be glad to accommodate her with news whenever she telephoned personally, and the society editor as graciously reiterated that the ruling she had made must stand and that only such notes as the matron herself phoned would be found in the social column. No messages were to be left with the person answering the telephone in the society editor's absence, but the matron must try and try again until she found the society editor in her office disengaged.

The matron seeing her nice little publicity campaign prone and gasping attempted to have the incident considered closed without such drastic measures, but the society editor was firm. Once back in her office, the newspaper woman telephoned every society editor in town, stating exactly what had occurred, pointing out what might happen to any one of us who dealt with a woman of her type, and assuring us that in all the time the publicity campaign had been carried on the woman never had as much as said thank you.

After that a society editor seldom was in her office when the woman phoned, or if by any chance she happened to be in, the item phoned was mislaid at once and not recovered until the column had gone to press. The great rank and file of society, which had just begun to note that the family seemed to be arriving, saw no further mention of her and soon forgot. The young visitors returned to their Southern home, taking their débutante hostess with them for a little visit. By the time she returned she had been forgotten entirely, and she spent the remainder of her first season attending the monthly meetings of the two-table card club of which her mother was a member, the other members of which were all middle-aged wives of business associates of the head of the household.

I myself deliberately ruined a débutante's popularity once by employing what I call the "curse of oblivion," but I did it to save the rest of the buds of that season. If ever there was a débutante vamp endowed by Nature with all the wiles practiced by screen celebrities it was Dorothea Leroy.

Early in life she learned to look after her own social publicity, and she knew instinctively just what to do. She would call me on the telephone every time there was to be a meeting of the dancing class, and ask me if I mentioned it would I please not forget to use her name among those present.

For the special meetings, such as the Christmas and Easter cotillons, the New Year's Eve costume ball, the Valentine révue, and such more elaborate affairs, she never failed to ring me up and ask if gowns were to be described, and if they were would I please say that "Miss Dorothea Leroy, one of the most popular members of the school set of fashionable society, wore a white Georgette gown with a pink sash, and stockings and slippers of the same roseate hue. Her long dark hair was tied with a wide pink bow." She never failed to say "one of the most popular"; she always described her hair, which was one of her greatest claims to beauty, and she called her white batiste frock white Georgette except when she styled it chiffon or net. At any rate it never appeared in print as batiste.

She always excused the phone call on the score that her mother and friends liked the notices and she phoned for their sakes. Apparently she never wanted anything for herself but always sweetly and unselfishly wanted it to please someone else. The truth of the matter was that the youngster was a born publicity seeker, and by the time she came out was one of the most widely known of the buds and well on the way to belledom. She was the sort of débutante that stands out radiantly from the other girls because of a manner that not only asks for admiration but demands it. She could be depended upon to become bosom friends with man, woman or child in three days' time and lifelong friends by the end of a week. Her people had very little money, as compared with the wealth existing in fashionable families, but Dorothea had a wondrous way of getting everything she wanted from her loving friends, and her facility for acquiring these friends counterbalanced the fact that her family was not widely known, its chief hold on the social world being Dorothea, while hers was her school friends.

Charge it to the Paper

Being a born self-advertiser, Dorothea did not wait for any appeal for débutante photographs to be sent out, but she sent hers in unasked. More than that, she had it taken at our expense, representing herself as coming right from me with my expressed wish to have that picture at once. With the picture came a note saying that a reporter had asked for the picture, and though Dorothea hated to send it she hated still more to disappoint that reporter, who doubtless needed the money far more than Dorothea needed her picture kept out of the paper.

The fact that I might make inquiry concerning the reporter who asked for the photograph and be unable to locate her never bothered Dorothea. Had I told her I could find no such person she would have had some plausible tale ready, something about discovering later that it was a reporter on another paper.

It was these indications of her character that made me merciless once I had determined upon the suppression of Dorothea. And the determination was born of the treatment I saw meted out by her to some of my pet débutantes.

Teas, even of the most fascinating variety; balls, even of the most gorgeous gowning; entertainments, even of the most spectacular fantasies, pull upon a society editor, who never can relax her news vigilance at such affairs sufficiently to enjoy them. The season Dorothea was a débutante I evolved a scheme, said scheme being the starring of unknown buds, for the purpose of enlivening the routine and making myself feel more a part of things. I made a list of all the débutantes, and my assistant and I went into council, dividing the list on a fifty-fifty basis, each of us first taking the little girls we had known from babyhood or whose mothers or elder sisters were dear to us, leaving the unknown girls until the end.

This group was then divided, share and share alike, one for me, one for my assistant, the decision in each case being determined by something one or the other of us alone knew. It might be a name, a place of residence that appealed, or the fact that we had seen the bud once or twice as a child before she had been sent away to school. From this list of unknowns we culled our pets, first and second choice, and we carefully refrained from lopping over into the first list and adopting as a pet a girl who had not been away to school and whom we therefore had seen about with her mother on shopping expeditions or at children's parties until, to us at least, she was almost as well known as her mother or big sister. This aversion to the known quantity in the débutante lottery made the game more fun, since we could not know from our choice in the list whether we had drawn a blank or a prize.

Then we proceeded to exploit these pets of ours. We made it a rule never to go to press without our pets' names in the column, as near the top as we conscientiously could get them. When their mothers entertained for them we let the items lead the column and so got their names in the headlines that carried the first few paragraphs.

Whenever the pets' names appeared in a list of guests we carefully took them out of the ofttimes obscure places in the hostess' note or telephone conversation and placed them at the top of the list. I even took a chance at a few big parties, when I thought their names might have been included in the real invitation list, but omitted from the one given us, and published their names, reasoning that they should have been invited if they weren't.

Dorothea Turns Bean-Stealer

The year Dorothea came out my first choice of pets was Evelyn Dixon, a girl whose father's melodious low voice won her the place of honor on my list. Very early in the season he telephoned me the date of his daughter's tea, saying that his little girl was so unknown he had to fix the date early in order that she could collect a receiving party. He told me that his daughter had been away at school ever since he lost his wife, ten years before, and that he was anxious that his youngster should have a good time coming out in the city in which her mother had been so happy.

My second choice fell upon Deborah Huntingdon, because I rather liked and pitied her when I saw her as a small child at a dancing-class party, where she seemed shy, and all legs, eyes and big protruding front teeth that a short upper lip seemed powerless to hide.

It was a slight offered Deborah that first set me against Dorothea, who wiggled in on an invitation to a hotel *thé-dansant* extended to my pet, then sneaked off with Deborah's escort and left the poor child sitting alone and miserable at a table, where she remained until I rescued her and took her home.

A few days later I discovered another of Dorothea's curves when she accused Deborah of breaking up the party by running away.

After the season had been under way about three weeks I found that everything for the buds was being spoiled by Dorothea. She misrepresented every little act of the girls to the boys who made up the débutante coterie of that year. She generally antagonized the group to such an extent that everyone was at daggers' points with everyone else, Dorothea excepted.

All this time Dorothea was getting the bulk of the débutante publicity because of her method of looking after her own newspaper notices, and the girls' mistaken notion of lauding Dorothea until she was the most praised, most talked-of bud of the season. Everywhere one went one heard her praises chanted, her charms recounted.

It seemed a shame to let the thing go on when there was a sure cure right at hand, provided the buds could be brought to see the wisdom of it. I took the other society editors into my confidence and we called a meeting. We outlined my plan of putting Dorothea out of the social running by a ban of silence, by blotting her off the social schedule as if she had been a blot on a good sheet of note paper. I insisted to a number of that season's buds that the chorus of praise be stopped at once, but on the other hand not a single word was to be spoken against the girl. None was to be given an opportunity to rally to her aid, to defend her in any manner, to brand the other girls as mean, catty, jealous. She simply was to be omitted from their conversation at once and for all time, and put out of their thoughts too. If anyone mentioned her name to them or in their hearing another topic of conversation was to be introduced.

We society editors in turn were to omit her from our columns and never to mention her name even in a list.

That was the basis of the plan, the details were worked out as occasion demanded and with the aid of some of the mothers and sisters of the débutantes, to whom we unfolded our scheme.

The first opportunity for a trial of it came a few days after the meeting. This meeting, by the way, was held on the day following one of the débutante teas at which Dorothea's methods had been particularly flagrant. As usual she had been a shining radiant center for the masculine group and the other girls formed discontented little bunches, brightening into life and animation only at such times as Dorothea drove some of her admirers to them, whereupon they chanted her praises to the exclusion of every other topic, fearful of that dread word jealousy.

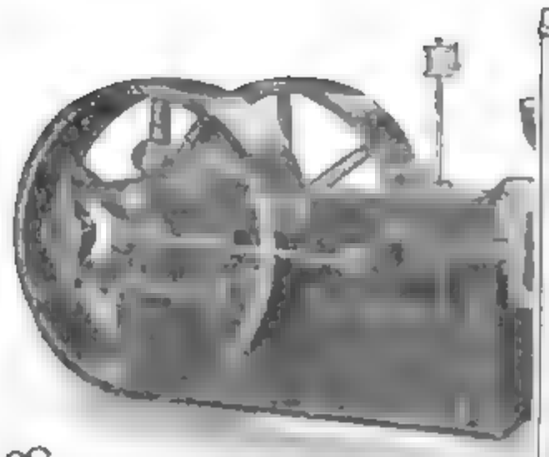
The Veil of Silence

The tea that followed the meeting differed greatly, as far as Dorothea was concerned, from the one that preceded the memorable conference, though on the surface they were alike as any two teas of the season. To begin with, when Dorothea rushed in, radiant and sparkling and ready to take command as usual, her hostess reminded her that as a member of the receiving party she should have been there at least fifteen minutes in advance of the time stated on the cards, not fifteen minutes after the first guests arrived. Then she cut short the girl's voluble explanation by turning to her guests, and the other girls followed her lead, leaving Dorothea, for the first time since her début, just a bit squelched and very much ignored. Not a girl noticed her beyond the most casual greeting. Whenever she rushed up to a group and commenced to talk in her usual excited, vivacious manner she found some débutante just leading that group to the dining room. Whenever she advanced to greet arrivals she encountered another débutante slipping in ahead of her. Everyone was talking of the bud being introduced, no one mentioned Dorothea. When little squads of masculine guests arrived they were at once surrounded by eager, laughing, happy girls in a massed formation that shut out Dorothea completely. And it was surprising what a vast number of important confidential things were to be discussed just as soon as any cavalier showed a tendency to stray toward Dorothea.

It was the only tea that season that was attended by every society editor in town. Each of us went to cheer our own pets on to victory. Toward the end of the afternoon we slipped into one of the smaller reception rooms and held a jubilee over the success of our scheme. The papers next day carried the tea at great length, but there was no mention of Dorothea, no description of her frock, neither did her name appear in the week's résumé that we served up for Sunday reading.

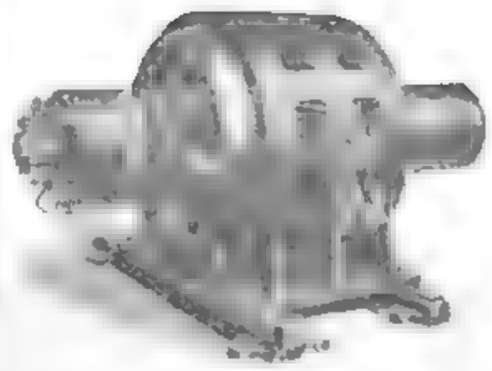
The next big affair was a *thé-dansant*, a proposition that was harder to handle, since Dorothea was a good dancer; but unexpectedly and to our delight the hostess helped us by locking the ballroom until about an hour before the guests must leave, when she introduced them to a splendid entertainment, professional and amateur, that consumed so much time there could be but one dance. During the moving of the chairs the hostess and the mothers of the débutantes completely cut Dorothea off from the young guests, and by the time the matrons were through talking to the pretty bud every man at the tea had found a partner. The next day's social columns carried no mention of Dorothea, even

(Concluded on Page 157)



Late 70's STATIONARY STEAM ENGINE

1877 George B. Selden's First Automobile



Middle 80's ELECTRIC MOTOR & GENERATOR

Six Great Inventions

How Gargoyle Lubricants cleared the way for their development

SPERM oil and tallow. Lard and suet. These marked the limits of lubricating less than 60 years ago. Present high speeds were undreamed of.

The engineer swabbed his slow-moving pistons with a brush dipped in tallow. A ridiculously bulky mass of metal was required to produce small horse-power.

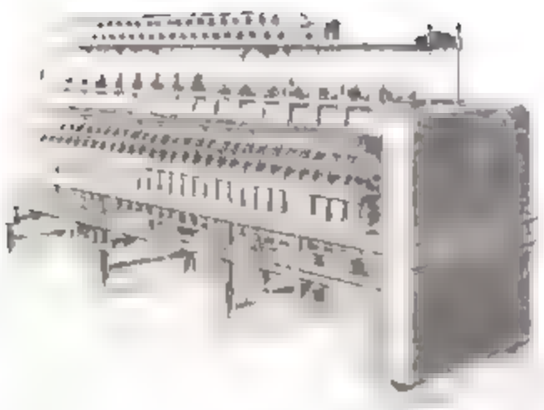
In 1866, Hiram B. Everest erected a small still in the back yard of Mathew Ewing in Rochester, N.Y. He believed it was possible to distill the whole body of crude petroleum into kerosene, but found it was impossible to escape a residue which had no commercial use or value.

A study of that residue marked the beginning of the Vacuum Oil Company. Mr. Everest, as president of the Company, lived to see Gargoyle Lubricants known the world over.

For step by step, Gargoyle Lubricants replaced lard, suet, sperm oil and tallow. Today the red Gargoyle is recognized the world over as the symbol of scientific lubrication.

One of the greatest sources of pride to Vacuum Oil men is the part their Company has played in quickening the development of useful inventions. Six instances follow:

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery Obtainable everywhere in the world* NEW YORK, U.S.A.



1889 HIGH SPEED SPINDLE — Early 90's ELECTRIC TRANSFORMER — 1902 1905 STEAM TURBINE

Stationary Steam Engine Lubrication (Late 70's)

PRIOR to the production of Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W, stationary steam engines were lubricated with tallow.

Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W was the first successful petroleum lubricant used for steam engines. Its success was so marked that a large number of imitations soon appeared. But to this day no other cylinder oil is so well adapted to the wide range of steam engine conditions as Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W.

Automobile Engine Lubrication (1877)

IN 1872, Mr. George B. Selden set out to invent a mechanically propelled wagon.

In 1877, with high heart he looked upon his finished engine. Then came a setback. He found that none of the animal or vegetable lubricants then in use would give adequate service on this new kind of internal-combustion engine. So great was the inefficiency of these oils that Mr. Selden practically gave up the idea of perfecting his engine for road service.

Later in the year he learned that the Vacuum Oil Company had produced a new, clear petroleum lubricating oil. He secured a few gallons. The turning point was realized. The problems of oil decomposition and highly offensive exhaust smoke were wiped out. The new oil lubricated his engine with high efficiency. He went ahead with his work.

Mr. Selden paid that oil the following tribute:

"It is beyond doubt that the Vacuum Oil Company was the first to make a suitable pure mineral oil that would lubricate a gasoline automobile, and I was the first one to make use of it."

Today Gargoyle Mobiloils supply scientifically-correct lubrication for each make and model of automobile, motor-truck, farm tractor, motorcycle and motor-boat.

Electric Generator and Motor Lubrication (Middle 80's)

IN the middle 80's new designs in Electric Generators and Motors introduced the new speed of 1000 revolutions per minute. This brought up a fresh lubricating problem. The Vacuum Oil Company turned to meet it. Gargoyle Arctic Engine Oil was produced to meet this lubricating need. Although other oil companies later offered oil of almost identical specifications at half the price, users found Gargoyle Arctic Engine Oil far more economical.

High-Speed Spindle Lubrication (1889)

IN the early 80's a relatively thin oil was used for spindle lubrication. The Vacuum Oil Company's engineers, however, believed that the oil was unnecessarily heavy for the work—resulting in an unnecessary waste of power. After a period of experimentation the Vacuum Oil Company produced Gargoyle spindle oils. Textile mills reported a marked saving in coal bills on changing to these lubricants—frequently as great as 40%.

Electric Transformers (Early 90's)

THE first transformers handled currents of from 2000 to 3000 volts. The higher the voltage the greater the heat. A petroleum product is here used as an insulating and cooling medium.

This new problem was met when the Vacuum Oil Company, working with the electrical companies, produced for them distinctive grades of Transformer Oils specially adapted for their appliances. Manufacturers were thus enabled to raise the early voltages higher and higher. Today 90,000 volts are possible.

Steam Turbines (1902-1905)

STEAM turbines presented two new lubricating problems: (1) They operated at speeds of 1800 to 3600 r. p. m. (2) Water tended to get into the system which, when churned with the oil, formed a sludge. This sludge would often choke the oil pipes.

The turbine problem centered about the production of lubricating oil which would not sludge and which would readily separate from water. After extensive research and experiment, this problem was met through the production by the Vacuum Oil Company of three grades of Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils.

A VAST share of the progress of mechanical invention during the past half century would have been impossible without marked progress in the science of lubrication. The contributions of the Vacuum Oil Company during the past 50 years are generously appreciated by power engineers the world over.

The future of invention will doubtless present fresh problems in lubrication. The Vacuum Oil Company pledges its resources to meet these requirements as they arise.

The work must go on.

GARGOYLE

Lubricants

A grade for each type of service

Domestic Branches

New York	Philadelphia	Detroit	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Boston	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Indianapolis	Des Moines

Correct
AUTOMOBILE LUBRICATION

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

The chart below indicates the grade recommended by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations cover all models [illegible]

AUTOMOBILES	1919 Models		1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Apperson	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
Auburn (6 cyl.)	Arc	A	Arc	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	A	Arc	A
Auburn (6-58)	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	A	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible] (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] (F.A.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
[illegible] (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cunningham	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	Arc
[illegible] (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dort	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	A
[illegible] (Model C)	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Arc	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] (2 and 3½ ton)	A	A	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	B	A	B	A	B	A
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] (Model 48)	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] (12 cyl.)	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Liberty	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

OUT-OF-DOORS

Three Historical Rifles

THE names of Daniel Boone, David Crockett and Kit Carson are or ought to be familiar to all Americans. Each in his own day and in his own way made good and did something for his country. Their lives to them probably seemed workaday and commonplace, but to us they are all romance. All three of these were out-of-doors men and are to-day saints on our outdoor calendar. It is a curious thing to hold in the hand the sporting and fighting weapon of one of these early Americans—it shows how much America has changed in a few short generations.

In Santa Fé, New Mexico, about fifteen years ago I saw the rifle of Kit Carson, which was then preserved in the historical rooms in that city. At the time I photographed it and wrote something about it. As I now recall that piece, it was much shorter in the barrel than the typical old Kentucky squirrel rifle, though it had the same general lines. The muzzle came well up to my chest. The bore was rather large—very much larger than that of the typical squirrel rifle, whose bullets ran one hundred to the pound. I should say that the caliber of the Carson rifle was at least .44. It was rather heavy in the barrel, a solid, stockily built piece, in fine preservation. The sights were the low fixed rear sight and low silver foresight of our frontier days. This was not the Hawken rifle which at one time Kit Carson prized so much, and I do not recall that it had any name of the maker legibly imprinted on the barrel. It was a well-finished piece none the less. The old patch box in the stock, as I recall it, still held a few of the patches with which it once was supplied. The ramrod at that time remained in the pipes.

It is one of my cherished sporting experiences to have seen this old rifle of Kit Carson's.

Just the other day I likewise held in my own hands the rifle of Daniel Boone, that still earlier adventurer of the old American frontier, who dates back to the days when there was a West which was a man's country that only men could take for their own. There is no doubt about the authenticity either of the Carson rifle at Santa Fé or of this Daniel Boone rifle, which now is owned at Hot Springs, Arkansas, by a very prominent and much beloved gentleman, Col. S. W. Fordyce.

General Braddock's Inkhorn

Colonel Fordyce was born in Ohio and fought with the Union Army in the Civil War. He ranked William McKinley in command and later on was accredited with helping elect McKinley to the Presidency of the United States by reason of certain practical counsel, although he has done as much for men not of McKinley's political faith. Colonel Fordyce is now a man nearly eighty years of age and may look back upon a most interesting past. In his day he has built and financed more than ten thousand miles of railway, has been identified with many prominent public enterprises and has known numberless prominent men in this and other countries. Indeed he has played all the big games with zest and success.

In his home near Hot Springs, Colonel Fordyce has many curious things which take hold upon history, adventure, sport and war. Among these is an old brass inkhorn which was found on the body of General Braddock on Braddock's Field in Pennsylvania. He knew that this relic was preserved in a certain family in the western part of that state and at length obtained it. He keeps it near the big horse pistol used by Baron von Steuben in the Revolutionary War.

Near to these is a pair of dueling derringers, which have done their work in their day. But of all his old-time weapons Colonel Fordyce most prizes the rifle of Daniel Boone.

When Boone left Kentucky he crossed into Missouri and settled beyond St. Louis at St. Charles, where he became an alcalde under the Spanish Government. It was there that he closed his career as a hunter. Boone had a neighbor, an Irishman, whom he liked very much. When he died he willed him this old rifle. The Irishman had children, among these daughters, one of whom came into possession of the rifle. A certain army officer married one of these daughters and so came in turn into possession of the rifle. He remarried twice subsequently and the old piece passed on down, almost forgotten and not valued by its later owners. Through the intermarriage of a relative with one of these allied families Colonel Fordyce got trace of the old Daniel Boone rifle and its history. At length he was able to obtain it. It was at his home near Hot Springs that I myself saw it.

The Boone rifle is not in so good repair as the Carson. The ramrod is gone from the piece and the walnut fore stock is deeply chipped in places. The ornamental brasswork of the patch box is still intact, however, though the patch box is quite empty, only a trace of the old grease remaining, dry, at the edges of its bottom. The rifle was a surprise to me, for I had expected to find in it a long and heavy piece of the old small-bore type. It weighs much less than the Carson rifle, is indeed extraordinarily light for its length of barrel. It is much longer than the Carson rifle and the bore is larger. I placed the piece in front of me and it came up to my nose. I passed my little finger into the bore easily up to the knuckle. In an attempt to get an idea of the bore of the rifle I tried the same finger recently in my own six-shooter, which is .44 caliber. I found that the finger would go only a little way into the muzzle of the .44, therefore I am disposed to think that the Boone rifle must have been close to .50 caliber.

Virginia Squirrel Rifles

I could not discover the name of the maker of the Boone rifle, for the piece of course was somewhat rusted. The most surprising thing was the extreme lightness of the piece and the smallness of the tube for such a heavy bore—I should think that there would have been considerable recoil to this piece. It surely was very much larger in bore than my own Virginia squirrel rifle, descended from my grandfather, which has the caliber formerly called one hundred to the pound—such as was generally used for turkeys, deer and squirrels in the old days. I fancy that as Boone and Carson moved west into the buffalo country they felt the need of heavier loads. I know that when my own father went up the Platte Valley in 1860 he had no better weapon than this old Virginia squirrel rifle. He found that he could not knock down a buffalo so well as might be and had to be very careful with it. The Indians whom he met on the Plains wanted very much to trade horses for a rifle, but they did not like this kind, which they said was not big enough to kill a buffalo.

They indicated that they wanted a bullet of about .50 caliber—making a circle with the forefinger and pointing to the size. Perhaps they had seen the old Mississippi Jaeger rifles.

As to the David Crockett rifle, I have not yet seen it but may do so. "I am soon going to have the David Crockett rifle, also," said Colonel Fordyce to me. "It has been promised to me by Bob Crockett, Davy's grandson. Perhaps I can assure its future preservation as well as anyone. This is not the rifle which Crockett used at the Alamo, but the one which was given to him by the gentlemen of Philadelphia, who admired him politically—you will recall his visit to Philadelphia and the entertainment given to him there. David Crockett never used this rifle, which, according to the story, reached him after he had set out for Texas, following his defeat in his last race for Congress. It is said to be a handsome and well-made piece. Of course it is not the Old Betsy of which Crockett speaks so frequently in his autobiography. I do not know what became of Old Betsy or whether that was the rifle which he used in the Alamo."

So there, if you care to know about such things, is the story up to date of the three most valuable rifles in America to-day. It would take Colonel Fordyce himself to tell all the anecdotes that go with these pieces or with the times out of which they came.

There were times in early America when efficiency with weapons of the chase was considered a gentlemanly accomplishment, always desirable, possibly useful and perchance upon occasion extremely necessary. In those days the duel flourished, and the duel asked more of a man than simply courage.

If he succeeded in that pleasing pastime he had to know how to shoot.

"I was mixed up in a good many of those affairs in my earlier days," said Colonel Fordyce, as we were examining the pair of derringers on his desk. "I recall one especially curious incident.

"At that time I was engaged in the banking business in a large Southern city. We had made certain advances to a gentleman then in New Orleans who was engaged in business. His name was George Barnwell Rhett, of an old and good family of South Carolina. Mr. Rhett in Reconstruction times had gone to New Orleans and engaged in newspaper work very fearlessly—a risky thing to do at that time and place. He incurred in some way the enmity of a man by the name of Cooley, and one thing following another, Rhett at length challenged Cooley. The first I knew of it was when I got a message asking me to come to New Orleans at once. I thought it was a business matter, but it turned out to be something more serious. Mr. Rhett wished me to look after him in this personal encounter."

The Duel and its Sequel

"Mr. Cooley being the challenged party had the choice of weapons. He nominated single-barrel shotguns, each loaded with a single buckshot. Of course that meant considerable wadding and no great accuracy of fire. Buckshot do not always run just the same size. I told Mr. Rhett that he need not accept any such conditions, which were not in accordance with the code, and that he might with honor decline to fight. He was entirely cool about it all—the coolest man I ever saw—and said that he would fight, and with those weapons. I knew that he was a good pistol shot, but that he was entirely unacquainted with the shotgun, and I feared for his safety in these circumstances. I therefore set the meeting ahead a few days, and meantime I took Mr. Rhett out into the woods and gave him lessons on the shotgun the best I could.

"The men met at sunrise on a certain day, at a certain place near New Orleans. At the word they fired and Mr. Cooley missed. Mr. Rhett fired in the air. We asked Mr. Cooley if he was satisfied, but he, ungenerously as it seemed to me, declared that he was not. We placed the men again. At the second fire Mr. Rhett shot Mr. Cooley through the center of the forehead with the single ball.

"I took my man out of the country as fast as I could and hid him in a certain village in Georgia, back in the hills, in a place where he could live fairly comfortably. The Federal Government sent in posses for him several times, but I kept him out of sight. The hunt for him got to be very hot. Finally there came in one officer with a posse whom I thought it well to interview. At that time the Ku-Klux Klan was just beginning to organize in the post-bellum days. I went to this Federal officer and told him that there were ten thousand men of the Ku-Klux Klan banded together in that neck of woods and that if he ever came back in there again they were pretty sure to get him. I asked him if he did not think it wiser to drop the matter and go on home. He quite agreed with me. They never got my man."

A Question of Color

"In another duel that I was mixed up in," said the old colonel, still chuckling at the thought, "I was second for a hotelkeeper in a good Southern town. He was a good and hospitable old soul himself, but quick-tempered and with his own ideas about the color line. One evening there came to his place a man who to him looked liked a negro, who asked accommodations. The owner refused with certain words of qualification and query, which I need not quote. It turned out the next day that the man thus treated was a Creole of a good Southern family. About the first thing he did when he could find a place to write was to send a challenge to my acquaintance.

"I advised my principal in these circumstances to send an explanation to the challenger and to make any apology which seemed dignified and fair, because the whole thing seemed to be only a regrettable mistake. But our Creole friend would not have anything to do with apologies—he only wanted to fight. I told my man once more to write him and try to explain it, and he did that; but once more our fiery friend declared that nothing but bloodshed would do him any good. So I told my man that I reckoned we would have to fight. He was a large and very stout man and I gave him the once over, as young persons say to-day.

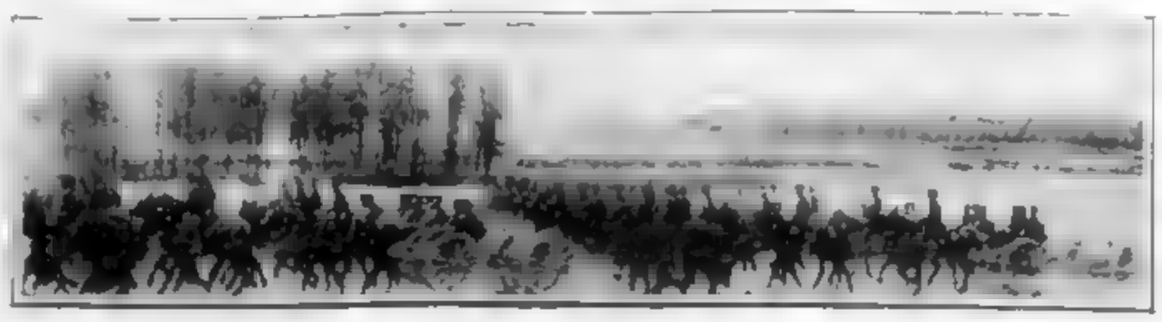
"'Look here, Bill,' I said to him, 'you are so big he couldn't miss you if he tried; and it doesn't look to me like he was going to try to miss you. On the other hand, he is a little bit of a runt, not bigger than a pinch of snuff, and it will take mighty fine shooting to hit him—and you don't know how to shoot at all. I'll tell you—you name butcher knives, eighteen-inch blades, for the weapons. You can cut his head off before he can reach up and hurt you very much.'

"Well, we agreed to that and sent word to our Creole friend that we were ready to fight with butcher knives, any time he liked. Did he come through? Not at all! When he heard that bloodthirsty proposition he did not stop even to accept an apology—he just left town, and that was the end of it.

"The South has changed a great deal since those old times," said Colonel Fordyce musingly, after a time. "I suppose I ought to be called a Democrat, but once I was in the Union Army and as an Ohio soldier walked in the Virginia mud. Oh, yes, I know the Virginians. Curious people! They can't seem to learn that there is any place worth while in the whole wide world except Virginia. They are worse than Californians.

"I had a friend once who was a Virginian and I met him out in Kentucky where he had come for a visit. He was entertained handsomely by some of the local Kentuckians, after their hospitable fashion. Later on he went back home to Virginia and they asked him there what kind of a time he had had in Kentucky and what he did out there. He told them about a certain interesting house party at which we all had met. They asked him who was there. He thought for a time and then said, after due reflection: 'Well, there were three elegant gentlemen from Virginia, two gentlemen from Kentucky, a man from Ohio and a little son-of-a-gun from Connecticut.'

"I was the man from Ohio. I felt right glad I did not come from any place farther east than that!"



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NO use arguing about it, or making chin-music in a minor key! If you've got the jimmy-pipe-notion cornered in your smoke-appetite, slip it a few liberal loads of Prince Albert! *And,* you'll sign the longest lease you can hook up to on about the cheerfulest brand of in-and-out-door sport that ever did ramble up Broadway or down Lost Creek trail!

Boiled down to regular old between-us-man-talk, *Prince Albert kicks the "pip" right out of a pipe!* Puts pipe pleasure into the 24-hours-a-day joy'us class! Gives smokers more fun to the square inch than they, *or you,* ever dug out of a pipe before!

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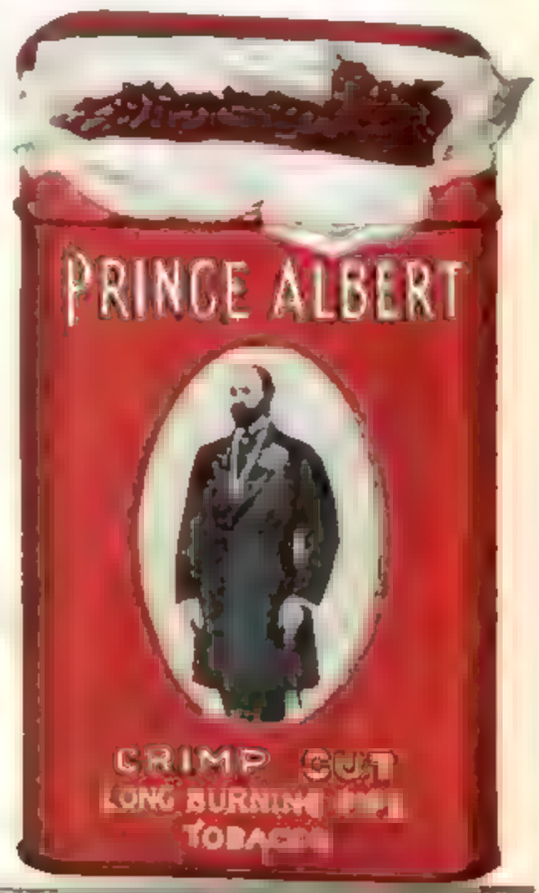

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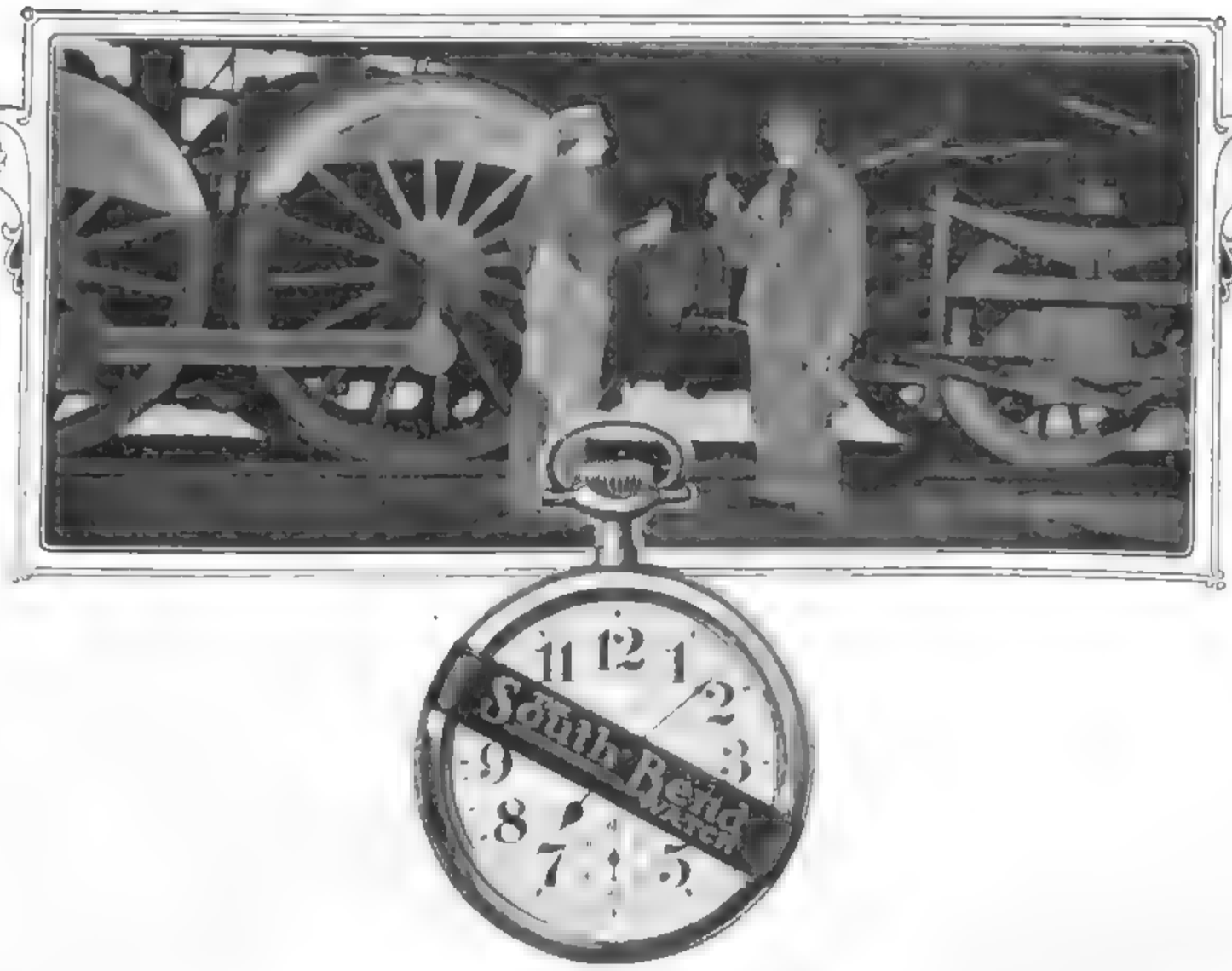

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The Watch with the Purple Ribbon

THE NAVAL WAR THROUGH GERMAN EYES

(Continued from Page 9)

The fifteen-inch guns mounted by the Bayern and Hindenburg classes were a confession on Germany's part that the contention of her naval experts that German eleven-inch guns were as destructive as any of the larger guns of the British Navy had not been borne out by experience. In speed, tonnage and armament the Bayern and the Baden were slavish imitations of the Queen Elizabeth class, designed by the British some time before the war. Similarly the Hindenburg and the unfinished Mackensen had much more than their general appearance in common with the Repulse and Renown, though in this instance it is probable that the Germans succeeded in turning out a somewhat more formidable fighting unit than the British.

If the inspection of the surrendered German ships is comparable to the lifting of the curtain of the German naval theater the visit of the Allied Naval Commission to the ports of the North Sea and the Baltic might be likened to going behind the scenes. The surrendered ships had been the principal puppets of the show, but it was not until we went behind the scenes that we saw anything of the strings that had pulled them, and began to be thrown into close contact with the men that had pulled the strings. This latter was perhaps the most revealing phase of all.

Germans Willing to Talk

In the instructions issued to the officers of inspection parties was the order that no unnecessary conversation should be held with Germans of any rank, and this was, I am confident, carried out in letter and spirit in the search of both the surrendered ships and those later visited in Wilhelmshaven and Kiel. The inspection parties were always in a good deal of a rush, so that there was no time for conversation, even had there been the desire. So, too, the strict formality of the relations between the German commissions which came off to the Hercules in Wilhelmshaven and Kiel to confer with the Allied commission precluded all possibility of the least interchange of personal views, though one found it a bit tantalizing to sit for a couple of hours at hardly more than arm's length from, for instance, Captain Von Müller, who was Admiral Goette's principal adviser on the German commission, and not take advantage of the occasion to clear up two or three moot points concerning the Emden's fight with the Sydney.

It was only when the various subcommissions under Admiral Browning began making one, two and even three day excursions, under the escort of German naval officers, that opportunities rose—during waits at landings or in railway stations or through being thrown closely together in trains, motors, launches or destroyers—for anything in the way of personal conversation. Yet even here the Allied officers, so far as my own observations went, obeyed instructions to the letter, and had the German officers been bound by similar rules there would have been no talk save in relation to matters of trains, inspection, and the like. Just what the Germans' orders were in this connection we did not learn, but if there was anything in the way of a prohibition against talking of matters beyond inspection routine it was observed only in the breach.

It must have been the ignominious plight that such German naval officers as remained in the service after the armistice found themselves in that made them so ready to tell their troubles to anyone that would listen. They had lived through the two years and more of practical stagnation into which the German Navy settled after Jutland, watching the dry rot of discontent and distrust eating at the hearts of their men and reducing the once highly efficient battle fleet to little more than an empty show—a sort of stuffed club capable of being shaken menacingly but not of dealing a blow. Then had come the mutiny, the domination of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council, the disgraceful surrender, and finally the visit of the naval commission representing the victorious Allies to carry out the terms of the armistice.

And in endeavoring to carry out these terms they found themselves in the unspeakably humiliating position of having to beg for the coöperation of the men whom they had formerly ruled with the cat-o'-nine-tails and the toe of the boot. The most arrogant of them had been forced into retirement by the men. Those that remained were roughly dividable into two classes—the very few who had treated their men with a certain amount of consideration in the past and had been allowed to stay on for that reason, and the many who had gained a precarious respite by a deferential and even cringing attitude toward the men they had once bullied. One of the Allied inspection party going over an old German battleship in Kiel dockyard saw a four-stripe captain helping a white-banded Workmen's and Soldiers' representative—some kind of petty officer—on with his overcoat, and on several occasions I saw senior officers trying to look amiable while choking over the smoke of *ersatz* cigars that men whom they were requesting to do something or other were puffing in their faces.

Consumed with self-pity many of these officers seemed to have the feeling that they had only to pour out their troubles to the members of the Allied Naval Commission with whom they were thrown in contact to awaken the sympathy and commiseration of the latter. One had only to lend an ear. They needed no encouragement as a rule; indeed, most of them were proof against anything but a sharp rebuff. German and Allied officers always traveled in separate compartments in the special trains provided for railway journeys, but let one of the latter venture into the neutral ground of the corridor to peer out of the window and instantly one of his obsequious escort was at his side, ready to expatiate on anything from the monotony of boiled cabbage as a diet to Von Scheer's strategy at Jutland. Indeed, one of the most interesting discussions of Jutland I listened to in Germany was by an officer who sidled up to me on the deck of the ferryboat on which we were crossing the Weser at Bremerhaven to tell me the latest joke about paper sheets. It was by lending a ready ear to the countless recitals of this kind which were poured into it during the course of the three weeks I was traveling in Northern Germany under the escort of former officers of the High Sea Fleet and the naval air service, or ex-U-boat commanders, that I gained what seems to me, when all allowances are made for the way in which the information was picked up, a fairly comprehensive account of what Germany hoped to do in her naval warfare, both on and under the surface of the sea, of where she succeeded and where she failed. I fully understand the difficulty of gathering reliable data in this way, and what I am setting down here has been subjected to the acid test prescribed by an officer of the Allied subcommission for the examination of airship stations after he had caught an officer of the German commission telling a most deliberate series of lies, in an endeavor to prevent a visit to the Zeppelin sheds at Tondern, which had been destroyed in a British raid by naval aëroplanes last July.

"The Hun will tell the truth occasionally," he said, "but only when he has no end to serve by telling a lie. Never waste time by even considering a statement he makes if you can figure out any conceivable reason why it will be of any use to him to have you accept it as truth, and never allow yourself to be convinced of the truth of any statement of his until you have been able to check some part of it by known facts from an independent source."

By far the most interesting discussion of the naval war from the German side I heard from Corvette Captain—or Commander, to give him his equivalent rank in the British and American Navies—K——, with whom I traveled for four or five days in the course of the inspection of the Zeppelin stations of the North Sea littoral. Of a prominent Junker family—he claimed that his father was a director in Krupps'—he had been in the navy from boyhood. He had been gunnery officer of the battleship Deutschland at Jutland, and had volunteered for Zeppelin service at the first opportunity after that battle because, as he said, he was convinced that the High Sea Fleet would never venture out to fight again. He was surprisingly well informed respecting the British Navy up to the war and for about a year thereafter, while the soundness of his appreciation of the rôle of the Grand Fleet inspired me with a good deal of respect for his views on that of the German Battle Fleet.

A Part of the Grand Fleet's Destroyer Screen

The fact that I have never found one of his statements to have been deliberately false, whereas on the other hand I have sooner or later been able to check from independent sources the truth of nearly everything he told me, strongly inclines me to the belief that Commander K—— gave me not only a straightforward but also an extremely well-informed account of the naval affair from the German side. In setting it down here I am taking the liberty of putting in connected form comment and narrative which I heard from him on a number of separate occasions during the several days we were thrown together in travel.

"The German Battle Fleet," said Commander K—— one morning when we waited in the little railway station under the Brunsbüttel locks of the Kiel Canal for our belated special to start for Tondern, "was far more nearly equal to the English Battle Fleet in fact than it was on paper, but even so the margin was too great to have given us more than a slight chance of success in a fight to the finish. For that reason it was never our plan to risk a decisive action if it could possibly be avoided, until the English strength had been reduced by mine and torpedo to a point where we should have something better than an even chance of defeating it and still have enough of our own ships left to profit by the command of the seas we had won. I do not need to tell you that the margin of British superiority, instead of being reduced as time went by, increased steadily right along, so that there was no month that passed when our relative position was not worse at the end of it than at the beginning. This being so it ought not to surprise you when I say that there was not one occasion from August, 1914, to November, 1918, when our general naval staff seriously considered sending out the High Sea Fleet for a stand-up, give-and-take fight-to-a-finish with the English Battle Fleet. We did not seek such a fight in the opening months of the war—though it is now clear that then was the only time when we should have had anything like a fighting chance of success. We were not seeking it when—as I can prove to you later if it interests you—we were drawn into the Horn Reef or Jutland action, and it was not even a battle to the finish but rather a feint to draw your Grand Fleet into a submarine trap that was contemplated when we tried to take our High Sea Fleet out just before the armistice, after our line in France began to give way.

"I think you will agree with me that we knew much more about the English Navy before the war than you did about the German Navy. I am sorry to say that after the first few months of the war our positions were quite reversed in this respect, and from then on your intelligence improved no less rapidly than ours fell off.

"For the last six months you seemed to know in advance every time we planned to move even a flotilla of mine sweepers, while of your projected movements we never had any advice worth the paper it was written on. Toward the end it got so bad that once or twice more than a week went by before we learned of the Grand Fleet shifting its base from the Firth of Forth to Scapa Flow, or vice versa."

Gunnery Control

I restrained myself with difficulty at this juncture from telling Commander K—— that on several occasions U-boats had been lost while trying to mine in Scapa while the Grand Fleet was at Rosyth, and that only a few days before the armistice a desperate U-boat commander had blown up his submarine against the mines off Flotta in attempting to run under the nets of Scapa at a time when the Flow was practically empty of capital ships.

"But, as I have said," went on Commander K——, "at the outbreak of the war there was not much about the English ships or English naval practice that we did not know. We knew all about your target practices; among other things that you were not doing much shooting with your heavy guns at more than 16,000 yards, and that when you did it was not with very serious results to the target. We, on the other hand, knowing that we had better range finders and a better system of gunnery control than you had, mounted our guns to fire at a higher angle than yours could. We made a good many straddles at ranges a long way over 16,000 yards and, knowing that you had not armored your decks against plunging fire, felt that we had a good chance of having the best of a long-range engagement.

"I think you will admit that practically every engagement of the war between German and English ships has gone to prove that we were right on this point. We believed that in any action fought at ranges of more than ten miles our eleven-inch guns would inflict greater damage on the English ships than their 13.5's would on ours. This was not only because we expected to hit them oftener but because our ships were better armored against high-angle fire, and because we thought we had a better armor-piercing shell. On both of these points also I maintain experience proved we were right—right, I mean, as regards the way things stood until the Battle of Horn Reef opened up English eyes to what was wrong. From then on such advantages as we had had on all these scores were soon wiped out.

"You must also admit that we had a far better appreciation of the possibilities of the mine than the English had. The fact that we had no overseas commerce to keep moving worked in our favor on this score,

(Continued on Page 121)

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McGRAW

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Backed by nearly half a century of manufacturing experience.

IMPERIAL PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 117)

and we were able to defend our coasts with unbroken barrages of mines where you had to keep channels open for navigation not only in the open sea but into all your ports as well. Within a few days of the outbreak of the war there was no important point along our North Sea coast that was not safe behind its mines from bombardment by English surface craft. Your east-coast ports, on the other hand, for most of the war at least, were open to bombardment by any of our ships that were able to elude your patrols.

"This latter would have been far easier if your intelligence had not been able to learn in advance every time such a raid was planned. I think I am well within the truth in saying that no squadron of our ships of any class ever put out on any kind of a mission, whether to bombard east-coast ports or raid a Norwegian convoy, but what your Admiralty knew of it long enough in advance to have two or three times its strength in English ships waiting to intercept it in the North Sea. The North Sea is very large, so they did not often sight us, especially when the weather was favorable for Zeppelin observation. But they did manage to frustrate our plans, and twice they all but cut us off. I refer to Doggerbank and Horn Reef, and on both occasions our ships were very lucky to escape destruction.

"Not only did we have a better appreciation of the defensive value of the mine than the English but we also had far better mines. It was not many days before our U-boats discovered that it was the exception rather than the rule for your mines to explode on contact, and from then on we took a good many liberties with them. On several occasions, notably in connection with our channel raids, German destroyers escaped unharmed through English mine fields where otherwise they would have been cut off. That was no joke about our U-boat commanders' collecting English mines to make punchbowls of. I could show you a dozen of them in Kiel if you were at liberty to go round with me there."

An American Job

"For all of the first two and a half years of the war we had better mines than you did; but about the beginning of 1917 yours began to improve, as our more venturesome U-boats learned to their sorrow. By the middle of that year we had ceased taking liberties with them entirely. Then came the Americans with their magnetic mines and their plan for running a barrage all the way from Scotland to Norway and the mining up of the Skager-Rack and the Bight. We know that they had a devil of a time laying these mines, but it was nothing to the time we had trying to sweep passages through the inner barrages and keep from being bottled up for good. Your light cruisers and aëroplanes launched from carrier ships made life a hell for our sweepers and broke their nerve in the end. If the war had gone a very few months more I feel very sure that our surface navy would have been completely mined in, and that not long after that the same thing would have happened to our U-boats. It was the deadly menace of a North Sea being rapidly filled up with a mine so delicately adjusted that it went off if a ship came anywhere near it that so worked on the imagination of our sailors that they ultimately refused to put to sea even to protect our mine sweepers. I take my hat off to the Yankees for the last six months of their mining campaign, and—I wish them joy in their task of sweeping up the infernal things."

It was on the bridge of one of the British destroyers escorting the Hercules in German waters that Commander K——, a day or two later, spoke of the Battle of Jutland as he had seen it.

"The English naval experts," he said, "or at least such of them as write for the papers, have all been greatly mistaken regarding two points in connection with the Battle of Horn Reef. One was in their assumption that the German fleet came out with the deliberate intention of offering battle to the English fleet, and the other was in their belief that we had Zeppelin reconnaissance on the day of the battle. As it was to our interest to have our own people believe that we sought the battle and to make your Admiralty believe that we had Zeppelins on the day of the battle and yet did not avoid it, our propagandists went to considerable lengths in circulating both reports. Though, as I told you a couple of days ago, our policy from first to last was to avoid a general action it was given out that the battle was the result of our persistent attempts to bring the English fleet into an engagement. As for Zeppelins, we stated that it was largely with the help of their observations that we were able to locate and engage the enemy.

"The truth is that if we had had Zeppelin reconnaissance on the afternoon of May thirty-first Von Hipper would never have allowed himself to be drawn into action with Beatty's battle cruisers, which outmatched him in number, speed, guns and everything but gunnery.

"In the same way Von Scheer, with the High Sea Fleet, would never have allowed himself to be drawn into action with Jellicoe had he had Zeppelins to tell him how near the Grand Fleet actually was. It had been our intention to have Zeppelins out on this occasion, but it was prevented by unfavorable weather. We did have two or three over the North Sea on the following day, and these, being sighted by the English, gave color to our report that we had them on the day of the battle. All the German artists who drew pictures of the Horn Reef Battle were instructed to show Zeppelins in them, as you will find by looking at our illustrated papers of that time.

"The way in which the Battle of Horn Reef came to be fought was this: The shipping between England and Norway was given no such protection in the first years of the war as it was in the last, when the risks of attempting a raid upon a convoy with surface craft were so great that we succeeded only twice out of scores of attempts. On May 31, 1916, we had planned a light-cruiser raid upon a considerable number of ships we knew would be moving between England and Norway at that time. This raid was to be backed up by Von Hipper's battle-cruiser squadron, and these in turn by the High Sea Fleet. As usual the English Admiralty learned of the plan a day or two in advance, the shipping was held in port or scattered to the north, and a strong patrol thrown out to intercept our cruisers. The raid turned out no more than a blow in the air. But that was not all. Beatty and his battle cruisers were sent to sea to intercept Von Hipper, while the main English Battle Fleet under Jellicoe was hurried down from the north to support him.

"I have read in the English papers that the battle which followed was fought as the result of Von Hipper's endeavor to surprise and cut off Beatty's battle cruisers. The truth is quite the contrary. It was fought as a consequence of Beatty's surprising and endeavoring to cut off Von Hipper. Where Beatty's surprise came in was when he lost two of his ships in the first few minutes of the action. There is no use in denying that we were surprised, too, for at Doggerbank, with about the same relative strength in ships, nothing but the disabling of the Lion saved the German battle-cruiser squadron from losing three ships instead of one. Though I am convinced that our gunnery was better than that of the English, yet the results in this case must have been largely due—as the English have always made so much of a point of claiming—to the fact that we had the advantage of the light in the opening phase of the battle.

"With two of Beatty's ships gone and a third—the Lion, as we afterward learned—very hard hit, the temptation to attempt to destroy the whole squadron was too strong for Von Scheer to resist. The result was that he was all but drawn into the one thing it had been his intention all along to avoid—a general action with the English Battle Fleet. There is little doubt that nothing but the mistiness of the late afternoon and the coming of night saved us from a great disaster. As it was, though we lost few ships in this phase of the battle the way in which we were fairly smothered by the fire of only a part of the English Battle Fleet brought home to the men of the German Navy for the first time the fact that we did not have even a fighting chance of a victory in anything but a long-range action, and that—because the enemy had the speed of us—he did not have to fight unless he wanted to.

"Of course most of the officers of the German Navy understood all along that the odds against us were far too heavy to give us any real hope of success in a general action. But we had taken great care not to let that knowledge get to the lower deck. Instead, we had been at great pains to make them believe that—just as Hindenburg and Mackensen were doing on land—we could win a complete victory on the sea whenever such a victory became necessary. And they had believed that firmly, implicitly—until those of them that survived Horn Reef got together on their return and compared experiences as to the way things had been in their ships during the time the English battleships were concentrating on them in those few minutes before the action was broken off by darkness.

"They never believed in the possibility of victory after that. On the contrary, with every day that passed the dread of being taken out into another action became more and more of an obsession with them. Up to May 31, 1916, I am confident that we could have told our men that we were going out to fight and destroy the English fleet and they would have received the announcement with cheers; at any time after that I am equally confident that such an announcement would have brought a mutiny. Our only hope of getting them to take their ships out during the last two years would have been by tricking them into believing that they were off for maneuvers, target practice or anything but a fight. And at the last we were even unable to get them out in that way."

Commander K—— told me something of his personal observations during the Battle of Jutland in the course of a train journey we made from Wilhelmshaven to Nordholz together.

"I was the gunnery officer of the Deutschland in 1916," he said, "and on the afternoon of the thirty-first of May my squadron, with the battleship Pommern as flagship, was steaming slowly on a northwesterly course with the rest of the High Sea Fleet when a signal was received from Von Hipper, who was a couple of hours ahead of us, that he had sighted English battle cruisers and light cruisers and was about to engage them. The fleet formed battle line at once, but, to my surprise, with no increase of the comfortable twenty-four kilometers—about fifteen miles—an hour we had been steaming right along. The reason for this I understood when I was told that the engine room had been ordered to make just as little smoke as possible. On hearing that, I surmised at once that Von Hipper was trying to lead the English battle cruisers into what you might call an ambush by the High Sea Fleet. Our engineers did remarkably well in keeping smoke down, and only two or three of the oldest ships—among which I remember the Roon—showed even a suggestion of a smudge above their funnels.

"We saw the smoke of both the German and English battle cruisers before we sighted even their foretops, and about the same time gun flashes running along the horizon told that firing had commenced. The English ships must have sighted the masts of the High Sea Fleet not long after we saw their smoke, for it was soon reported that they were turning back to the north. Our ambush plan had proved a failure.

"An increase of speed was now ordered—all we could do as a fleet, if I remember rightly. The ships of my own squadron were soon at the top of their speed, and even then having difficulty in keeping up with the faster Königs and Kaisers. The next thing I remember was seeing a pillar of smoke and fire shoot up to the north, with a second one following it at an interval of two or three minutes. I knew that nothing but ships blowing up could make so much smoke, but even after seeing it with my own eyes it was almost impossible to believe the astounding news in the signal made us from the flagship a little later: 'Von Hipper reports two English battle cruisers sunk by gun fire.'"

A Stirring Side Show

"For German naval officers that was the greatest moment they were ever to know. 'If the English ships are to be sunk as easily as that, what is to prevent our finishing the job now and here?' was the thought in everyone's mind. Perhaps we were going to have our Day after all. It must have been that thought which led Von Scheer to press the pursuit of Beatty's surviving battle cruisers, though he knew that the chase, unless it was finished quickly, could only end in a clash with the main English Battle Fleet.

"There was a stirring little side show at this juncture. With the English battle cruisers there had been a squadron of five or six light cruisers—four-funneled ships of very graceful lines and rather larger in size than the latest English light cruisers. They had been leading the battle cruisers, but when these turned north on sighting the High Sea Fleet the light cruisers stood right on toward us at a speed of at least twenty-five miles an hour. I have often wondered whether they had been ordered to do it in order to make certain of what German ships were out or whether it was done merely on the initiative of some very gallant and reckless young admiral. Perhaps you can tell me?"

I could have told him that this must have been a squadron of Town Class cruisers, commanded by Commodore Goodenough, flying his pennant from the Southampton, and that he was probably scouting on his own initiative. Bound by the general instructions in the matter of holding no unnecessary conversation with the enemy, I could only shake my head and hope that he would construe it as an evidence of lack of interest in his narrative.

"It looked as though they were trying to commit suicide," Commander K—— continued, undisturbed by my uncommunicativeness. "We were ordered not to fire until they turned away, and this they did not do until they were inside of 10,000 meters from the head of our line. I don't just know how many ships were concentrating on them, but it must have been all of two squadrons. We ought to have sunk the lot of them before they had finished turning, and it was only by bad luck rather than bad

(Concluded on Page 124)

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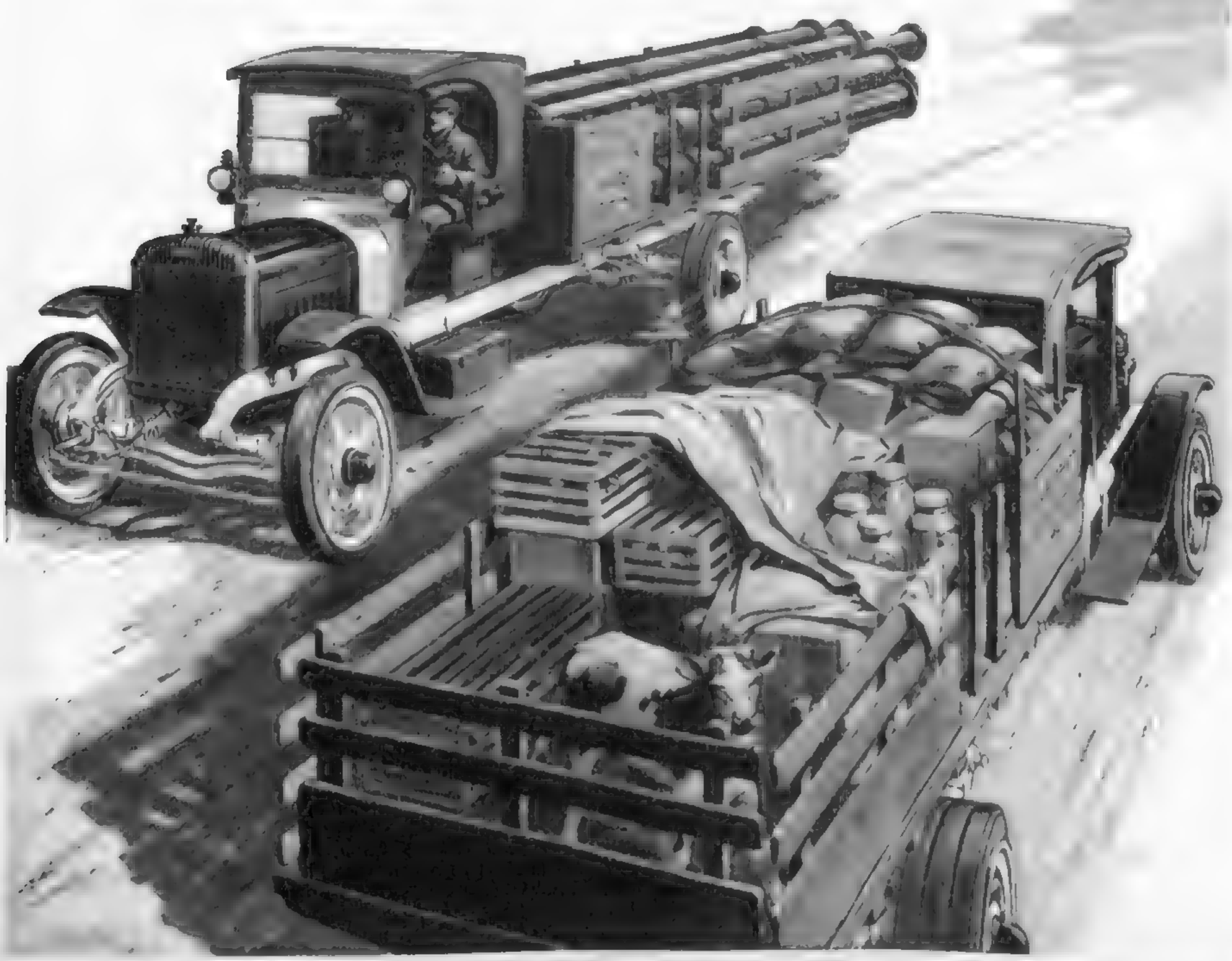

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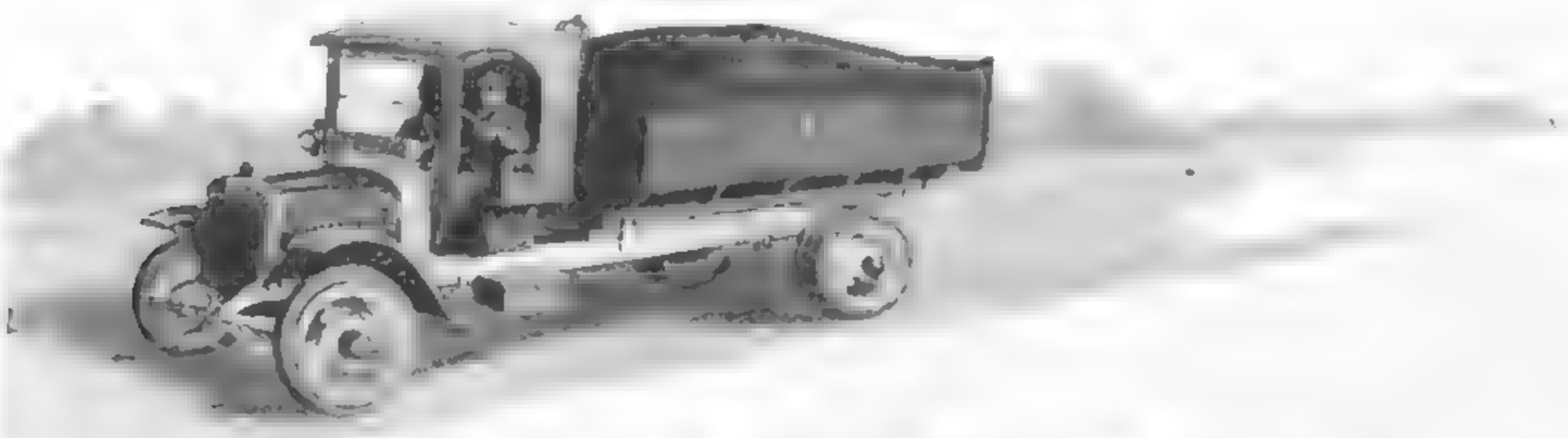

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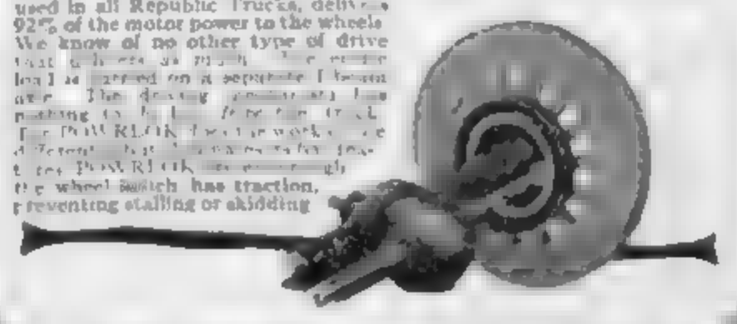

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shooting that we failed to do so. Salvo after salvo seemed to slap across them, and there were times when you could not see them for the spurts of water thrown up by the falling shell. And yet, though we continued firing until the range had lengthened out to well over 25,000 meters it did not look as though one of them was hit. As soon as we ceased firing their flagship called them back into line again and they stopped zigzagging and headed up after their battle cruisers.

"The next thing I remember the Königs and Kaisers were concentrating on four large English battleships—I recognized them at once as being of the Queen Elizabeth class—which seemed to be interposing to break up the pursuit of Beatty's hard-pressed battle cruisers. Right then and there the high hopes we had built up about the ease with which we were going to sink the rest of the English fleet received a serious shock. For more than an hour those four battleships took the fire of every gun of the High Sea Fleet that would bear on them—and some fire from our battle cruisers as well, I think—without appearing to be damaged in the least so far as their fighting powers were concerned. One of them was out of control for a few minutes, but kept right on firing while she turned two or three circles, and then resumed her place in battle line. The light was rather against them in firing at us, so that their shooting was not very good; but even so there is no doubt that they did the High Sea Fleet much more damage than the latter did to them. When we finally began making it a little too hot for them, through more ships' from the rear of our line coming into action, they put on speed and easily drew away from us."

At Close Range

"While we were still engaging the four large battleships at a lengthening range a squadron of English battle cruisers and armored cruisers, with great gallantry but very poor judgment, was brought into action against us, and upon these we were able to concentrate a fire which very quickly sank or disabled almost every one of them. One of these—a battle cruiser which I made several hits upon with my own guns—sank bows first and stood for some time with her stern sticking high out of the water. It was not until some days later that one of our destroyers, which had stood in close to the wreck, reported that it bore the name Invincible, and we knew then that we had avenged Von Spee by sinking the battle cruiser which had been Sturdee's flagship at the Falklands.

"In the pursuit of Beatty's battle cruisers the faster squadrons of the High Sea Fleet had drawn away from the slower ones, the Königs especially being a long way in the lead. My own squadron had fallen well astern of the later and faster ships, and so was not with that part of the fleet which came under the English fire when a sudden shifting of the low haze revealed Jellicoe's fleet, deployed in battle line, coming up at full speed to the relief of Beatty. The thing we had always planned to avoid was at last confronting us. We had met the English Battle Fleet at comparatively close range, and had not the speed to refuse action if the enemy had the will to press it. Our only hope was in avoiding a decisive action before dark. The contingency was not unforeseen, and the time had now come for playing our last trump, the one we had hoped might take the deciding trick if ever the game hung in the balance as it did at the end of the afternoon of May 31, 1916.

"As I told you a day or two ago we felt sure of at least holding our own in a long-range action with the English fleet, even if it had more and faster ships and heavier guns, and it was never our intention to risk an action when we were not near enough to our mine fields to withdraw from it at will. The very fact that all our capital ships had two turrets aft and only one forward is sufficient proof that they were designed to do their heaviest fighting on the run home. In the event of being threatened with a close-range action it was our plan to depend upon the torpedo, either to destroy enemy ships that persisted in closing in or at least to force them to open the range. From destroyers to battleships, all German ships, though lighter in guns than the English, carried more and I think heavier torpedoes. We had given more attention to torpedo work than the English had, and we also thought we had a torpedo that would both run straighter and keep depth better than theirs. On these latter points I am now inclined to think we overrated our own torpedo somewhat, and rather underrated that of the English.

"When Von Scheer saw Jellicoe's battle line appear in a quarter which, with the greater average speed of the English ships, made it certain that they could pass to the east of us, cutting us off from all our bases, he realized that the moment had come to use his torpedoes, and this he gave the order for us to do. We had done the thing in practice many times under very much the same conditions, and always with considerable success, especially if the attacking fleet continued to close. Every ship that had the least chance of launching a torpedo that would run into the path of the English battle line did so. The nearest cruisers and destroyers used all they had. The sea was fairly streaked with wakes for more than half an hour.

"But just as soon as we began launching torpedoes the English ships—as though they knew in advance just what our plan was—turned away. It was the one thing that our practices had shown would save the attacking fleet from being hit many times, for it had the double advantage of reducing the size of the targets and of encountering the torpedoes when they were moving more slowly at the ends of their runs, and were therefore more easily avoidable by the use of helm. Theoretically we should have had many hits even as it was, but in fact, as you know, there was only one, and that hardly seemed to put the Marlborough out of action.

"So far as doing an injury to the enemy was concerned, our trump card failed to take the trick. Its secondary purpose was, nevertheless, accomplished. It prevented the English fleet from closing the range and certainly destroying many, perhaps all, of our capital ships. With only a part of the English ships in action—we have learned there were several that never fired a shot—those of our ships they were concentrating on were rapidly becoming incapable of replying. The best proof of this is the fact that only one or two of Jellicoe's battleships—not including the four Queen Elizabeths, of course—were struck by German shells.

"What would have happened in case Jellicoe had continued to close instead of turning away when we made our great torpedo attack one can only surmise. He would certainly have suffered very great loss, perhaps even enough to have made it impossible to inflict serious damage upon us in the short time that remained before dark. As a German officer I am only sorry that he did not try to force the issue. At the worst we would have gone down fighting, and that would have been a thousand times preferable to the shame of a surrender we were powerless to prevent."

Speaking of what happened after dark Commander K—— said that Von Scheer collected his ships with great skill and led them home astern—north—of the British line during the night. "The English," he said, "showed no disposition to seek a night action, and that was a great relief to us because the greater part of our torpedoes—by long odds the most effective night weapon—had been expended in repelling Jellicoe in the afternoon. Otherwise, knowing that we had better searchlights and star shells than the English, and believing that we had more effective night recognition signals, we would have been inclined to force an action in which we could hardly have failed to inflict more damage than we received.

"As it was, such actions as did occur were almost invariably the result of chance encounters in the dark, and were generally broken off by both parties sheering away after a salvo or two, as one dog snaps at another in passing.

"There was one thing that occurred that night which would have given us a tremendous advantage had we only been in a position to exploit it fully. One of our destroyers actually succeeded in learning the English recognition signal, or at least a part of it. We had a number of plans for accomplishing this end, most of them rather complicated, requiring careful checking and close coöperation; one of them very direct and simple. It was the latter which succeeded. One of our ships, sighting what it rightly took to be English destroyers challenging each other in passing, made in International Morse the signal: 'Can you give me the signal of the day? I have lost mine.'

"One of the English destroyers replied with the first two letters of the signal asked for, and then evidently growing suspicious stopped. These letters were conveyed to all the ships of the German fleet by wireless in a prearranged code.

"During the remaining hours of darkness every time an English ship challenged a German as they came together, the latter replied with the beginning of the stolen signal and opened fire. Though the reply was incomplete, in almost every case it had the effect of making the English ship hold its fire just long enough for the German to get in the first salvo.

"That was enough to finish a destroyer, and I know positively of three English craft of this class being almost blown out of the water by German cruisers which they might easily have torpedoed had they not hesitated over the incomplete reply to their challenge.

"So far as I could ever learn there were no night duels between capital ships. There was one brush in passing between two squadrons of light cruisers, in which ours claimed to have had the best of it. Though considerably damaged themselves they claimed to have left the English cruisers in confusion and firing upon each other, with one of them afire and about to blow up."

I could have told Commander K—— that the British cruisers in question were probably the same squadron he described as venturing in so close to the High Sea Fleet in the opening phase of the action, and that the one he described as afire and about to blow up was the flagship Southampton, which, though considerably battered, was never out of action.

"Most of the fights of the night were between destroyer and destroyer; or between English destroyers and German cruisers. The hottest of these occurred when a part of our fleet stumbled into one or two flotillas of destroyers that had straggled astern of the English line. It was a terrible affair while it lasted. We accounted for four or five of the destroyers by gun fire, and saw two or three more of them in collision with each other. Still another, which deliberately tried to ram one of our cruisers, can hardly have survived the smash of the impact and the raking she got in backing off.

"In spite of these losses, however, the English had by far the best of this, the worst of the encounters of the night. They sank with torpedoes one cruiser and one battleship, damaged another cruiser by ramming, and left shell-fire marks on every German ship that survived the mêlée.

"The battleship was the Pommern, the flagship of my squadron, and had not the admiral—who was lost with her—reversed the line a few minutes before it would have been my ship, the Deutschland, that would have been sunk instead."

Summing up his impressions of Jutland on the last occasion I saw him in Germany Commander K—— said that he still thought the Germans, since, with a fleet of hardly more than half the strength of the British, they had inflicted upon the latter somewhat greater losses than they had themselves sustained, were fully entitled to regard Jutland, considered merely by itself, as a victory.

"But though the English sinkings were greater than ours there is no doubt that the damage to the surviving German ships was much greater than that to the English. They were still able to take the sea with a powerful fleet the day after the battle, and within a few weeks not only had all the damage been repaired but also most of the defects—like the lack of deck armor—in the uninjured ships had been corrected. With us, on the other hand, it was months before such ships as the Seydlitz and Derflinger were fit for service again, and by then the English fleet had been reënforced by newly commissioned battleships and battle cruisers which compensated twice over for those lost at Horn Reef.

"But great as were our material losses at Horn Reef these were as nothing compared to the blow that battle dealt to the morale of the men of the German fleet. Any officer in touch with the men under him realized almost at once that they were living in dread of another battle and that they could no longer be depended upon. As soon as that became plain all the more spirited officers sought transfer to the U-boats or one of the naval air services, and so did the best of the men.

"You see the result to-day in the still unbroken morale of the air services—though I would hardly say as much for that of the U-boats, where men and officers have been under very great strain—and the unspeakable condition of things in the ships, which, from having been Germany's glory, have now become a memory of eternal shame."

The Warspite Running Out of Control at Jutland

Too Risky for Him

ON ONE of the trips the Mt. Vernon made during the war, carrying troops to France, the white soldiers got a great deal of pleasure out of the colored ones, getting them to sing to while away the long hours below decks.

One night when the boys were having hard work killing time a white sergeant called a group of the colored soldiers to him and said:

"Men, I want four volunteers for a job that's got to be done. One of your boys died last night and we have the corpse in the ice box. I want four of you men to take it in one of the rowboats, row back for two days and sink the body and then come on back. We'll wait for you here. You see we can't have the burial here, for the sharks come up to eat the body and that would give us away to the submarines. Now who'll go?"

The unfortunate man on whom he fixed his eye shuddered and promptly responded:

"Boss, dem sharks can come up an' eat dat stiff right outen de ice box so far as I'm concerned. I ain't gwine touch 'im!"

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SALVAGE

(Continued from Page 17)

there you might give me one. I've been here six months and I've never seen one, on a German or off. I let a woman reporter through last week," he added, "and d'you think she thanked me? No. She gave me hell because the Germans had a raid that night and nearly got her. I'm a soldier, not a prophet."

Tish left us immediately to go back to Mr. Burton, and Aggie clutched at my arm in a frenzy of anxiety.

"She's going to do it, Lizzie!" she said with her teeth chattering. "She's going to V—— to rescue Charlie Sands, and we'll all be caught, and—Lizzie, I feel that I shall never see home again."

"Well, if you ask me, I don't think you will," I said as calmly as possible. Aggie put her head on my shoulder and wept between sneezes.

"I know I'm weak, Lizzie," she moaned, "but I'm frightened, and I'm not afraid to say so. You'd think she only had to shoo those Germans like a lot of chickens. I love Tish, but if she'd only sprain her ankle or something!"

However, Tish came back soon, bringing Mr. Burton with her and two baskets with cigarettes on top and grenades below, and also our revolvers and a supply of extra cartridges. She had not explained her plan to Mr. Burton, so we sat down behind the wall and she told him. He seemed quite willing and cheerful.

"Certainly," he said. "It is all quite clear. We simply go into No Man's Land for souvenirs, and they pass us. Perfectly natural, of course. We then continue to advance to the German lines, and then commit suicide. I've been thinking of doing it for some time anyhow, and this way has an element of the dramatic that appeals to me." I have learned since that he felt that the only thing to do was to humor Tish, and that he was convinced that about a hundred yards in No Man's Land would hurt no one, and, as he expressed it, clear the air. How little he knew our dear Tish!

As it is not my intention to implicate any of those brave boys who sought to give us merely the innocent pleasure of visiting the strip of land between the two armies I shall draw a veil over our excursion through the trenches that night, where we were met everywhere with acclaim and gratitude, and finally assisted out of the trenches by means of a ladder. As it was quite dark the grenades in the basket entirely escaped notice, and we found ourselves at last headed toward the German lines, and fully armed, though looking, as Mr. Burton observed, like a picnic party.

He persisted in making humorous sallies such as: "Did anyone remember the pepper and salt?" and "I hope somebody brought pickles. What's a picnic without pickles?"

I regret to say that we were fired on by some of our own soldiers who didn't understand the situation, shortly after this, and that the bottle of blackberry cordial which I was carrying was broken to fragments.

"If they hit this market basket there'll be a little excitement," Mr. Burton said. He then stopped and said that a joke was a joke, but there was such a thing as carrying it too far, and that we'd better look for a helmet or two and then go back.

"The Germans are just on the other side of that wood," he whispered; "and they don't know a joke when they see one."

"I thought, Mr. Burton, you promised to take Hilda a German officer," Tish said scornfully.

"I did," he agreed. "I did in fact. But now I think of it, I didn't promise her a live one. The more I consider the matter the more I am sure that no stipulation was made as to the conditions of delivery. I ——"

But when he saw Tish continuing to advance he became very serious, and even suggested that if we would only go back he would himself advance as far as possible and endeavor to reach V——.

Just what Tish's reply would have been I do not know, as at that moment Aggie stumbled and fell into a deep shell hole full of water. We heard the splash and waited for her voice, as we were uncertain of her exact position.

But what was our surprise on hearing a deep masculine voice say: "Hands up, you dirty swine!"

"Take That Thing Away!" She Said With Superb Scorn, Pointing to the Bayonet. "I Don't Want a Hole in the Only Uniform I've Got, Young Man"

"Let go of me," came in piteous accents from Aggie.

There was then complete silence, until the other voice said: "Well, I'll be damned!" It then said: "Bill, Bill!"

"Here," said still another voice, a short distance away, in a sort of loud whisper.

"There's a mermaid in my pool," said the first voice. "Did you draw anything?"

"Lucky devil," said the other voice. "I'm drawing about eight feet of water, that's all."

Tish then advanced in the direction of the voices and said: "Aggie, are you all right?"

"I'm half drowned. And there's a man here."

The first voice then said in an aggrieved manner: "This is my puddle, you know, lady. And if my revolver wasn't wet through I'm afraid there would be one mermaid less; or whatever you are."

The Germans at that moment sent up one of their white lights, which resemble certain of our Fourth of July pieces, which float a long time and give the effect of full moonlight.

"Down," said Mr. Burton, and we all fell flat on our faces. Before doing so, however, we had a short glimpse of Aggie's head and another above the water in the shell hole, and realized that her position was very uncomfortable.

When the light died away the two men emerged, and with some difficulty dragged her out. It was while this was going on that Tish caught my arm and whispered: "Lizzie, I have heard that voice before."

Well, it had a familiar sound to me also, and when he addressed the other man as Grogan I suddenly remembered. It was the man we had thrown from the ambulance in Paris the night Tish salvaged it! I told Tish in a whisper, and she remembered the incident clearly.

"You sure gave me a scare," he said to Aggie. "For if you were a German I was gone, and if you were an officer of the A. E. F. I was gone more. Bill and I just slipped out to take a look round the town behind those woods, account of our captain being a prisoner there."

"Who is your captain?" Tish asked.

"Name's Weber. We pulled off a raid last night, and he and a fellow named Sands got grabbed."

"Weber?" said Mr. Burton, forgetting to whisper.

"You—you don't mean Captain Weber?" I asked after a sickening pause.

"That's the man."

"Oh, dear!" said Aggie.

Suddenly Mr. Burton stopped and put down the basket of grenades.

"I'm damned if I'm going to rescue him!" he said firmly. "Now look here, Miss Tish, I hate to disappoint you, but I've got private reasons for leaving Weber exactly where he is.

"I don't wish him any harm, but if they'd take him and put him to road mending for three or four years I'd be a happier man. And as far as I'm concerned, I'm going to give them the chance."

The two men had stood listening, and now Bill spoke:

"Am I to understand that this is a rescue party?" he said. "Seeing the basket I thought it was a picnic. I just want to say this: If you have any idea of going to V——, and as we were going in that direction ourselves, we might combine. My friend here and I were over last night, and we know how to get into the town."

"Very well," Tish agreed after a moment's hesitation. "I have no objection. It must be distinctly understood, however, that I am in charge. Captain Sands is my nephew."

Another light went up just then, and I perceived that he was staring at her.

"My—my word!" he gasped.

We then fell on our faces, and while lying there I heard him whispering to Bill. He then said to Tish: "I believe, lady, that we have met before."

"Very possibly," Tish said calmly. "In the course of my welfare work I have met many of our brave men."

"I wouldn't call it exactly welfare work you were doing when I saw you."

"No?" said Tish.

"You may be interested to know that if you hadn't stolen that ambulance ——"

"Salvaged."

"—— salvaged that ambulance I would now be in safety in Paris, instead of —— Not that I'd exchange," he added. "I wouldn't have missed this excursion for a good bit. But they made it so darned unpleasant for me that I enlisted."

The starlight having now died we rose and prepared to advance. Mr. Burton, however, was very difficult and tried to get Tish to promise to leave Captain Weber if we found him.

"It's the only bit of luck I've had since I left home, Miss Tish," he said.

Tish, however, ignored him, and with the help of our new allies briefly sketched a plan of campaign.

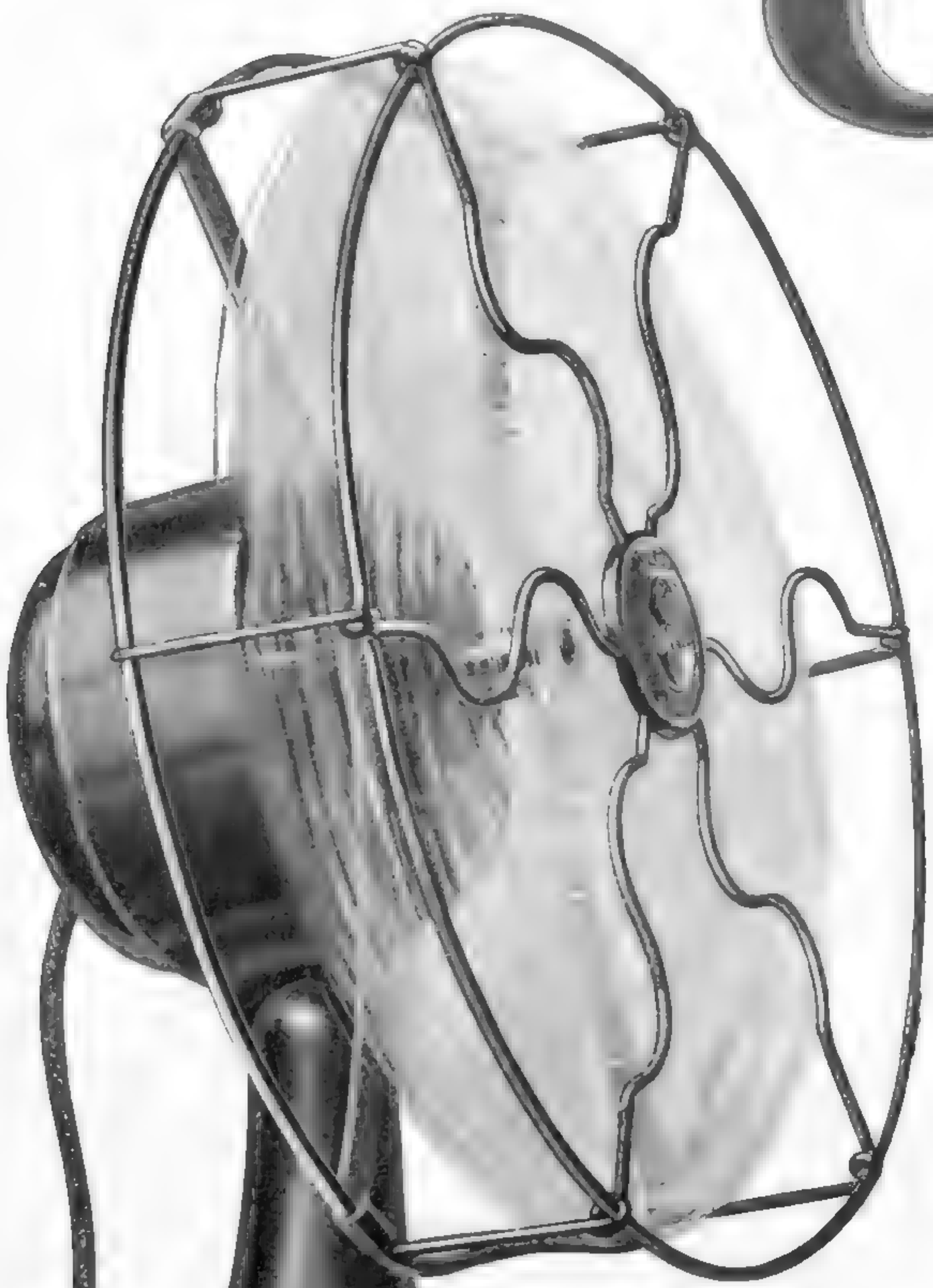
I make no pretensions to military knowledge, but I shall try to explain the situation at V——, as our dear Tish learned it from the general's papers and the two soldiers. The real German position—a military term meaning location and not attitude—was behind the town, but they kept enough soldiers in it to hold it, and in case of an attack they filled it up with great rapidity. So far the church tower remained standing, as the Allies wished on taking the town to use it to look out from and observe any unfriendly actions on the part of the Germans.

"If only," Tish said, "we could have repaired that machine gun and brought it the affair would be extremely simple. It

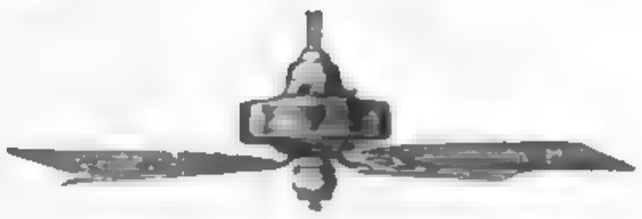
(Continued on Page 131)

A new General Electric Fan!

G-E

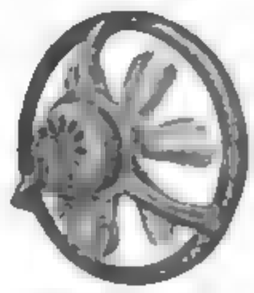


It is easy to identify the G-E Whiz —it's green



Ceiling Fan

For hotels, restaurants, and large assembly places. 52 inch and 56 inch types four blades, 1 and 3 speed types olive green enamel mahogany finish blades, alternating and direct current



Ventilating Fan

For hotels restaurants, kitchens theatres, factories, laboratories and stores 12 and 16 inch alternating and direct current

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Whiz

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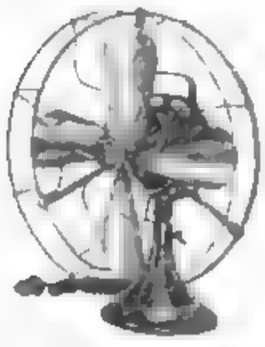
Enclosed motor; 12-inch; 80-123 volts direct current; 3 speeds; black enamel; polished brass blades and monogram; U. S. Navy specifications.



12- and 16-inch Fans

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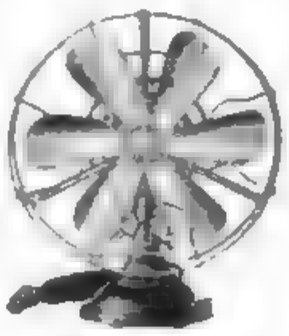

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The quiet-running fan for hospital, theatre, office and home; 3 speeds; olive green, brass lacquered blades; oscillating; alternating current.

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For small rooms in home or office; 2 speeds; olive green, brass lacquered blades; oscillating and non-oscillating; alternating and direct current.

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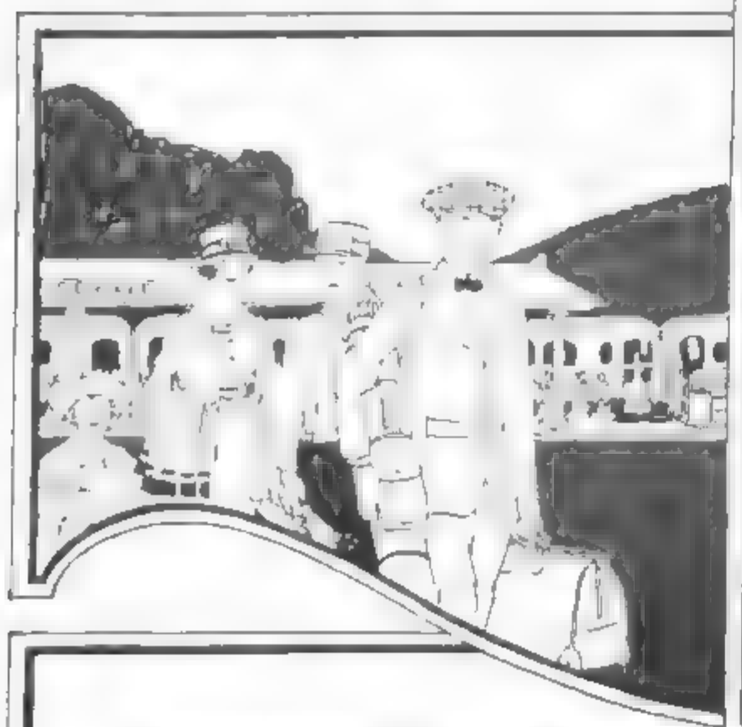

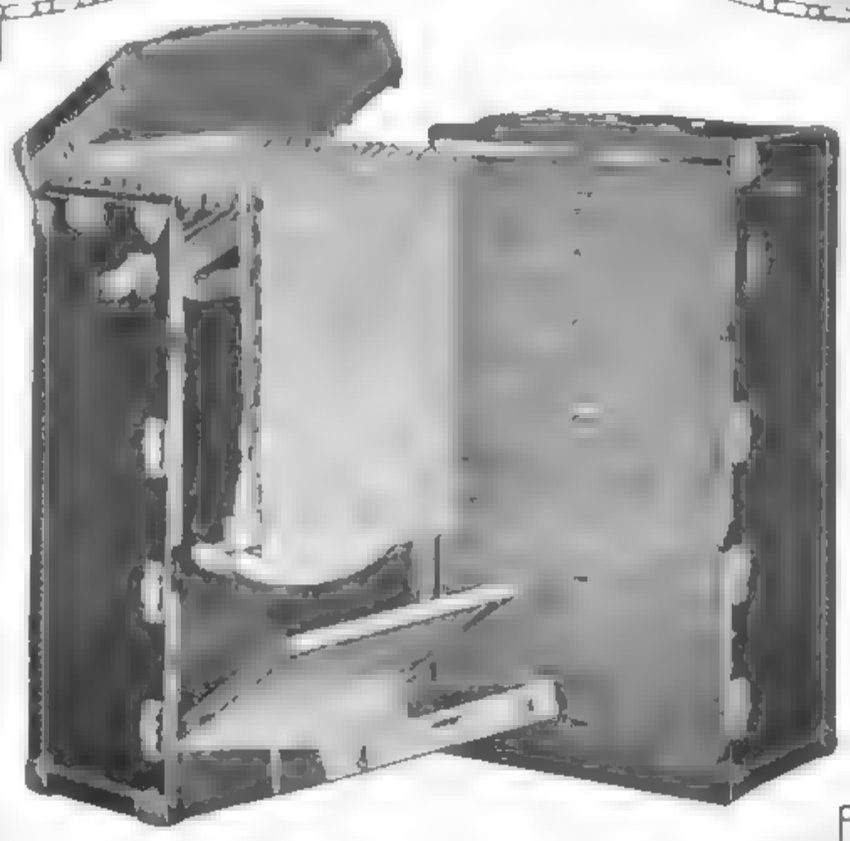

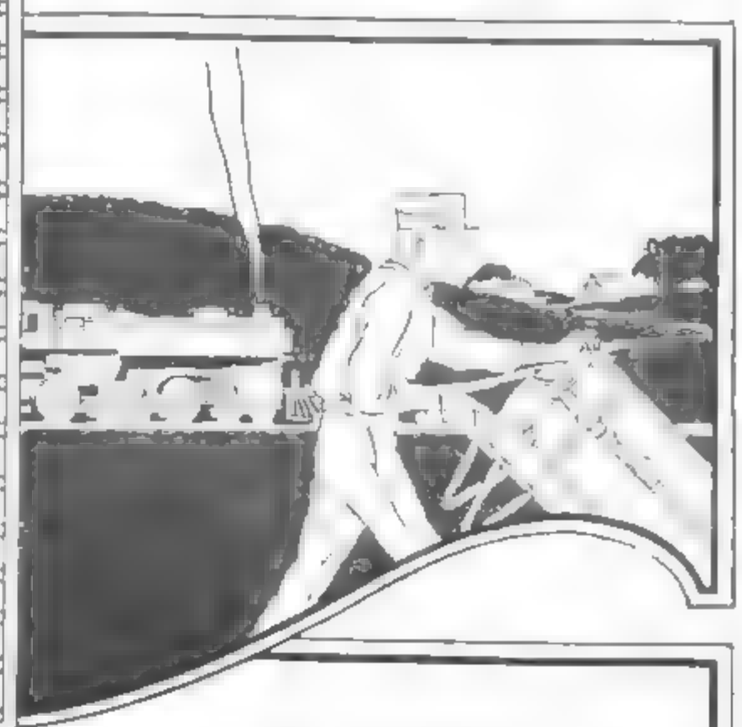

How to Judge the Value of a Wardrobe Trunk

FEW people can tell what a trunk or bag is worth as it stands in the store.

A word of advice from the dealer is helpful. But many a dealer cries up his "specials" so hard that he has nothing left to say about the merits of really good merchandise.

Now, if you want to know the value of a Wardrobe Trunk ask these questions:

Is it made cheaply of plain basswood—or the sturdy Belber construction of *3-ply veneer*, interlined, covered and bound with tough fiber?

Is it riveted *through and through*, reinforcing all the points where strain comes?

Will the hinges, lock and clasps *hold up*, in jar and jolt?

Here, for instance, is a Wardrobe Trunk that shows what Belber can give you at $125. Not the lowest priced Belber Trunk—nor yet the most expensive.

Belber Wardrobe Trunk, No. 90. Open top, round edge. Built of three-ply veneer—interlined, covered and bound with black fiber. Heavy steel hardware, brass plated and polished. Yale paracentric lock, with boltless interlocker. Beautifully lined with blue figured sateen. Arranged to carry complete wardrobe in most practical manner.

Price, $125.

The thing to remember is that the Belber name stands for sound quality. Prices range from $30 to $300—and the *values are there*.

Fortunately, one does not have to look far for Belber Trunks and Bags.

The Belber dealer is likely to be the merchant of whom the better class does its purchasing. A good man to know.

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY

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Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

(Continued from Page 127)

has from the beginning been my intention to give the impression of an attack in force."

She then considered for a short time, and finally suggested that the two soldiers return to the allied Front and attempt to secure two automatic rifles.

"And it might be as well," she added, "to take Miss Aggie with you. She is wet through, and will undoubtedly before long have a return of her hay faver, which with her has no season. A sneeze at a critical time might easily ruin us."

Aggie however, absolutely refused to return, and said that by holding her nostrils closed and her mouth open she could, if she felt the paroxysm coming on, sneeze almost noiselessly. She said also that though not related to her by blood Charlie Sands was as dear as her own, and that if turned back she would go to V—— alone and, if captured, at least suffer imprisonment with him.

Tish was quite touched, I could see, and on the two men departing to attempt the salvage of the required weapons she assisted me in wringing out Aggie's clothing and in making her as comfortable as possible.

We waited for some time, eating chocolate to restore our strength, and attempting to comfort Mr. Burton, who was very surly.

"It has been my trouble all my life," he observed bitterly, "not to leave well enough alone. I hadn't any hope of the success of this expedition before, but now I know you'll pull it off. You'll get Sands and you'll get Weber and send him back—to—well, you understand. It's just my luck. I'm not complaining, but if I'm killed and he isn't I'm going to haunt that Y hut and make it darned unpleasant for both of them."

Tish reproved him for debasing the future life to such purposes, but he was firm.

"If you think I'm going to stand round and be walked through and sat on, and all the indignities that ghosts must suffer, without getting back," he said gloomily, "you can think again, Miss Tish!"

When the two men returned Tish gave them a brief talking-to.

"First of all," she said, "there must be no mistake as to who is in command of this expedition. If we succeed it will be by finesse rather than force, and that is distinctly a feminine quality. Second, there is to be no unnecessary fighting. We are here to secure my nephew, not the German Army."

The man we had bumped off the step of the ambulance, whose name proved to be Jim, said at once that that last sentence had relieved his mind greatly. A few prisoners wouldn't put them out seriously, but the Allies were feeding more than they could afford already.

"But a few won't matter," he added. "Say, a dozen or so. They won't kick on that."

I have never learned where Tish learned her strategy—unless from the papers she took from the general's cellar.

Military experts have always considered the plan masterly, I believe, and have lauded the mobility of a small force and the greater element of surprise possible, as demonstrated by the incidents which followed.

Briefly Tish adhered to her plan of making the attack seem a large one, by spreading the party over a large area and having it make as much noise as possible.

"By firing from one spot, and then running rapidly either to right or left, and firing again," she said, "those who have only revolvers may easily appear to be several persons instead of one."

She then arranged that the two automatic rifles attack the town from in front, but widely separated, while Aggie and myself, endeavoring to be a platoon—or perhaps she said regiment—would advance from the left. On the right Mr. Burton was to move forward in force, firing his revolver and throwing grenades in different directions. Of her own plans she said nothing.

"Forward, the Suicide Club!" said Mr. Burton with that strange sarcasm which had marked him during the last hour.

I have since reflected that certain kinds of men seem to take love very unpleasantly. Aggie, however, maintains that the deeper the love the greater the misery, and that Mr. Wiggins once sent back a muffler she had made for him on seeing her conversing with the janitor of the church about dust in her pew.

In a short time we had passed through the wood and the remainder of the excursion was very slow, owing to being obliged to crawl on our hands and knees. We could now see the church tower, and Tish gave the signal to separate. The men left us at once, but for a short time Tish was near me, as I could tell by an irritated exclamation from her when she became entangled in the enemy's barbed wire. But soon I realized that she had gone. Looking back I believe it was just before we met the Germans who were out laying wire, but I am not quite certain. There were about ten of the enemy, and they almost stepped on Aggie. She said afterward that she was so alarmed that she sneezed, but that having buried her entire face in a mudhole they did not hear her. We lay quite still for some time, and when they had gone and we could move again Tish had disappeared.

However, we obeyed orders and went on moving steadily to the left, and before long we were able to make out the ruins of V —— directly before us. They were apparently empty and silent, and concealing ourselves behind a fallen wall we waited for the automatic rifles to give the signal. Aggie had taken cold from her wetting, and could hardly speak.

"I'b sure they've taked Tish," were her first words.

"Not alive," I said grimly.

"Lizzie! Oh, by dear Tish!"

"If you've got to worry," I said rather tartly, "worry about the Germans. It wouldn't surprise me a particle to see her bring in the lot."

Well, the attack started just then and Aggie and I got our revolvers and began shooting as rapidly as possible, firing from the end of the village, and with Mr. Burton's grenades from one side and our revolvers from the other it made a tremendous noise. Aggie and I did our best, I know, to appear to be a large number, firing and then moving to a new point and firing again. I must say from the way those Germans ran toward their own lines behind the town I was not surprised at the rapidity of the final retreat which ended the war. As Aggie said later, we were not there to kill them unless necessary, but they ran so fast at times it was difficult to avoid hitting them. They fairly ran into the bullets.

In a very short time there was not one in sight, but we kept on firing for a trifle longer, and then made for the church, meeting the two privates on the way. When we arrived Mr. Burton was already there and had unfastened a large bolt on the outside of the door. We crowded in, and somebody closed the door and we had a moment to breathe.

"Well, here we are," said Mr. Burton in a quite cheerful tone. "And not a casualty among us—or the Germans either, I fancy, save those that died of heart disease. Are we all here, by the way?"

He then struck a match, and my heart sank.

"Tish!" I cried. "Tish is not here!"

It was then that a voice from the far end of the church said: "Suffering snakes! I'm delirious, Weber! I knew that beer would get me. I thought I heard ——"

Someone was hammering at the door with a revolver, and we heard Tish's dear voice outside saying: "Keep your hands up! *Lizzie!*"

Mr. Burton opened the door and Tish backed in, followed by a figure that was muttering in German. She had both her revolvers pointed at it, and she said: "Close the door, somebody, and get a light. I think it's a general."

Well, Charlie Sands was coming with a candle stuck in the neck of a bottle, and he seemed extremely surprised. He kept stumbling over things and saying "Wake me, Weber," until he had put a hand on my arm.

"It's real," he said then. "It's a real arm. Therefore it is, it must be. And yet ——"

"Stop driveling," Tish said sharply, "and tie up this general or whatever he is. I don't trust him. He's got a mean eye."

It has been the opinion of military experts that the reason the enemy had apparently lost its morale and failed to make a counter-attack at once was the early loss of this officer. In fact, a prisoner taken later I believe told the story that V—— had been attacked and captured by an entire division, without artillery preparation, and that he himself had seen the commanding officer killed by a shell. But the truth was that Tish, having fallen into an empty trench a moment or so before I missed her, had after recovering from the shock and surprise followed the trench for some distance, finding that she could advance more rapidly than by crawling on the surface.

She had in this manner happened on a dugout where a German officer was sitting at a table with a lighted candle marking the corners of certain playing cards with the point of a pin. He seemed to be in a very bad humor, and was muttering to himself. She waited in the darkness until he had finished, and had shoved the cards into his pocket. When he had extinguished the candle he started back along the trench toward the village, and Tish merely put her two revolvers to his back and captured him.

I pass over the touching reunion between Tish and her beloved nephew. He seemed profoundly affected, and moving out of the candlelight gave way to emotion that fairly shook him. It was when he returned wiping his eyes that he recognized the German officer. He became exceedingly grave at once.

"I trust you understand," he said to him, "that this—er—surprise party is no reflection on your hospitality. And I am glad to point out also that the pinochle game is not necessarily broken up. It can continue until you are moved back behind the Allied lines. I may not," he added, "be able to offer you a church, because if I do say it you people have been wasteful as to churches. But almost any place in our trenches is entirely safe."

He then looked round the group again and said: "Don't tell me Aunt Aggie has missed this! I couldn't bear it."

"Aggie!" I cried. "Where is Aggie?"

It was then that the painful truth dawned on us. Aggie had not entered the church. She was still outside, perhaps wandering alone among a cruel and relentless foe. It was a terrible moment.

I can still see the white and anxious faces round the candle, and Tish's insistence that a search be organized at once to find her. Mr. Burton went out immediately, and returned soon after to say that she was not in sight, and that the retiring Germans were sending up signal rockets and were probably going to rush the town at once.

We held a short council of war then, but there was nothing to do but to retire, having accomplished our purpose. Even Tish felt this, and said that it was a rule of war that the many should not suffer for the few; also that she didn't propose losing a night's sleep to rescue Charlie Sands and then have him retaken again, as might happen any minute.

We put out the candle and left the church, and not a moment too soon, for a shell dropped through the roof behind us, and more followed it at once. I was very uneasy, especially as I was quite sure that between explosions I could hear Aggie's voice far away calling Tish.

We retired slowly, taking our prisoner with us, and turning round to fire toward the enemy now and then. We also called Aggie by name at intervals, but she did not appear. And when we reached the very edge of the town the Germans were at the opposite end of it, and we were obliged to accelerate our pace until lost in the Stygian darkness of the wood.

It was there that I felt Tish's hand on my arm.

"I'm going back," she said in a low tone. "Driveling idiot that she is, I cannot think of her hiding somewhere and sneezing herself into captivity. I am going back, Lizzie."

"Then I go too," I said firmly. "I guess if she's your responsibility she's mine too."

Well, she didn't want me any more than she wanted the measles, but the time was coming when she could thank her lucky stars I was there. However, she said nothing, but I heard her suggesting that we separate, every man for himself, except the prisoner, and work back to our own side the best way we could.

With her customary thoughtfulness, however, she held a short conversation with Mr. Burton first. I have not mentioned Captain Weber, I believe, since our first entrance into the church, but he was with us, and I had observed Mr. Burton eying him with unfriendly eyes. Indeed, I am quite convinced that the accident of our leaving the church without the captain, and finding him left behind and bolted in, was no accident at all."

Tish merely told Mr. Burton that the prisoner was his, and that if he chose and could manage to present him to Hilda he might as well do it.

"She's welcome to him," she said.

"He's not my prisoner."

"He is now; I give him to you."

Finding him obdurate, however, she resorted to argument.

"It doesn't invalidate an engagement," she said rather brusquely, "for a man to borrow the money for an engagement ring. If it did there would be fewer engagements. If you want to borrow a German prisoner for the same purpose the principle is the same."

He seemed to be weakening.

"I'd like to do it—if only to see her face," he said slowly. "Not but what it's a risk. He's a good-looking devil."

In the end, however, he agreed, and the last we saw of them he was driving the German ahead, with a grenade in one hand and his revolver in the other, and looking happier than he had looked for days.

Almost immediately after that I felt Tish's hand on my arm. We turned and went back toward V——.

Military experts have been rather puzzled by our statement that the Germans did not reenter V—— that night, but remained just outside, and that we reached the church again without so much as a how-do-you-do from any of them. I believe the general impression is that they feared a trap. I think they are rather annoyed to learn that there was a period of several hours during which they might safely have taken the town; in fact the irritable general who was married to the colonel's brother was most unpleasant about it. When everything was over he came to Paris to see us, and he was most unpleasant.

"If you wanted to take the damned town, why didn't you say so?" he roared. "You came in with a long story about a nephew, but it's my plain conviction, madam, that you were flying for higher game than your nephew from the start."

Tish merely smiled coldly.

"Perhaps," she said in a cryptic manner. "But, of course, in these days of war one must be very careful. It is difficult to tell whom to trust."

As he became very red at that she gently reminded him of his blood pressure, but he only hammered on the table and said:

"Another thing, madam. God knows I don't begrudge you the falderals they've been pinning on you, but it seems to me more than a coincidence that your celebrated strategy followed closely the lines of a memorandum, madam, that was missing from my table after your departure."

"My dear man," Tish replied urbanely, "there is a little military word I must remind you of—salvage. As one of your own staff explained it to me one perceives an object necessary to certain operations. If on saluting that object it fails to return the salute I believe the next step is to capture it. Am I not right?"

But I regret to say that he merely picked up his cap and went out of our sitting room, banging the door behind him.

To return. We reached the church safely, and from that working out in different directions we began our unhappy search. However, as it was still very dark I evidently lost my sense of direction, and while peering into a cellar was suddenly shocked by feeling a revolver thrust against my back.

"You are my prisoner," said a voice. "Move and I'll fire."

It was, however, only Tish. We were both despondent by that time, and agreed to give up the search. As it happened it was well we did so, for we had no more than reached the church and seated ourselves on the doorstep in deep dejection when the enemy rushed the village. I confess that my immediate impulse was flight, but Tish was of more heroic stuff.

"They are coming, Lizzie," she said. "If you wish to fly go now. I shall remain. I have too many tender memories of Aggie to desert her."

She then rose and went without haste into the church, which was sadly changed by shell fire in the last two hours, and I followed her. By the aid of the flashlight, cautiously used, we made our way to a break in the floor and Tish suggested that we retire to the cellar, which we did, descending on piles of rubbish. The noise in the street was terrible by that time, but the cellar was quiet enough, save when now and then a fresh portion of the roof gave way.

I was by this time exceedingly nervous, and Tish gave me a mouthful of cordial. She herself was quite calm.

(Concluded on Page 134)

Firestone

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Motorcycle Tires

(Concluded from Page 131)

"We must give them time to quiet down," she said. "They sound quite hysterical, and it would be dangerous to be discovered just now. Perhaps we would better find a sheltered spot and get some sleep. I shall need my wits clear in the morning."

It was fortunate for us that the French use the basements of their churches for burying purposes, for by crawling behind a marble sarcophagus we found a sort of cave made by the débris. Owing to that protection the grenades the enemy threw into the cellar did no harm whatever, save to waken Tish from a sound sleep.

"Drat them anyhow!" she said. "I was just dreaming that Mr. Ostermaier had declined a raise in his salary."

"Tish," I said, "suppose they find Aggie?"

She yawned and turned over.

"Aggie's got more brains than you think she has," was her comment. "She hates dying about as much as most people. My own private opinion is and has been that she went back to our lines hours ago."

"Tish!" I exclaimed. "Then why ——"

"I just want to try a little experiment," she said drowsily, and was immediately asleep.

At last I slept myself, and when we wakened it was daylight, and the Germans were in full possession of the town. They inspected the church building overhead, but left it quickly; and Tish drew a keen deduction from that.

"Well, that's something in our favor," she said. "Evidently they're afraid the thing will fall in on them."

At eight o'clock she complained of being hungry, and I felt the need of food myself. With her customary promptness she set out to discover food, leaving me alone, a prey to sad misgivings. In a short time, however, she returned and asked me if I'd seen a piece of wire anywhere.

"I've got considerable barbed wire sticking in me in various places," I said rather tartly, "if that will do."

But she only stood, staring about her in the semidarkness.

"A lath with a nail in the end of it would answer," she observed. "Didn't you step on a nail last night?"

Well, I had, and at last we found it. It was in the end of a plank and seemed to be precisely what she wanted. She took it away with her, and was gone some twenty minutes. At the end of that time she returned carrying carefully a small panful of fried bacon.

"I had to wait," she explained. "He had just put in some fresh slices when I got there."

While we ate she explained.

"There is a small opening to the street," she said, "where there is a machine gun, now covered with débris. Just outside I perceived a soldier cooking his breakfast. Of course there was a chance that he would not look away at the proper moment, but he stood up to fill his pipe. I'd have got his coffee too, but in the fight he kicked it over."

"What fight?" I asked.

"He blamed another soldier for taking the bacon. He was really savage, Lizzie. From the way he acted I gather that they haven't any too much to eat."

Breakfast fortified us both greatly, but it also set me to thinking sadly of Aggie, whose morning meal was a crisp slice of bacon, varied occasionally by an egg. I had not Tish's confidence in her escape. And Tish was restless. She insisted on wandering about the cellar, and near noon I missed her for two hours. When she came back she was covered with plaster dust, but she made no explanation.

"I have been thinking over the situation, Lizzie," she said, "and it divides itself into two parts. We must wait until nightfall and then search again for Aggie, in case my judgment is wrong as to her escape. And then there is a higher law than that of friendship. There is our duty to Aggie, and there is also our duty to the nation."

"Well," I said rather shortly, "I guess we've done our duty. We've taken a prisoner. I owe a duty to my backbone, which is sore from these rocks; and my right leg, which has been tied in a knot with cramp for three hours."

"When," Tish broke in, "is a railroad most safe to travel on? Just after a wreck, certainly. And when, then, is a town easiest to capture? Just after it has been captured. Do you think for one moment that they'll expect another raid to-night?"

"Do you think there will be one?" I asked hopefully.

"I know there will."

She would say nothing further, but departed immediately and was gone most of the afternoon. She came back wearing a strange look of triumph, and asked me if I remembered the code Aggie used, but I had never learned it. She was very impatient.

"It's typical of her," she said, "to disappear just when we need her most. If you knew the code and could get rid of the lookout they keep in the tower, while I ——"

She broke off and reflected.

"They've got to change the lookout in the tower," she said. "If the one comes down before the other goes up, and if we had a hatchet ——"

"Exactly," I said. "And if we were back in the cottage at Penzance, with nothing worse to fight than mosquitoes ——"

We had had no midday meal, but at dusk Tish was lucky enough to capture a knapsack set down by a German soldier just outside the machine-gun aperture, and we ate what I believe are termed emergency rations. By that time it was quite dark, and Tish announced that the time had come to strike, though she refused any other explanation.

We had no difficulty in getting out of the cellar, and Tish led the way immediately to the foot of the tower.

"We must get rid of the sentry up there," she whispered. "The moment he hears a racket in the street he will signal for reënforcements, which would be unfortunate."

"What racket?" I demanded.

But she did not reply. Instead she moved into the recess below the tower and stood looking up thoughtfully. I joined her, and we could make out what seemed to be a platform above, and we distinctly saw a light on it, as though the lookout had struck a match. I suggested firing up at him, but Tish sniffed.

"And bring in the entire regiment, or whatever it is!" she said scornfully but in a whisper. "Use your brains, Lizzie!"

However, at that moment the sentry solved the question himself, for he started down. We could hear him coming. We concealed ourselves hastily, and Tish watched him go out and into a cellar across the street, where she said she was convinced they were serving beer. Indeed, there could be no doubt of it, she maintained, as the men went there in crowds, and many of them carried tin cups.

Tish's first thought was that he would be immediately relieved by another lookout, and she stationed herself inside the door, ready to make him prisoner. But finally the truth dawned on us that he had temporarily deserted his post. Tish took immediate advantage of his absence to prepare to ascend the tower, and having found a large knife in the knapsack she had salvaged she took it between her teeth and climbed the narrow winding staircase.

"If he comes back before I return, Lizzie," she said, "capture him, but don't shoot. It might make the rest suspicious."

She then disappeared and I heard her climbing the stairs with her usual agility. However, she returned considerably sooner than I had anticipated, and in a state of intense anger.

"There is another one up there," she whispered. "I heard him sneezing. Why he didn't shoot at me I don't know, unless he thought I was the other one. But I've fixed him," she added with a tinge of complacency. "It's a rope ladder at the top I reached up as high as I could and cut it."

She then grew thoughtful and observed that cutting the ladder necessitated changing a part of her plan.

"What plan?" I demanded. "I guess my life's at stake as well as yours, Tish Carberry."

"I should think it would be perfectly clear," she said. "We've either got to take this town or starve like rats in that cellar. They've got so now that they won't even walk on the side next to the church, and some of them cross themselves. The frying pan seems to have started it, and when the knapsack disappeared —— However, here's my plan, Lizzie. From what I have observed during the day pretty nearly the entire lot, except the sentries, will be in that beer cellar across in an hour or so. The rest will run for it—take my word—the moment I open fire."

"I'll take your word, Tish," I said. "But what if they don't run?"

She merely waved her hand.

"My plan is simply this," she said: "I've been tinkering with that machine gun most of the day, and my conviction is that it will work. You simply turn a handle like a hand sewing machine. As soon as you hear me starting it you leave the church by that shell hole at the back and go as rapidly as possible back to the American lines. I'll guarantee," she added grimly, "that not a German leaves that cellar across the street until my arm's worn out."

"What shall I say, Tish?" I quavered.

I shall never forget the way she drew herself up.

"Say," she directed, "that we have captured the town of V—— and that they can come over and plant the flag."

I must profess to a certain anxiety during the period of waiting that followed. I felt keenly the necessity of leaving my dear Tish to capture and hold the town alone. And various painful thoughts of Aggie added to my uneasiness. Nor was my perturbation decreased by the reëntrance of the lookout some half hour after he had gone out. Concealed behind débris we listened to his footsteps as he ascended the tower, and could distinctly hear his ferocious mutterings when he discovered that the rope had been cut.

But strangely enough he did not call to the other man, cut off on the platform above.

"I don't believe there was another," I whispered to Tish. But she was confident that she had heard one, and she observed that very probably the two had quarreled.

"It is a well-known tendency of two men, cut off from their kind," she said, "to become violently embittered toward each other. Listen. He is coming down."

I regret to say that he raised an immediate alarm, and that we were forced to retire behind our sarcophagus in the cellar for some time. During the search the enemy was close to us a number of times, and had not one of them stepped on the nail which had served us so usefully I fear to think what might have happened. He did so, however, and retired snarling and limping.

I believe Tish has given nine o'clock in her report to G. H. Q. as the time when she opened fire. It was therefore about eight forty-five when I left the church. For some time before that the cellar across had been filling up with the enemy, and the search for us had ceased. By Tish's instructions I kept to back ways, throwing a grenade here and there to indicate that the attack was a strong one, and also firing my revolver. On hearing the firing behind them the Germans in the advanced trenches apparently considered that they had been cut off from the rear, and I understand that practically all of them ran across to our lines and surrendered. Indeed I was almost run down by three of them.

I was almost entirely out of breath when I reached our trenches, and had I not had the presence of mind to shout "Kamerad," which I had heard was the customary thing, I dare say I should have been shot.

I remember that as I reached the trenches a soldier called out: "Damned if the whole German Army isn't surrendering!"

I then fell into the trench and was immediately caught in a very rude manner. When I insisted that he let me go the man who had captured me only yelled when I spoke, and dropped his gun.

"Hey!" he called. "Fellows! Come here! The boches have taken to fighting their women."

"Don't be a fool!" I snapped. "We've taken V——, and I must see the commanding officer at once."

"You don't happen to have it in your pocket, lady, have you?" he said. He then turned a light on me and said: "Holy mackerel! It's Miss Lizzie! What's this about V——?"

"Miss Carberry has taken V——," I said.

"I believe you," was all he said; and we started for headquarters.

I recall distinctly the scene in the general's headquarters when we got there. The general was sitting, and both Charlie Sands and Mr. Burton were there, looking worried and unhappy. At first they did not see me, and I was too much out of breath to speak.

"I have already told you both that I cannot be responsible for three erratic spinsters. They are undoubtedly prisoners if they returned to V——."

"Prisoners!" said Charlie Sands. "If they were prisoners would they be signaling from the church tower for help?"

"I have already heard that story. It's ridiculous. Do you mean to tell me that with that town full of Germans those women have held the church tower since last night?"

Mr. Burton drew a piece of paper from his pocket.

"From eight o'clock to nine," he said, "the signal was 'Help,' repeated at frequent intervals; shortly after nine there was an attempt at a connected message. Allowing for corrections and for the fact that the light was growing dim, as though from an overused battery, the message runs: 'Help. Bring a ladder. They have cut the ——' I am sorry that the light gave out just there, and the message was uncompleted."

How terrible were my emotions at that time, to think that our dear Tish had cut off Aggie's only hope of escape.

The general got up.

"I am afraid you young gentlemen are indulging in a sense of humor at my expense. Unfortunately I have no sense of humor, but you may find it funny. Captain Sands to continue under arrest for last night's escapade. As Mr. Burton is a member of a welfare organization I do not find him under my direct jurisdiction, but ——"

"Then I shall go to V—— myself!" Mr. Burton said angrily. "I'll capture the whole damned town single-handed, and ——"

I then entered the cellar and said: "Miss Carberry has captured V——, general. She asks me to tell you that you may come over at any time and plant the flag. The signaling is being done by Miss Pilkington, who is at present holding the tower. I am acting as runner."

I regret to say that I cannot publish the general's reply.

As the remainder of the incident is a matter of historical record I shall not describe the advance of a portion of our Army into V—— They found the garrison either surrendered, fled or under Tish's fire in the beer cellar, and were, I believe, at first seriously menaced by that indomitable figure. It was also extremely difficult to rescue Aggie, as at first she persisted in firing through the floor of the platform the moment she heard anyone ascending. In due time, however, she was brought down, but as any mention of the tower for some time gave her a nervous chill it was several weeks before we heard her story.

I doubt if we would have heard it even then had not Mr. Burton and Hilda come to Paris on their wedding trip. We had a dinner for them at the Café de Paris, and Mr. Burton told us that we were all to have the Croix de Guerre. He insisted on ordering champagne to celebrate, and Aggie had two glasses, and then said the room was going round like the weather vane on the tower at V——.

She then went rather white and said: "The ladder was fastened to it, you know."

"What ladder?" Tish asked sharply.

"The rope ladder I was standing on. And when the wind blew ——"

Well, we gave her another glass of wine, and she told us the tragic story. She had fallen behind me, and was round a corner, when she felt a sneezing spell coming on. So seeing a doorway she slipped in, and she sneezed for about five minutes. When she came out there was nobody in sight, and after wandering round she went back to the doorway and closed the door.

There were stairs behind her, and when the counter attack came she ran up the stairs. She knew then that she was in the church tower, but she didn't dare to come down. When the firing stopped in the streets a soldier ran down the stairs and almost touched her. A moment later she heard him coming back, so she climbed up ahead and got out on a balcony above the clock. But he started to come out on the balcony, and just as she was prepared to be shot her hand touched a rope ladder and she went up it like a shot.

"It was dark, Tish," she said with a shudder, "and I couldn't look down. But when morning came I was up beside the weather vane, and a sniper from our lines must have thought I didn't belong there, for he fired at me every now and then."

Well, it seems she hung there all day, and nobody noticed her. Luckily the wind mostly kept her from the German side, and the sentry couldn't see her from the balcony. Then at last, the next evening, she heard him going down, and she would have made her escape, but he had cut the rope ladder below. She couldn't imagine why.

Tish looked at me steadily.

"It is very strange," she said. "But who can account for the instinct of destruction in the Hun mind?"

(THE END)

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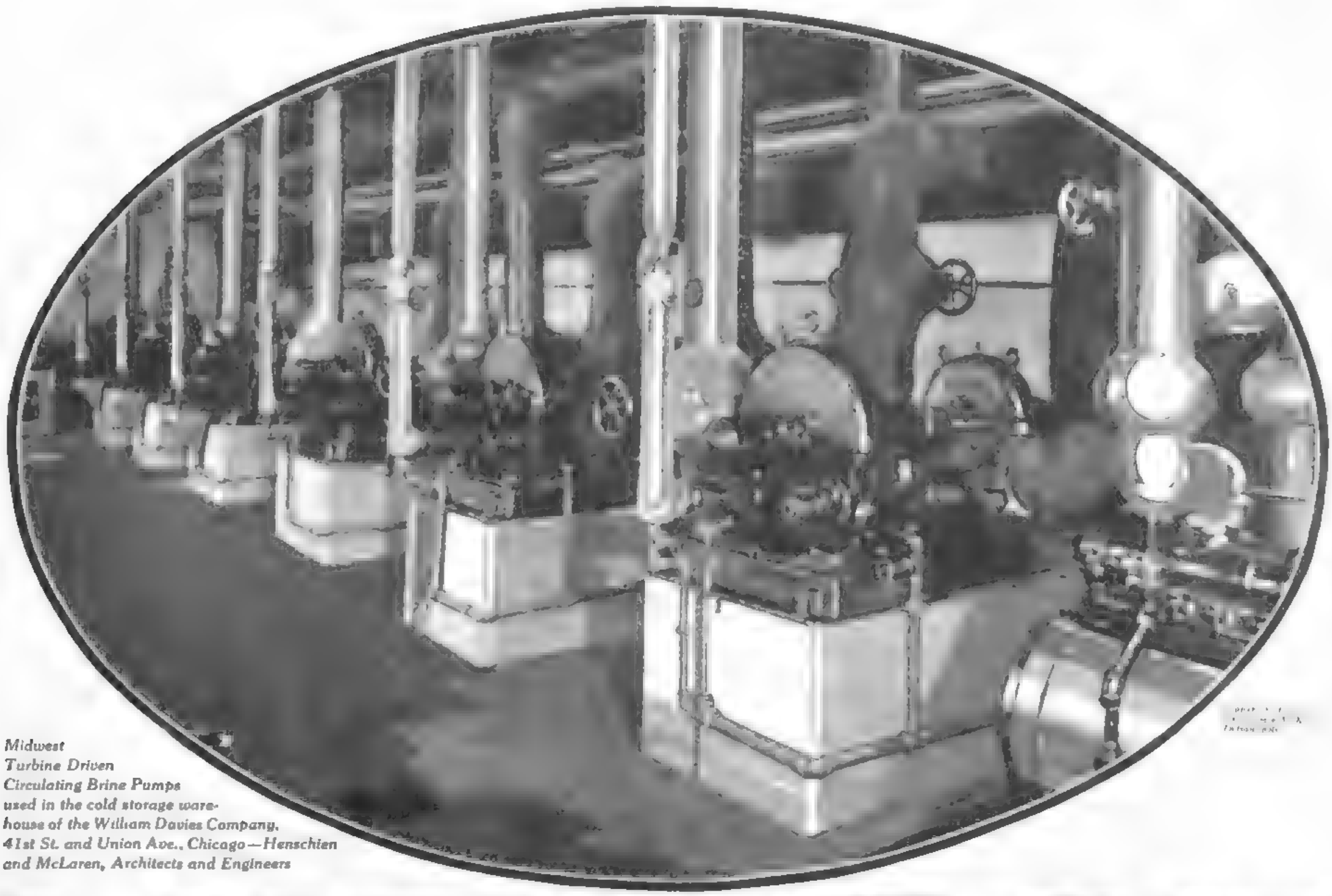

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NOW IS THE TIME

(Continued from Page 11)

but not to my work—which I had to take it over to the bank and leave them do it for me after all—but sat down instead to consider them two suspicious birds in the back part of the flat.

I personally myself was convinced that there was something very wrong about Anna. But so far she had said nothing under the espionage law exactly and I didn't know could you arrest a bird for too much liberty of speech, even though it loved anarchy and liberty and everything, and was undoubtedly capable of spreading propaganda, what with the voice it had.

Well, anyways, as I was holding my Marcel wave with both hands and racking what little was underneath it over the situation, I heard the key in the lock, and in come ma, all flushed and cheerful and pleased with herself, and handed me another jolt.

"I had a real sweet, pleasant morning," she says, taking off her gloves and hat and wiping her face with one of them big handkerchiefs like she used to carry in the circus and will not give up. "A real nice time!" she says, egging me on to question her.

"Where have you been?" I says, like she wanted me to.

"Oh, just to a little Bolshevik meeting," she says, casual. And picking up her things she started for her room.

"Hold on, ma!" I says, having managed to get my breath before she reached the door. "Say that again, will you?"

She turned and come back at that, still keeping up the careless stuff.

"Certainly," she says; "Bolshevik meeting. Are you interested in this up-to-date stuff?"

"Interested!" I says. "Of course I am! I'm against it! Why, Ma Gilligan!" I says. "Do you know what Bolshevism is?"

"Do you?" says ma sweetly.

"No!" says I. "And neither do they. But I am sure it's the bunk, and I feel it's wrong; and I am ashamed of you going!"

"How old-fashioned of you, dearie!" says ma. "Have you ever heard a speaker or been to a meeting?"

"I don't need to!" I says, short, being kind of at a loss.

"Well, I have!" says ma, triumphant.

"Where was it at?" I demanded.

"Down to the circus," says ma. "In the bear wrestler's dressing room. I went to call on some of the folks and get the news; and Madam Jones, the new automobile act—a very distinguished lady—got me to it. A most exclusive affair, with only the highest-priced acts invited!"

"And who spoke?" I says.

"Kiskoff, the bear wrestler," says ma. "It certainly was interesting."

"What did he say?" I says, it getting harder and harder to remember I was a lady and she my only mother. "What did he say?"

"I dunno!" says ma.

"You don't know!" I fairly yells. "And why don't you know?"

"Because he only talks Russian!" says ma, and walked out, leaving me flat.

Well, believe me, I was that upset I scarcely took any notice of my lunch, though it was a real nice meal, commencing with some juicy kind of fish and eggs, and ending up with pancakes, rolled up and filled with cream curds and powdered sugar.

Ma took to these eats immensely; and she and Anna exchanged a couple of smiles, which made me feel like the only living American. And when, later in the day, ma told me she thought she'd join the Bolshevists if she didn't have to be immersed, and that this Kiskoff's life was in danger for his beliefs just like the early Romans, and nobody knew where he lived, but he was a man of mystery, I couldn't stand it another moment, but beat it for a long walk by myself, because my nerves was sure on edge, and that aeroplane stunt facing me next week!

But the walk wasn't altogether pleasant—at least, not at the start or at the finish; because when I come out of our palatial near-marble front stoop there was a guy standing which might just as well of had on the brass buttons and all, because you could tell at once by the disguise that he was a plain-clothes cop. Not that I am so familiar with them, but their clothes is generally so plain anyone could tell them. Do you get me? You do!

Well, anyways, this bird was standing opposite our door, and at the second glance I had him spotted, or nearly so. And when I come back from walking fast, and wishing Jim was back to advise me and occupying our flat instead of Germany, the fly cop was still there, by which I became certain he was one; the more so as I watched him from a window, once I was in, and the way he kept camouflaging himself as a casual passer-by ended my doubts.

Well, was that some situation? It was! Here was myself, a good American, though but an ignorant woman, surrounded by all the terrible and disturbing elements of the day; with everything which ought to be kept out of every U. S. A. home creeping into mine. And it was all so sudden that I hadn't got my breath yet, much less any action; in fact I was sort of dizzy with what was happening. And my head didn't quiet down any when after dinner that night I heard deep voices out in back.

"Anna has company!" says ma in explanation. "Two of them; and I think they are talking Russian. At any rate one has a beard almost as handsome as Mr. Kiskoff's."

This got my angora; and, though no lady would ever spy on her cook, this was surely an exception, and so I took a quiet peek in through the pantry slide, and there was Anna and two big he-men, all talking at once. The window was open a little ways from the top, and on it was Fritz, also talking Russian or something; and no earthly reason why he couldn't take his liberty and go right out if he had really wanted it.

Believe you me, when I went to bed that night in my gray French-enameled Empire style I was wore out with the series of jolts which the day had handed me. But it is not my custom to sit back and talk things over too long. I have ever noticed that the person who talks too much seldom does a whole lot; and that a quick decision, even if wrong, at least learns you something, and you can start again on the right track. And no later than the next day, after a funny though good breakfast of coffee and new bread with cinnamon and sugar baked into it, and herrings in cream, I commenced to act.

"Ma, are you going to keep up this Bolshevist bull?" I says.

"I am!" she says. "You told me to do something modern, and I'm doing the very modernest thing there is."

"You are going to be wrong on that by this P. M.," I says, "or to-morrow at latest," I says, "because there is or ought to be something moderner; and that is United Americanism!" I says. "And, since the only way to fight fire is with it, I am going to start a rival organization—and start it quick!" I says. "And I'm going to do it on a sounder basis than your people ever dreamed of, because we'll all talk English; so's we'll each of us know what the organization is about."

"Why, Marie La Tour!" says ma, which it's a fact she only calls me that when she's sore at me. "Why, Marie La Tour, what is your organization going to do?"

"I don't know yet, beyond one thing," I says; "we are going to get together, and keep together!"

And so, without waiting for a come-back or any embarrassing questions, I hustled into a simple little gray satin Trotteur costume, which is French for pony clothes, and left that homeful of heavyweight traitors, where a radical parrot yelled "Anarchy!" from morning till night and even the steam radiators had commenced to smell like dynamite.

And having shut the door after me with quite some explosion I had the limousine headed to the White Kittens' Annual Ball Association, which I was due at it on account of all the most prominent ladies in picture and theatrical circles being on the committee, and I naturally being indispensable, if only for the value of my name. So I started off, but not before I noticed that the same plain-clothes John was again perched opposite my front door.

All the way to the Palatial Hotel, which the meeting is always held in the grand ballroom of, I kept getting more and more worked up. Things had certainly gone too far when Bolshevism had spread from the parlor to the kitchen—or vice versa, I didn't know which—and my own ma being undoubtedly watched by the more or less

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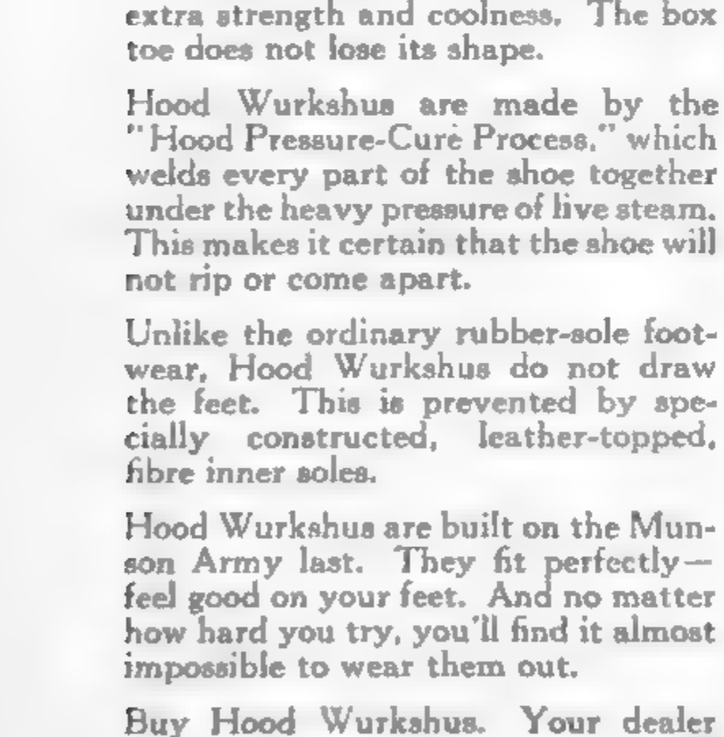

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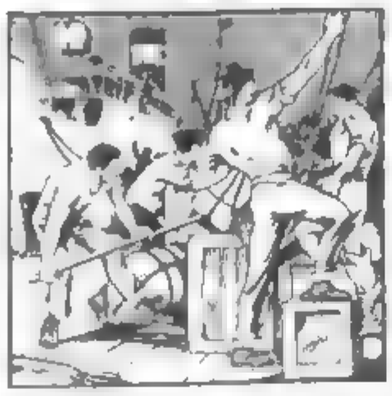
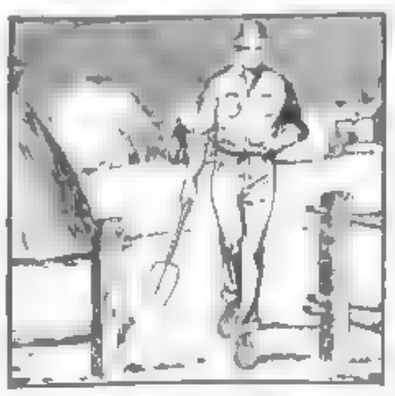


Hood Wurkshus make the heaviest labor easier. Cool and comfortable, with springy Pneumatic Heels.



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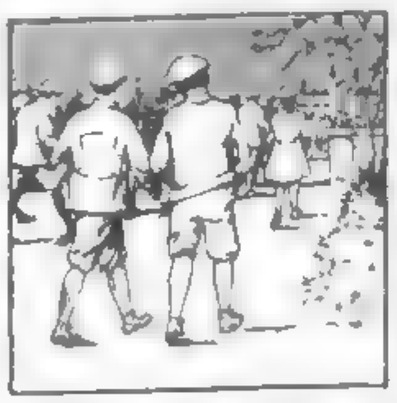
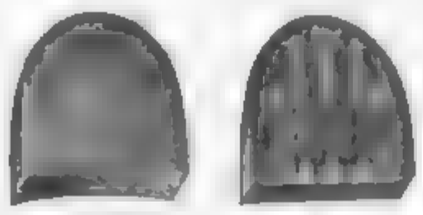


Built to "stand the gaff," Hood Wurkshus solve the boy's footwear problem.

On the lawn or in the garden, Hood Wurkshus mean cool, rested feet all day long.

Hood Wurkshus are Equipped with Hood Patented Pneumatic Heels



Outside View Inside View

Light and Comfortable—Walk on Air

Hood Wurkshus are also made in Blucher and Scout Patterns for men, boys and youths.

secret service, all because of her having taken a fancy to them whiskers of this Kiskoff cuckoo, which is the only explanation I could make of it. And after being a widow twenty years she ought to be ashamed of herself!

Still, it was a better explanation for her to have lost her head than her patriotism, and I tried to think this the case. And my own position was something to bring tears to a glass eye, what with my well-known war work and a perfectly good husband still in the service. And I had made a threat to take action, and had no idea what it would be—only that now I certainly had to deliver the goods.

Well, anyways, in despair and the limousine I finally arrived at the Palatial, and there in the lobby was several other White Kittens, which were also late; so we give each other's clothes the once-over and asked after our healths, and so forth, and then hurried up in the elevator to where the meeting had already commenced.

Believe you me, my mind stuck to that meeting about as good as a W. S. S. which has been in your purse a month does when you find your card. The room was as full as could be with the biggest crowd I ever knew to turn out for it. But somehow, though I am generally pretty well interested in any crowd, this time nothing seemed to register except my own thoughts. Even the chairlady couldn't hold my attention, partially because she was Ruby Roselle; and what they wanted to elect that woman for I don't know, because her head is certainly not the part of her which earned her theatrical reputation, tho' a handsome back is no disgrace. And if that and a handful of costume is art, far be it from me to say anything; but it is neither refinement nor does it make a good executor for a live organization like the Kittens.

And, what is more, any woman which had her nose changed from hooked to Greek right in the middle of a big feature fillum can't run any society to suit me—not to mention the fact that, as I sat there watching her talk, I come slowly to realize that she had several jewels, and a couple of friends which was found to be pro-Germans and had been interned, though nothing was ever proved on to Ruby herself.

As I sat there hating her the big idea come at last—a way to at once get something started before she did, because how did I know but she'd have the orchestra play Die Watch on Rine Wine, and feed us on wienies and pumpernickel for supper at the ball, if something radical wasn't done at once? That is, I mean radical in the right sense of course. So when she says "Any other remarks?" I jumped to my feet quick before she could say "The meeting is injoined."

"Yes, Miss Ruby Schwartz Roselle, there is!" I said. "I will be obliged to have the floor a minute."

"You can have it, for all of me, dearie," says Ruby sweetly as she recognized her enemy. "Miss Marie La Tour has the floor."

And then without hardly knowing what I was doing and forgetting even to feel did my nose need powder before I commenced I began talking with something fluttering inside me like a bird's wing. You know—a feeling like a tryout before a big-time manager; but behind the scare the strength of knowing you can deliver the goods.

"Ladies and fellow, or I should say sister, Kittens!" I commenced. "There was a time when the well-known words, 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party,' so thrilled America that it has become not alone printed in all copy books but is the first sentence which is learned by every typewriter. But since then times have changed until, believe you me, now is the time for all good parties to come to the aid of the nation in order to show all which are not Americans first just where they get off.

"And, ladies, we here assembled are a party not to be scorned, what with a sustaining membership of over five hundred and more than a thousand one-dollar members. And, what is more, though admittedly mere females, we have a vote in most places now, including this state; and, though I have no doubt you have always intended to be good citizens, having the vote you are now obliged to be so."

There was quite a little clapping at this; so I was encouraged to go on, though Ruby's voice says "Out of order!" twice. Well, I couldn't see anybody that was behaving disorderly; so I just went ahead with my idea.

"And so my idea is this," I says: "That all Americans, whether lady or gentleman citizens, should get together in one big association for the U. S. A.—actually get together, instead of leaving things be. An association is, as I understand it, intended for purposes of association. And why not simply associate each association with every other, canning all small private schemes and party interests on the one grand common interest of Bolsheviking the Bolsheviks?

"I'm sure that if all parties concerned will forget they are Democrats or Republicans or Methodists or Suffragists—even whether they are ladies or gentlemen—and remember they are Americans, nothing can ever rough-house this country like Europe has been in several places; for in union there is strength. In God we trust; but He helps those who help themselves, and if only we'll drop our self-interests and make the union our first idea God help the foreigners which tries to help themselves to our dear country!"

By this time the girls was giving me a hand the like of which I never had before on stage or screen, because their hearts were in them. Do you get me? You do! And it was quite a spell before Ruby could get order, though she kept pounding with the silver cat's-paw of her office. Finally, when she could make herself heard, she says, very sarcastic:

"And how does Miss La Tour suggest we commence?" she says.

"By unanimously voting ourselves The White Kittens' Patriotic Association of America," I says at once. "Call a extra meeting to change the constitution temporarily from annual balls and festivals for the benefit of indignant members to an association for associating with other associations, as before suggested. Use part of the money from the ball just arranged for to advertise our idea in newspapers and on billboards; and, believe you me, by the time we ladies get that far some gentleman's association will be on the job to show us a practical way to use ourselves!"

Well, the Kittens seemed to think this all right too; and in spite of Ruby the next meeting was called and we broke up in high excitement, and I was surrounded by admiring friends, all anxious to tell me they felt the same as me; and so on and so forth. And finally, after I had been treated to lunch by several of them, not including Ruby, and collapsed into my limousine, and said "Home, James!" I set my face flatward with a brave heart which knew no fear on account of having accomplished something worth while. Even the sight of the obtrusively unobtrusive bull still waiting like the wolf at the door didn't dampen my spirit.

And it was not until I got upstairs that I commenced realizing that my own home would be the first place to set in order. And how could I be a great American female leader with a Bolshevist mother and a German cook? And how could I preach a thing with one hand and not practice it with the other? Of course I could fire the cook; but how about ma?

It was she herself settled that part of it the moment I stepped into the parlor; for there she was all alone, except for the two dogs, and, what was more, all of a heap, besides.

"Well, thank goodness you decided to come home, Mary Gilligan!" she says. "Something awful has happened!"

"Not Jim?" I gasps, my heart nearly stopping, for he is always the first thing I think of.

"Jim nothing!" says ma. "It's poor Kiskoff!"

"Oh, him!" I says, relieved. "What of it?"

"They arrested him this morning!" says ma, all broken up—the poor fish! "Arrested him just before the meeting!"

"I knew they would," I says. "The hound, he couldn't go round forever talking Bolshevism!"

"It wasn't for that," says ma.

"Then for what?" I says blankly.

"For back alimony!" says ma almost in tears. "It seems he married a girl out in Kansas several years ago, and they parted when the circus left, and it wasn't Russian he was talking, but Yiddish! He speaks English as well as me."

"And I suppose you'll tell me next that he wasn't talking Bolshevism," says I.

"He wasn't—he was only asking them to join the Circus Workers' Union, Local 21," says ma. "He explained it all to the cops." *(Concluded on Page 141)*

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(Concluded from Page 138)

"Ma!" I demanded solemnly, a light coming over me. "Ma, have you honestly got any idea what this Bolshevism is? Come on; own up!"

"Certainly!" she says. "It's something like devil worship, ain't it? A sort of fancy religion!"

"Nothing so respectable!" I says very sharp, yet awful relieved that I had guessed the truth. "Bolshevism is Russian for sore-head. Religion my eye! It's about as much a religion as smallpox is."

"Well, daughter, why didn't you say so in the first place?" she says, just as if she'd caught me in a lie. But I let it pass and apologized. I was so glad to find she was a fake. And ma promised to leave them low circus people alone for a spell and come back to the White Kittens again. I then announced I was going out and fire Anna. At that a look of terror come over ma's face, and she restrained me by the sleeve. "Be careful how you go near that kitchen!" she says warningly.

"For heaven's sake, ma!" I says. "What's wronger than usual out there?"

"I dunno; but I think something is," she says. "I believe it's a bomb!"

"A bomb!" I says. "What you mean?"

"Anna is out to market," says ma, "and the one with the black beard like poor Kiskoff's brought it. 'For Anna,' says he, and shoved it at me; and snook off down the stairs like a murderer."

"Brought what?" I says, impatient.

"The bomb, of course!" says ma, impatient herself.

"How do you know it's one?" I says, a little uneasy, and wishing I had fired Anna before she got this swell chance of firing us.

"Well, it looks just like the one in the picture where them three Germans blew theirselves up in the newspaper," says she. "And it ticks."

"Where is the thing?"

"On the kitchen table," says ma.

"Well," I says bravely, "I think I ought to take a look at it anyways."

"I wish you wouldn't," says she; but she came down the hall after me like the loyal mother she is, and the two of us stopped at the threshold, as the poet says.

And there, sure enough, in the middle of the spotless oilcloth on the kitchen table lay a mighty funny-looking package, about the size of a dish pan and done up in that black oilcloth them foreigners seem so fond of. And between yells from that radical parrot, who commenced his "I love Anarchy!" the moment he set eyes on us, we could hear that evil-looking package tick as plain as day.

Well, what with a mother and a father both practically born on the center trapeze, and used myself to taking chances since early childhood, I don't believe I'm more of a coward than most. But I will admit my heart commenced going too quick at that sight; and the radical bird, which was as usual loose in the place, didn't make my nerves any easier. But a stitch in time often saves a whole pair of silk ones; so I turned up my Georgette crêpe sleeves and made straight for the sink, keeping my eye on the table all the while.

"Look out!" screams ma. "What are you going to do?"

"Throw cold water on it," I says.

And filling the dish pan I took a long sling with it and pretty near drowned the kitchen table, to say nothing of the scare I threw into Fritz. As soon as he quit we listened again; but my effort had been in vain, for the thing was still ticking—slow, loud ticks, and very alarming.

"No good!" I says sadly. "We'll have to take severer measures."

"Well, what'll they be?" says ma.

"There's a plain-clothes cop outside looking for trouble," says I grimly; "and here is where I hand him a little," says I.

And then without waiting even to roll down the Georgettes, I hurried to the window and looked out. Like most cops he couldn't be seen when wanted. Finally he come into view and I tried to catch his attention, but was unable to at first. But after a while he heard me and looked up, and I beckoned.

"Bomb!" I says. "Hurry up!"

And did he hurry? He did!

"By golly, we'll get them now!" he says triumphantly. "We've been watching this place for two months, on account of having it straight that there is a bunch of Bolsheviat bomb makers in this building or the next one. Where is your bomb? Lead me to it!"

Well, I didn't lead him exactly. Since he was so set up about it I let him go ahead; but ma and me followed close behind and told him the way, and everything. When he came to the kitchen door Fritz let out a yell: "Anarchy! I love Anarchy!" And you ought to of seen the cop stagger in his tracks for a minute. But he came to immediate, and we all stood at attention while he give that bundle the once-over. It was ticking away as strong as ever.

"Hey! Get me a pail of water—quick!" says the cop.

I did it; and then—I will certainly give him credit for it—he grabbed up the bundle and plunged it in with both hands just as Anna come in at the door.

Believe you me, I never saw anything so funny as what happened then! The cop took his hands out the water and stood there, dripping and staring at her.

"Hello, Anna!" he says. "What you doing here?"

"Ay bane working," says Anna. "How you bane, Mike?"

"Pretty good," he says; "but kind of busy with a bomb we got here. Stand off while I take a look. It has quit ticking and I guess it's drownded."

He lifted the wet bundle out, and the minute Anna sees it she set up a yell as good as one of her pet parrot's.

"That bane mine!" she says, making a grab for it; but Mike held her off.

"Yours, eh?" he says severely. "Yours! Well, we'll just have a look at it, my girl!"

With which he undid the string and unfolded the oilcloth; and there was a big new alarm clock, with the price still on it—two dollars—and a round heavy cheese!

"Bane youst a present from may feller!" says Anna coyly.

Well, did we feel cheap? We did. And in addition to that Mike, the smart and brave young cop, was disappointed something terrible!

"Who is this Anna?" I asked him, soon's I got my breath.

"Oh, a Swede girl. I know her a long time," he says foolishly. "Used to entertain me in the basement when I was on the regular force. She's some cook. You're lucky to have her."

And just then this ex-pro-German Bolshevist cook we was so lucky to have starts to yell again.

"Fritz! Oy, Fritz!" she says. "He bane gone! Make un yoump back!"

And, sure enough, there was Fritz on the fire escape of the flat next to us. He had give one hop and a flutter and got across, where he sat, silent for once in his life and giving us the evil eye.

"Yoump back!" says the cook in passionate entreaty. "Yoump back to your Aniky that you love. All day you yell you love may; an' now you leave may!"

And as she said them words still another weight was lifted from my shoulders, though not from hers; for, instead of jumping back, that radical bird, which it seemed was not a radical after all, and acting like the most conventional parrot in the world, commenced to climb up the fire escape of the other apartment house, like he was leaving us forever.

"Yoump!" implored Anna; but he just climbed instead.

"Here—wait, and I'll get him," says Mike. "Glad to do it, Anna. I can step across easy enough."

Anna held his coat; and he swung hisself over to the other side almost as neat as a picture actor, and commenced following that mean-hearted bird up and up, story after story, until that animal led him in at a open window about three flats above.

We waited in silence; and, believe you me, I had about commenced to believe that bird and he was never coming out again, when down comes Mike, the bird tucked into his vest, his face simply purple with excitement. I never seen any acrobat work swifter or quieter than he did.

"The telephone! Quick! The telephone! Headquarters, at once! I've got that guy this time, at last! And to think that a damn bird had to find him for me!"

And it was the truth. Fritz, far from being a alien, was a good little American parrot and had actually led the cop to the very place he had been looking for all that while; and they arrested two guys and everything!

And after they got through, the phone rang; and there was Goldringer's voice.

"The aëroplane has come, Miss La Tour," he says. "When will you be over?"

"First thing in the morning!" I says, relieved to think of a quiet day ahead.

Ain't it grand to have work you love to do? It's so restful!

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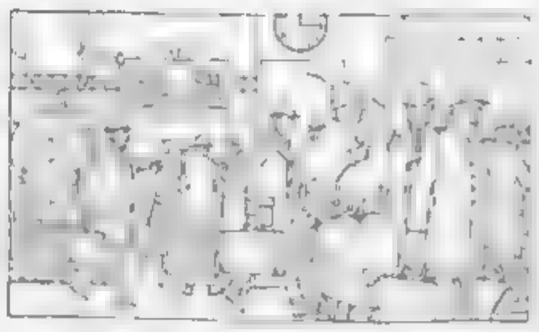

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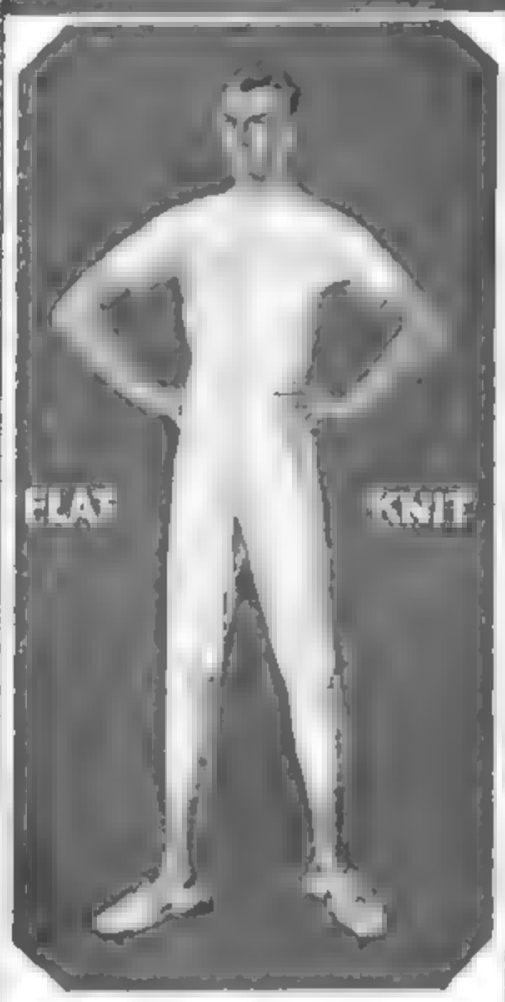

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CARRANZA MAKES TROUBLE

(Continued from Page 4)

now making a careful survey of all public lands in the petroleum district with a view of drawing up a plan for the exploitation of the measures thereon under 'nationalization.' But the constitutional inhibition as to retroactive law fully protects all landowners in whatever locality and under whatever condition."

This seemed to make it plain that valid private titles were not to be swept aside, and that the program of nationalization would affect only public lands. With these assurances the matter rested for a full year, but on February nineteenth the whole question was thrown into acute controversy by a Carranza decree—a species of royal fiat borrowed from the Bourbons and found to-day only in Mexico and Berlin. This decree and others that followed it show admirably the working of the Carranza mind—an utter avoidance of the plain, and full reliance upon the devious. The commands and purposes of them all may be summed up as follows:

New taxes were imposed, not as levies upon private property, but in the form of rentals and royalties.

All title deeds were to be registered, and in event of refusal the properties were to be declared open to entry.

Only Mexicans by birth or naturalization, and Mexican corporations, had the right to acquire ownership. American companies were barred absolutely, and even American individuals might retain holdings only by solemn agreement "to be considered Mexican in respect to such property, and accordingly not to invoke the protection of their governments in respect to the same, under penalty, in case of breach, of forfeiture to the nation of property so acquired."

A Mexican Trap

No confiscation at all, at least on the part of the Mexican Government! The foreigner was to do the confiscating himself! Why kill a man when you can force him to commit suicide! It was, in fact, a trap without an outlet.

If they paid rentals and royalties, the American producers were instantly placed in the position of admitting government ownership; and if they did not pay, the penalty was forfeiture.

If they registered titles in the manner prescribed, titles passed from private owners to the government, and failure to register again entailed *forfeiture*. And even if the producer did pay and register, thereby confessing that his holdings now belonged to Carranza's government, he stood faced by the rule that no foreign corporation had the right to hold, acquire or develop, and that though he might try to hang on as an individual the price to be paid was surrender of all rights of citizenship.

The situation was grave beyond belief, for not only the oil interests were threatened by this drastic application of Article 27, but all like holdings of every kind. Those of us who have proceeded upon the assumption that foreigners go into Mexico with nothing except bribe money will be surprised to learn that the figures for 1912 show the following actual cash investment in Mexico:

American . .	$1,057,770,000
English	321,[illegible]00
French	145,440,000
Other countries . . .	118,[illegible]00

Formal protest against the Carranza decree was filed at once by the governments of the United States, Great Britain, Holland and France. That of America covers the case quite fully, and is worthy of study as a statement of the policy that is to govern us in the future. Written under date of April 2, 1918, and divested of the unnecessary verbiage necessitated by diplomatic intercourse, this is what the Government of the United States said to the Government of Mexico:

"While the United States Government is not disposed to request for its citizens exemption from the payment of their ordinary and just share of the burdens of taxation so long as the tax is uniform and not discriminatory in its operation, and can fairly be considered a tax and not a confiscation or unfair imposition, and while the United States Government is not inclined to interpose in behalf of its citizens in case of expropriation of private property for sound reasons of public welfare, and upon just compensation and by legal proceedings before tribunals, allowing fair and equal opportunity to be heard and giving due consideration to American rights, nevertheless the United States cannot acquiesce in any procedure ostensibly or nominally in the form of taxation or the exercise of eminent domain, but really resulting in the confiscation of private property and arbitrary deprivation of vested rights.

"Your Excellency will understand that this is not an assertion of any new principle of international law, but merely a reiteration of those recognized principles which my Government is convinced form the basis of international respect and good neighborhood. The seizure or spoliation of property at the mere will of the sovereign and without due legal process fairly and equitably administered, has always been regarded as a denial of justice and as affording internationally a basis of interposition."

A Square Deal Demanded

"My Government is not in a position to state definitely that the operation of the aforementioned decree will, in effect, amount to confiscation of American interests. Nevertheless, it is deemed important that the Government of the United States should state at this time the real apprehension which it entertains as to the possible effect of this decree upon the vested rights of American citizens in oil properties in Mexico. The amounts of taxes to be levied by this decree are in themselves a very great burden on the oil industry and if they are not confiscatory in effect—and as to this my Government reserves opinion—they at least indicate a trend in that direction. . . .

"It is, however, to the principle involved in the apparent attempt at separation of surface and subsurface rights under this decree that my Government desires to direct special attention. It would appear that the decree in question is an effort to put into effect as to petroleum lands Paragraph 4 of Article 27 of the Constitution of May 1, 1917, by severing at one stroke the ownership of the petroleum deposits from the ownership of the surface, notwithstanding that the Constitution provides that 'private property shall not be expropriated except by reason of public utility and by means of indemnification.' So far as my Government is aware no provision has been made by Your Excellency's Government for just compensation for such arbitrary divestment of rights nor for the establishment of any tribunal invested with the functions of determining justly and fairly what indemnification is due to American interests. Moreover, there appears not the slightest indication that the separation of mineral rights from surface rights is a matter of public utility upon which the right of expropriation depends, according to the terms of the Constitution itself. In the absence of the establishment of any procedure looking to the prevention of spoliation of American citizens and in the absence of any assurance, were such procedure established, that it would not uphold in defiance of internal law and justice the arbitrary confiscations of Mexican authorities, it becomes the function of the Government of the United States most earnestly and respectfully to call the attention of the Mexican Government to the necessity which may arise to impel it to protect the property of its citizens in Mexico divested or injuriously affected by the decree above cited.

"The investments of American citizens in the oil properties in Mexico have been made in reliance upon the good faith and justice of the Mexican Government and Mexican laws, and my Government cannot believe that the enlightened Government of a neighboring Republic at peace and at a stage in its progress when the development of its resources so greatly depends on its maintaining good faith with investors and operators, whom it has virtually invited to spend their wealth and energy within its borders, will disregard its clear and just obligations toward them."

No answer was returned, but on May eighteenth Carranza announced that the decree of February nineteenth would not be put into effect until July thirty-first. The next chapter in the story was written in June, when President Wilson received a delegation of Mexican editors at the White House, and made a speech remarkable indeed for its unaffected sincerity and heartfelt expression of desire for friendship with Mexico. A few days later the Mexican Government, defying every decency of diplomatic usage, printed the American note of April second in its official organ, and straightway commenced a campaign to prove that President Wilson was dishonest and hypocritical, as the White House address and the note "each gave the lie to the other." Here are some typical excerpts from an inspired editorial in El Pueblo:

"It is essential to correlate the two historical documents: The former is the theatrical speech, sonorous, delivered with the nations of the whole world as an audience, whose purpose is to display benevolence, disinterestedness, magnanimity; the latter is the document destined to remain in the secret files, covered with diplomatic discretion, harsh, concise, with ulterior motives, threatening, an eloquent warning of what our powerful neighbor is ready to do in order to protect the properties of American citizens in Mexico. . . . The note belies the address! . . . What is the need of reasons! 'This displeases me, this does not suit me; I shall intervene by force to protect my properties'; this is the spirit, this the meaning, pure and simple, of the note. . . . This address of peace and friendship foreshadows big events. Each such expression has been followed immediately by an aggression. It was thus with Vera Cruz. It was thus with the punitive expedition."

All ending in a diatribe against President Wilson as "Mexico's dangerous enemy" and "double-handed"; not to mention "two-faced."

Our answer was a dignified yet stinging rebuke to the Mexican Government for its open discourtesy, and the added explanation, reënforced by quotations from the President's White House address, that though we had only friendship for Mexico this did not necessarily involve the surrender of all rights both by the Government and its citizens. Taking no notice of us whatsoever, Carranza issued another decree on July eighth, fixing August fifteenth as the date for the suicide of the oil producers. Again we protested, begging for an extension of the time, in the hope that a fair and equitable adjustment might be reached, but both protest and appeal went unheeded.

A License With a Joker

Carranza, however, on August fourteenth issued a new decree, which seemed to show a spirit of concession. The registration of titles was waived, and provision was made also for private owners to continue in possession of the land, but the promise was more illusory than real. On investigation it was seen that royalties and rentals were still insisted upon, while the right to continued possession was based upon an acknowledgment of government ownership, followed by the execution of a contract the terms and nature of which were not disclosed. Even this mysterious contract was merely temporary.

A new element was also introduced into the controversy by a provision that no producer would be allowed to undertake new work without a drilling license. This last joker was even more deadly than the others. To explain: A drilling license was never anything but a police provision designed to assure safety of operation, and it was this clause, purely concerned with safety, that Carranza now seized upon to advance his theory of confiscation. Only those might drill who obtained licenses, and licenses were to be granted only to those admitting government ownership. Work could not go on without drilling, and cessation of work stood to be punished by forfeiture.

There the matter stands to-day. The companies banded together in appeal to the courts of Mexico, and in the meantime are

(Continued on Page 145)

Two things Americans should insist upon

The most popular cooler we make - style 560. Handsome mahogany finish. Cooler, without bottle $39.00, f. o. b New York. We allow 5% discount for cash with order.

The coolers from which drinking water is served in many offices, institutions, hotels, and restaurants, are very unsanitary. Dirty, germ laden ice comes in contact with the water and is a cause of sickness and epidemics. The water is served so icily cold it is harmful. The faucets collect sediment and drip over the floor. Do away with these conditions by installing "XXTH CENTURY" Coolers.

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Drug Stores, confectioners and others who sell beverages from cleanly "XXTH CENTURY" Coolers or "C & H" Dispensers are serving you in the most sanitary way. The ice never comes in contact with the beverage to dilute or contaminate it and their non-clogging, non-corrosive "C & H" faucets are a further protection to health.

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"Fibrotta" Packing Pails will not absorb the juices of jams, jellies, etc., packed in them, leaving a dried out, poor tasting product. If you buy such foodstuffs in bulk from your grocer just try those put up in "Fibrotta" pails and see how good they taste. When empty these pails can be washed as good as new and can be used again or sold at a good price.

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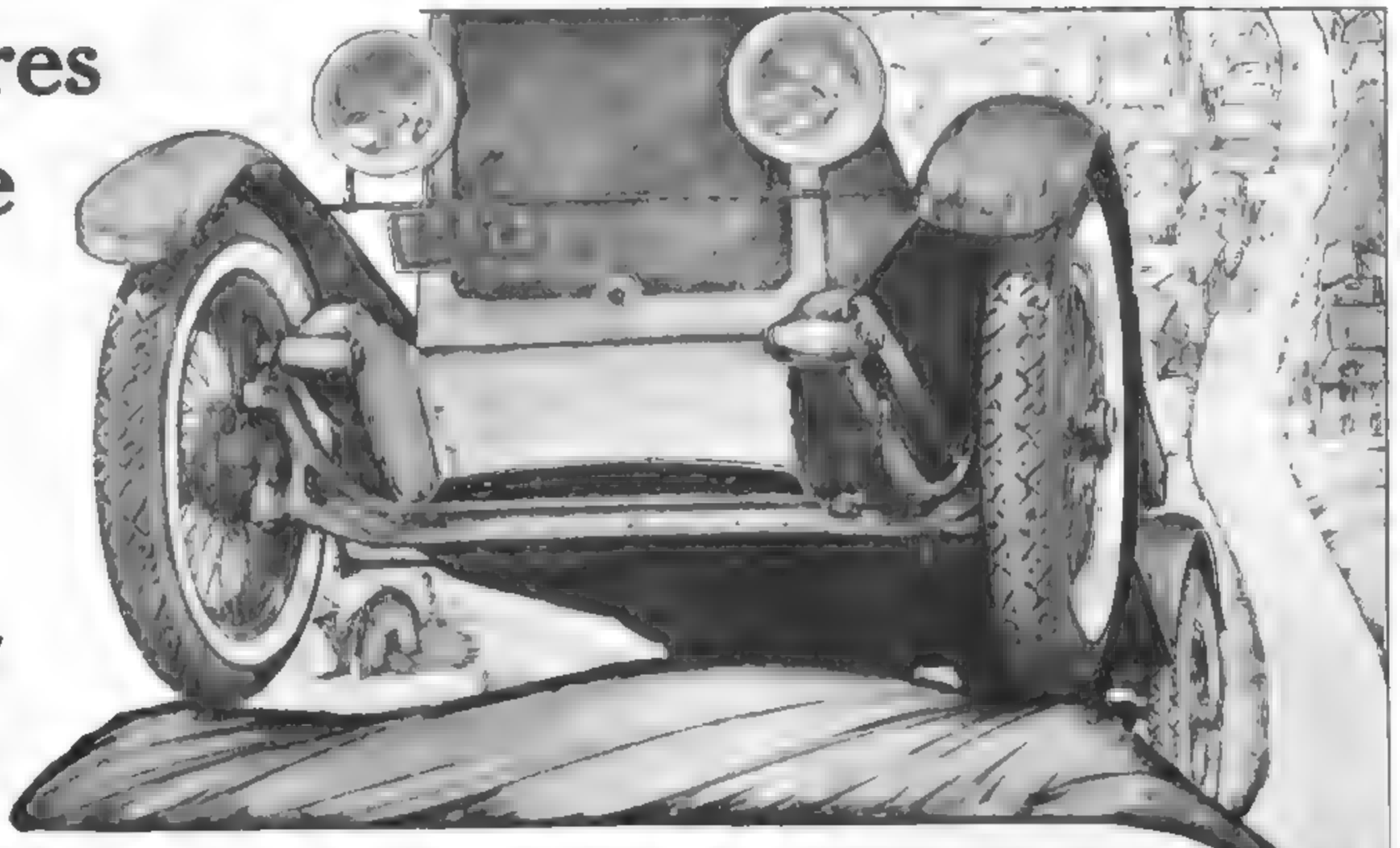

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And that is why the name "Brunswick" has come to symbolize the utmost for one's money. In every line the House of Brunswick has entered, it has won confidence by adhering to this principle.

In tire-building the whole secret of a superior product lies in the policies of the maker. There is nothing exclusive now in the tire industry. Any willing maker can build a super-tire. But costs and competition modify ideals.

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And to rise or fall on the result. We have found it a paying idea, even though the profit margin is slight.

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(Continued from Page 142)

refusing to admit Carranza's claim to title by any act of commission. Carranza himself is resting on his oars, and though asserting the government's claim to absolute ownership of the oil properties has, nevertheless, called a special session of the Mexican Congress to consider the whole question.

In late August—almost five months after the receipt of the original notes of protest from the United States, Great Britain, France and Holland—the Mexican Government made its various answers, all being identical in tone and terms. Brushing aside the fundamental point of the controversy, which was the attempt of the Mexican Government to seize arbitrarily the land of foreign companies and citizens, without the slightest provision for indemnification, Carranza insolently assumed that the various governments were merely trying to aid their citizens in tax dodging, merely attempting to gain special privileges for foreigners above the rights enjoyed by Mexican citizens. Moreover, in explicit terms the Mexican answer flatly denied our right of protest, declaring that it would submit to no interference, and that if any foreigner felt himself aggrieved the courts of Mexico were open to him.

Here, then, is the heart of the controversy. The Mexican Government insists that it is merely putting foreign residents upon an equality with Mexican citizens. It does not see—or refuses to see—that the Mexican citizen has two remedies against oppression—the legal and political. Not only may he appeal to the courts, but he has a ballot with which he can, if he wills, overthrow the tyrannies of government and the injustices of judges. The foreigner has only one remedy—the judicial—and it is to supply this lack that international law has sanctioned the right of governments to interpose diplomatically when interests of their citizens are in jeopardy. It is also the case that arbitrary power can take away even recourse to the judicial weapon. Our protest was against decrees that meant to confiscate private property before a court could act. What Carranza tried to do was to trick the owners into confessing government ownership, so that courts would have nothing to pass upon.

Clean-Cut Issues

Another naïve theory of the Mexican Government is that it is entitled to deal as it pleases with foreign residents so long as it deals with its own citizens in the same manner. If, for instance, it confiscates the property of Mexican citizens it has equal right to confiscate the property of foreigners. It is a theory to which we cannot and will not assent. It may not matter to us what is done to Mexicans—that is peculiarly their business but it must always and unalterably matter to us what the Mexican Government does to American citizens. We should be dead to every tradition, false to every principle upon which our institutions are based if we surrendered this abiding interest, this right of protest. Nor does it mean a threat, nor yet war, but rather is it the way of amity and peace, growing into ugliness only as the government addressed refuses to display proper regard for justice and sound understanding. Thus are the issues joined to-day between America and Mexico.

To finish the story properly there are several purely American misunderstandings that must be cleared up—the accusation of tax dodging, for instance. The question of taxes was never at issue, and is not now at issue. Taxes have always been paid, and are being paid to-day, and published statements prove conclusively that the money flowing into the Mexican treasury from the oil fields developed by foreign capital is not the least source of income by any means. There is, first of all, an export tax of ten per cent, but owing to the high valuations assessed by the Mexican authorities this is in reality a tax of thirty-three per cent. There are also bar dues, stamp duties and dredging taxes, all resulting in an annual revenue to Mexico of more than eight million dollars from oil alone, constituting the highest tax on petroleum production in the world, and netting Mexico a sum far in excess of the total return of capital paid to foreign investors in the form of dividends. It is not a case of tax dodging, but plain resistance to confiscation disguised in the form of rentals and royalties that are in addition to the regular taxes and apart from them.

Another herring dragged across the controversy is the Carranza claim that American oil producers have fomented and supported revolutions against the Mexican Government, the case most commonly cited being that of Pelaez. The story of this bandit chief is well worth relating, for not only does it give sufficient answer to Carranza, but it throws a flood of light on the whole oil situation. The Vera Cruz district, in which Pelaez operated, is not in the hands of a few large landholders, as many believe, but is owned in small tracts by some eight thousand individual Pueblo Indians, all enjoying rich returns from oil leases executed by the various producers. Neither the Huerta revolution nor that of Madero touched this region in any degree, and trouble was unknown until 1913, when Candido Aguilar appeared upon the scene with a force of Carranzistas. He took possession of the district in a military sense, and though the various oil companies protested against his levy of tribute he might have escaped disaster had he avoided interference with the Indian population. When the Aguilar soldiery began to ravage and burn, however, the Indian landowners rose in arms and found a leader in Pelaez, himself a propertied Pueblo with his little holding under profitable lease.

A Mexican Robin Hood

Aguilar was expelled, and until December, 1918, Pelaez ruled the oil district, guaranteeing law and order in return for cash contributions from the oil companies. Americans, British, French and Dutch took up this question with their governments, and every payment that they made to Pelaez was with the full knowledge of the authorities at home. Even Carranza's representatives were consulted, and they not only consented to the payments but advised them. As a matter of fact, there was nothing else to do. Pelaez was in control, Carranza could afford no protection whatsoever, and the oil producers were compelled to choose between tribute and destruction.

There is this at least to be said for Pelaez: During the whole period of his control oil production went on without a halt, life was safe, the justice that he meted out, though irregular, was equal and exact, and his anti-Germanism was richly and energetically one hundred per cent. No person of Teutonic birth can pronounce the Mexican r except gutturally and the simple test of Pelaez was whether or not strangers "talked from the throat." If they did their stay in the oil district was brief and even painful. No one can hold a brief for this Mexican Robin Hood, but the fact remains that he did make possible a stream of oil to America and the Allies, and it is equally true that the robbing of trains and the murder of foreigners commenced again with his expulsion and the restoration of Carranza rule.

Another explanation necessary to be made, in the interests of both fairness and understanding, has to do with the manner in which Americans acquired their oil holdings in Mexico. The majority of people in the United States are firmly of the opinion that these men won to possession of vast tracts by some corrupt agreement with Porfirio Diaz, and that all of them hold and develop by virtue of concessions. I myself believed this implicitly until a somewhat heated debate with Edward L. Doheny, met accidentally at an Irish tea in London, an environment that in itself made for argument.

Out of his denials and challenges came a new investigation on my return, and with these results: Not a single American company or individual in Mexico holds any concession from the Government of Mexico, and not a single American company or individual in Mexico is developing oil or has developed oil on any land but that acquired from private owners by straight-out purchase or fair lease.

The story of Doheny serves well by way of illustration, and there is in it also a certain dauntless, indomitable something that we like to think of as typically American. A gold hunter in Arizona, a horse breaker, a silver king in New Mexico, a prospector in the lonely wastes of the Mohave Desert, a mining master in El Paso, knowing every hardship and danger of mountain and plain—he had made and lost fortunes before the day in 1892 that found him in Los Angeles with almost empty pockets. As he stood on a corner a wagon went by carrying a load of greasy

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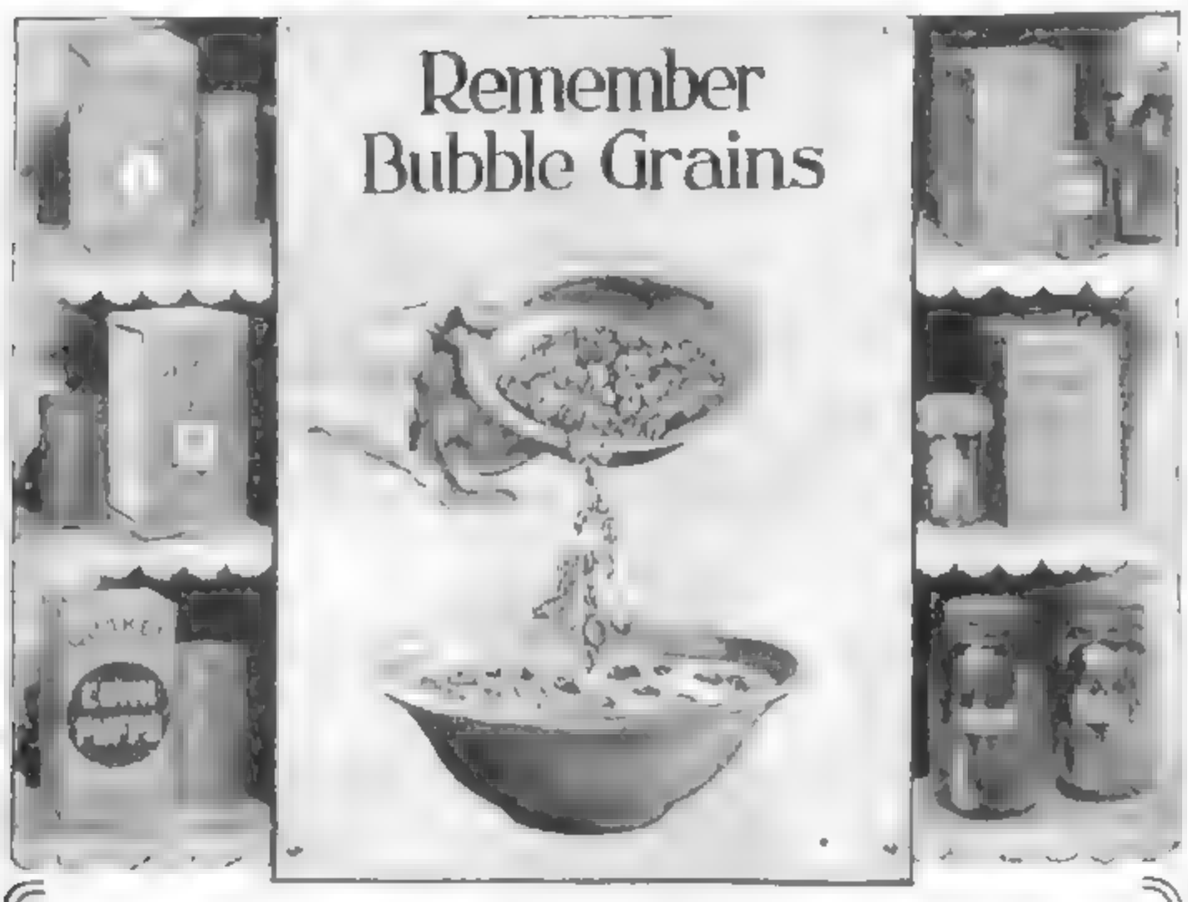

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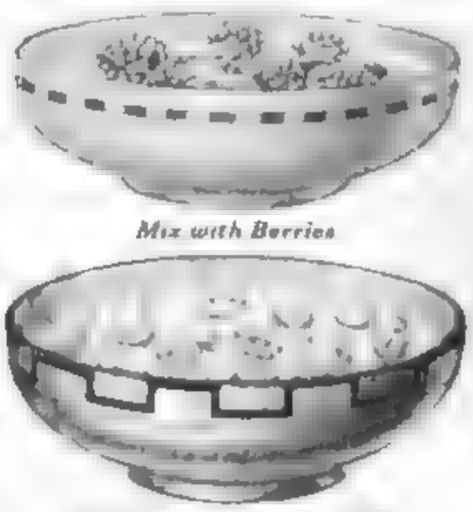
Mix with Berries

Float in Every Bowl of Milk

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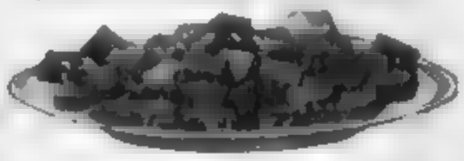
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Thin, Toasted Wafers for Your Soups

One is whole wheat with every food cell broken. Bubble grains, thin and flaky, puffed to eight times normal size.

One is whole rice, steam exploded—flimsy, airy morsels with a taste like toasted nuts.

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These are the reasons for serving Puffed Grains in abundance:

They are the best-cooked cereals in existence—the only cereals with every food cell blasted for easy, quick digestion.

Two are whole grains made wholly digestible. They supply whole-grain nutrition.

They are food confections, enticing in their taste and texture. So children revel in them.

They make breakfast a joy. They give the berry dish a multiplied delight.

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brownish earth that caught his prospector's eye at once. Questioning the negro driver as to its source he jumped on a street car, and out in the West Lake Park district found an excavation thick with tar exude. Doheny and his partner, C. A. Canfield, convinced that the subsurface held oil, bought a lot for four hundred dollars, and with their remaining capital hired a man and a boy and began to sink a crude shaft. The last homely act of a homely undertaking was the cutting down of a skinny eucalyptus tree, sharpening the trunk, and using it as a drill to jab down through the bottom of the 155-foot shaft to the oil that fortunately bubbled a few feet below.

With their own hands Doheny and Canfield bailed the pool that formed, and were soon taking out seven barrels a day. Others rushed into the field at the news of the Doheny discovery and oil dropped from $1.70 to fifty cents a barrel.

Doheny, full of faith in the future, entered into contracts to purchase every barrel of oil produced, and it was in consequence of this venture that he had to go outside his own resources and borrow heavily from the banks.

In 1896, with its bitter issue between a gold standard and free silver, Doheny put all of his Irish enthusiasm behind William J. Bryan, carrying his campaign to such a point of effectiveness that the banks made plans to call his loans. To meet this danger he turned his properties over to a trustee, and at forty faced the world again with enthusiasm and certain expert knowledge as his only assets. In the Fullerton district and later on in Bakersfield he developed new properties, but at a time when all he had to do was to sit still while wealth poured in, he sold out the greater part of his California holdings and turned again to the venturesome life of a prospector.

The Conquest of the Jungle

He and Canfield journeyed to Mexico, roamed the land with Indian guides as their companions, and came at last to the Tampico jungles, where great pools of pitch bubbled like so many witch caldrons. Looking round they saw the stretch of coastal plain; near by were volcanic mounds; there before them were tar exudes—and upon this combination they based a conclusion of oil in the subsoil and backed the conviction with their fortunes. It was a new theory, not advanced or supported by any eminent geologist, but Doheny and Canfield, careless of academic doubt, plunged into the purchase of land, buying 280,000 acres before they finished. Every acre was purchased from an individual owner, every title went back to the Spanish grants of 1583, and every deed explicitly set forth that the land was purchased for oil development. In the United States a shrewd person may deceive an owner if he can, but the law of San Luis Potosí compels every purchaser to tell the seller just what he wants the property for. From the Mexican standpoint the land was absolutely worthless. Impossible for agriculture by reason of the jungle and lack of irrigation, dangerous to stock raising because the asphalt and tar pools were open graves that sucked in everything that walked on four legs—the arid wastes stretched hopeless and deserted until Doheny came.

Back to the Tampico district came Doheny and Canfield in 1900, and followed months of exploration on horseback and in canoe. Bitten by every variety of insect, ravaged by fevers and suffering every known privation, these men conquered the jungles, built railroads and highways, laid pipe lines, sank wells, spending in all something like $3,000,000 before a barrel of oil was ready for the market in 1905. During these years Doheny and Canfield were the laughingstock of Mexico and the Mexicans, who went upon the assumption that the gringos were either crazy or crooks. They were crazy for dreaming that oil could be found in paying quantities, while the suspicion of crookedness was roused because the folly of the search induced a belief that Doheny and Canfield must have some ulterior and more sinister motive.

Still firm in the faith Doheny and Canfield went down into the jungles of Tuxpan and Ozuluama, seventy-five miles from any railroad, bought more land, put $1,500,000 into a pipe line and spent another $5,000,000 in roads, camps and development. Some of the land was purchased outright, as in San Luis Potosí, but most of it was procured on leases from small owners, in every case a plain declaration of purpose being made.

A Term of Admission

The first production offered for sale brought a setback that convinced everyone that Doheny and Canfield had lost in their gamble. Their contract made with the managements of the Mexican Central Railroad was rejected by the board of directors, but Doheny and Canfield straightway turned to asphalt, and held their own until the Mexican Central and other consumers were won over to the fuel-oil theory, lifting the venture to success. This record, I am willing to admit, constitutes fair purchase as distinguished from unfair concession; development, not exploitation; empire building, not empire snatching.

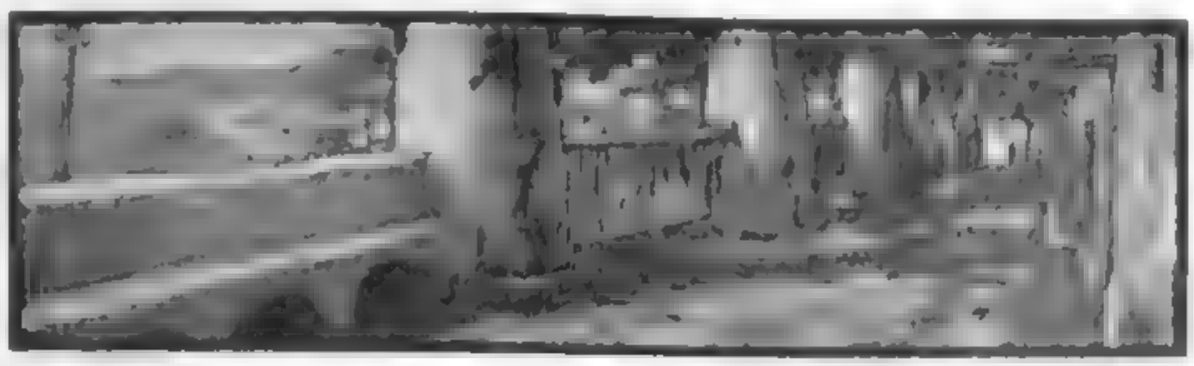
These, then, are the questions that divide America and Mexico to-day; not the evasion of taxes, not a Mexican effort to recover stolen resources; not an attempt or even a desire to obtain special privileges for American citizens; but a plain, simple demand that the Mexican Government shall not depart from the practice of nations by any campaign of spoliation and confiscation directed against the helplessness of foreigners. It is not alone oil lands and other foreign holdings that are threatened; this threat has already been put into effect in the case of the railroads of Mexico, the Wells-Fargo Express Company, the tramways of the City of Mexico—all properties that have been seized and interest payments suspended. Government bonds also, subscribed the world over, particularly by the small investors of France and Belgium, have paid not one cent of interest since 1913.

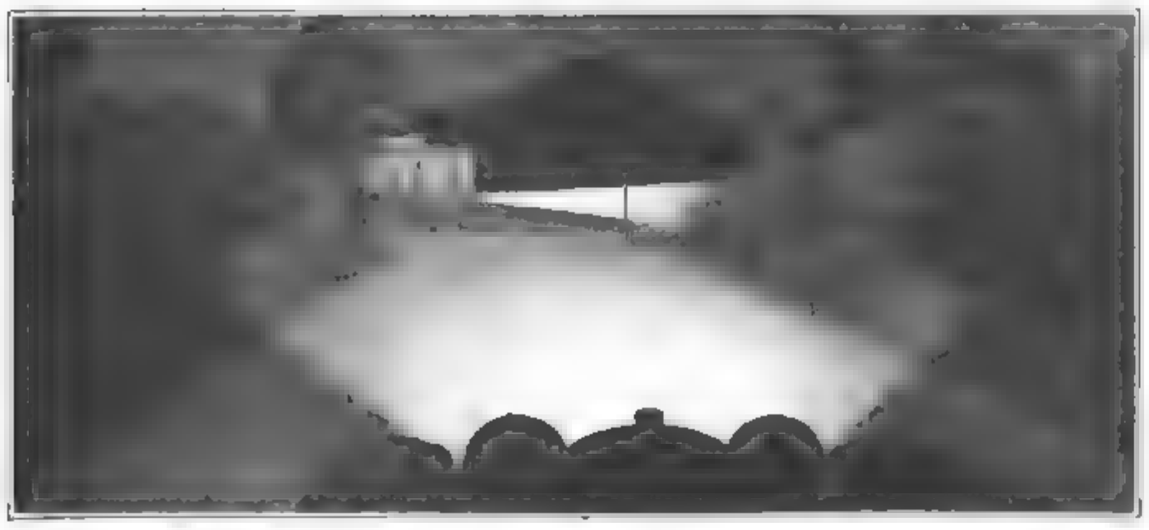
It is not the issue that could have been wished, for though it is true that Americans are being killed and that every American in the oil district works in daily fear of his life, the major concern is with property rights.

At bottom, however, there will be found those fundamental principles that underlie free government, individual liberty and international amity. We cannot expect friendship if we go beyond the bounds of honor and justice; nor can we give friendship to a nation that offends deliberately against the laws that govern human intercourse.

This attitude, forced upon the people of the United States, has no base in changed feeling. Sympathy has not been displaced by hostility. Our thought still commands the understanding and the helpfulness that may lift Mexico to strength and prosperity. Even to-day, when Great Britain, France and Italy, angered beyond forbearance, are refusing to receive the accredited representatives of Carranza, the Ambassador of Mexico holds his place of honor in Washington. We have endured much, given much, hoped much, and there are still wells of patience, generosity and hope that we are willing to draw upon. But in the solemn covenant of the League of Nations there is an article that reads: "No state shall be admitted into the League unless it can give effective guaranties of a sincere intention to fulfill its international obligations."

This is a duty that Carranza owes not only to the world but to his people. It is all that is asked of him. It is what must be asked of him.





A Flood-Light

Widespread, far-reaching, all-revealing. One's entire field of vision is illumined by diffused light, just as it is by day.

Legal Everywhere

Yet a light that's unrestricted, that is not held down, not dimmed. A ten-fold better light than the glare-light which a thousand laws forbid.

They Will Loan You

A Pair of Warner-Lenz for a Week

Present the coupon below to any Warner-Lenz dealer. He will put a pair of Warner-Lenz in your car for a one-week test. Pay no money—just try them for a week. Then return them or buy them, as you choose.

Just find out, on your own car, that this lawful light is vastly better than forbidden light. Far and wide, high and low, it floods your whole field of vision. Yet there is no blinding glare. Your dealer will accept your verdict when you prove that out.

The Situation Is This:

The laws of 23 states and of countless communities now forbid the glare light. The Golden Rule—a world-wide law—forbids them everywhere. Anything so dangerous and offensive has to go.

Dimmers are a makeshift and a nuisance. They quell the light too much for country roads.

The shaft-light, in addition, over-lights a narrow strip of road. It fails to light the nearby roadsides or your curves and turns. It pierces straight ahead. Searchlights are illogical on land.

Now On a Million Cars

Some sixty methods have been offered for creating legal light. But the Warner-Lenz, from the start to now, has dominated in this no-glare field. Over a million motorists have adopted it. A long list of leading makers now equip every car with the Warner. It practically stands alone. But there are millions of others who need this ideal lawful lens, and we want them to learn what it means to them.

Reasons for Supremacy

The Warner-Lenz gives better light than any clear-glass lens. It scientifically combines 176 lenses in one and diffuses the light over a fan-shaped area.

It supplants a glare-light with a flood-light—a diffused light, such as daylight is.

It lights the road and roadsides, the curbs and ditches, the curves and turns.

Standard Equipment On

Packard	*Marmon*	*McFarlan*
Stutz	*Lenox*	*Daniels 8*
Peerless	*Dorris*	*Cunningham*
Moon	*White*	*Anderson*
Murray	*Westcott*	*Standard 8*
Crawford	*Case*	*Nash*
Fiat	*Davis*	*Doble Steam*
Ohio Electric		*Rock Falls*

Motor Trucks

Lombard Tractor *Vim*

It makes one's full light legal under every law without the use of dimmers.

As there are no direct beams, no glare rays, this light is not restricted to 42 inches high. So it lights the road signs, high and low, the upgrades and the downgrades.

Warner-Lenz light is not affected by rise and fall of the car, nor by turning of the lens in the lamp-rim. That is vitally important.

Enjoy Them for a Week

Now we ask you to try out this ideal lawful light. Compare it with your glare-lights or with other legal lenses. There will be no cost, no obligation. If the Warner-Lenz do not delight you, take them back.

Do this now. It is time to quit glare-lights if only for courtesy's sake. It is time to know the ideal light which a million have adopted. It is time to end the tenseness of night driving. It is time to have your car equipped like the cars we mention here.

Sign this coupon and present it to any Warner-Lenz dealer. These lenses are now handled by thousands of dealers in motor car accessories and in hardware stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send to us.

Let the dealer insert, for a one-week test, a pair of Warner-Lenz. Learn what they mean to you. At the end of a week, either pay the dealer for the Warner-Lenz, or ask him to put your former lenses back.

As a reminder, cut out this coupon now.

WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

$3.50 to $5.00 Per Set, According to Size

West of Rockies, 25c Per Pair Extra Canadian Prices, $4.50 to $6.50

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 908 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

To Any Dealer

As per our arrangement, please insert a pair of Warner-Lenz for the motorist who signs below. Let him use them for a week. At the end of a week he agrees to return them or pay you for the lenses. If he fails to do so, send us this coupon and we will pay you what the lenses cost.

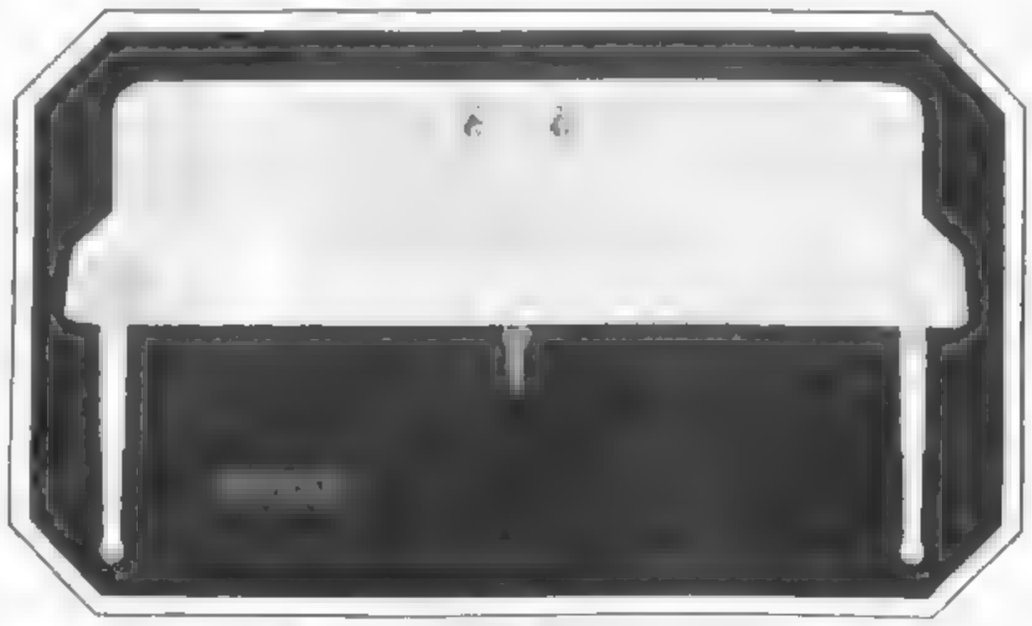
Warner-Patterson Co., 908 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Owner of Car _____

Address _____

Business _____

Car's License No. _____ *Size of Lens* _____



Kohler Double Drain-board Kitchen Sink

KOHLER

Also MEANS A KITCHEN SINK

Like the famous Viceroy built-in bathtub and every other Kohler product, this kitchen sink is endowed with an unusual beauty and durability by the covering of pure-white enamel, into which is inconspicuously glazed the mark of quality—KOHLER.

It is a worthy Kohler creation, from the attractive, simple design to this immaculate, matchless enamel covering which protects it against the hard knocks of daily service.

It is more than an expression of mere handicraft; it is a masterpiece into which has been wrought the spirit of well-doing which only can come of loyal and contented workmanship born of the high ideals of a great community center.

"He who toils here hath set his mark." This is the Kohler motto of excellence by which the Kohler line of enameled plumbing ware has always meant so much to the worthy plumber, the architect, and the world of Kohler users.

Let us send you, with our compliments, an interesting book which pictures and describes the Kohler method and the Kohler line.

BUILD NOW
Thrift turns savings into a home
U. S. Department of Labor

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis., *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis.
AND TWELVE AMERICAN BRANCHES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

PLASTER SAINTS

(Continued from Page 7)

"I'm sorry," he muttered, and stumbled down the steps. After he had disappeared Mac tried to say something to ease the situation, then gave it up and followed.

Alan had to leave at ten that night. In spite of the family faith that it would all be over before he got in, the last hours brought a cold weight; and so the women joked and laughed and wound the phonograph, and shot reproachful looks at father because he would not play up. They all went to the station with Alan, and gave him quick surface kisses and gay good-bys, lest they betray the unforgivable sin of emotion. Mac preferred to walk home and took a long time about it. When he let himself in Bessie seemed to be peacefully asleep, and no one knew or cared that he paced the floor of his room most of the night.

When he came down to breakfast with sagging mouth and inflamed eyes the life of the house was going on as though nothing had happened. Bessie was making shopping notes on a pad as she drank her coffee, the girls were chattering summer plans, summer clothes. One of the cars needed doing over. The house ought to have new awnings—white ones with green linings, not these dowdy old striped things. It was absurd to have only one telephone for a big family. Father sat silent under the demands, neither assenting nor refusing. At last Bessie stiffened for attack.

"You know, Mac, you are not the only person who cares about Alan," she observed. "If we all sat and moped ——"

Then at last the storm broke. For more than three years it had been gathering, and its hour had come.

"I've been listening to you!" Mac smote the table with an accusing fist. "You do amaze me so! Don't you know that there's a war on? It's money, money, good times, dancing—tuck in a little war work in between—while over there France and England are at the last gasp and the whole world's tipping over! Are you fools? Do you never think or feel or read—just spend?" He got up from the table, flinging down his napkin. All his long grievances were having their chance. "Well, I'm done with your everlasting frivolity, I'm done with this feed-pipe business. Get it out of father, then push him aside—he doesn't matter. He's a back number. Now you are going to find out whether he is or not. I will leave you a plain living, but I'm going to the war!"

The girls stared in gaping silence, but Bessie gathering her shocked forces drove her lips to a superior smile.

"May I ask just how you are going?" It was the hated tone of detachment. "You are not trained as an officer, you don't speak what would be considered French, you haven't ——"

Mac's resolution, which had risen and fallen away half the night, was suddenly a fixed plan. "I'm going to enlist!" he shouted; and then all unconscious of cruelty he added, "I'm not yet forty-five!"

Bessie's head jerked back as though from a missile. "Girls!" she said with a gesture, and they went away on tiptoe, pale and miserable. Then all her bitter grievance blazed up at Mac. "You always think you're a boy still! Nobody else thinks so. Why can't you act like a man in the forties? If you want to make us all ridiculous ——"

"I don't care what I make you!" Mac was still shouting. "I've got my rights as a human being. I'm not just father, and I'll prove it to you. I'm a man!"

Bessie had risen. "You'd better think it over," she threatened. "I have stood being made absurd as long as —— I tell you, if you do this you need never come back!"

"Come back? Good Lord, I don't want to come back!" Mac hurled it, and they stood in the crashing ruins of their lives, each waiting for the other to make some sign; but neither wavered. The motor waiting out in front to take Mac to his morning train gave a warning toot. He stumped out into the hall, took up his hat and coat, and paused, a hand on the front door.

"Well, I'm off," he said roughly.

There was no answer.

III

THE wounded and the broken were streaming back across the Atlantic, the enemy was streaming back across France. In America prophets were admitting that the war might be over by the summer of 1919, and leader writers were daily pointing out that revolution could not possibly be looked for in a thoroughly monarchical country. Skirts were tight again—to save wool; and many a couple that had been content to go childless before the draft age was extended were now setting up a bassinet, over which might have been written "He kept us out of war." In the national participation just one thing was exempt from incessant and virulent attack, and that was the common soldier. Everybody loved him.

The maples, which had been stodgy with summer green, were heavily gorgeous with autumn gold. The prosperous homes slumbered in their lawn-and-shrubbery plots as the first gleam of dawn took over the avenue from the guardian lights, now sunk to spots of dull orange. The only creature stirring was a soldier.

He was a battered middle-aged veteran, who walked with a drag in one foot, and whose strength was perhaps not adequate to the outfit on his back, for his course, quick enough when he left the station, grew slower and slower as he followed the great curves of the avenue. His dark hair was streaked with gray, a network of lines rayed out from his heavy eyes, a discouraged wisp of mustache drooped about his mouth. His uniform, backed with service, showed in one sleeve an ominous round hole.

Before an imposing house of tapestry brick his dwindling pace died altogether and he stood bonelessly, as though in the instant of collapse, staring at its upstairs windows. Hygienically open below, comfortably darkened above, they gave back no sign. Not even a curtain stirred. Had the psychic forces possessed a tithe of their advertised powers those windows would have been filled with alarmed heads, drawn by the silent wail that went up from the path below. But the heads slept on, unaware. Presently the veteran stole like an alley cat up the steps, undid his blanket, and rolling himself up lay down on the porch floor.

"Bessie hates not to have her sleep out," he murmured.

Dawn brightened into morning. The milkman ran up the side drive, the paper boy hit the top step with his missile. In the old days a housemaid would have emerged to brush the porch, or the chauffeur would have brought the hose to wash it; but no one came.

The cook descending to a lonely kitchen had knocked on all the family doors in passing—a sacrilege that would once have cost her her place. Pauline, trim and taut in a khaki uniform, was the first out, and she attacked her breakfast with a commuter's eye for the clock. Laura, uniformed in dark blue, ran down after her. No Betsy appeared, but presently Mrs. Galbraith made a brisk tour of the house, opening windows to the morning, pushing back chairs, gathering up papers and magazines. She too was dressed to go out, in a serge so plain that it might have been uniform, fitting as it would not have dared to fit in 1917.

Since her husband, her maids and her motors went, Bessie had lost forty pounds; and though her face carried a shadow her hand pressed a diminished hip with a visible caress and her eyes did not miss one mirror. Well they might have enjoyed what they saw; for there was just roundness enough left to combat the years, and with the overdumpling flesh had gone the swelling of the spirit. The slight upthrust of the chin was only pleasantly confident, the shoulders domineered no more than was becoming.

It might have been the girls' older sister, with thoughtful eyes and two stars on her service pin, who unfastened the chain of the front door.

"Mother! Come and eat your breakfast while it's hot," the girls called.

"Yes, dear—I will just get the paper," Bessie answered, stooping to straighten a rug. The fact that she could so lightly stoop gave her a pleased pause. She repeated the operation.

A horn tooted from the McMillan place next door. Robinetta, uniformed for chauffeur service, was bringing a car out of the garage. The girls with a shouted good-by to their mother ran out by the side door and scrambled in, and the car shot off, headed for the city.

FEDERAL
BICYCLE TIRES

Handsome Pennant and Booklet Free

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us and send his name and address. We will tell you where you can get Federal Tires and send you a handsome pennant and booklet free.

Tires Which Do Not Tire

THERE is a "Get-There" feeling when you ride on Federal Bicycle Tires. You have confidence in their stamina and non-skid sureness. Your bicycle actually runs easier—it does run better!

They are full of "Pep" and "Go." Extra heavy treads make them practically puncture-proof.

Superior quality of rubber and extra heavy fabric make them immune from damage from oily roads.

Federal Bicycle Tires are made with the same care and of the same carefully selected materials which have won for Federal Automobile Tires their reputation for service.

There is a full line of attractive, non-skid treads, with a type, color and price to meet your needs.

The Federal Rubber Company of Illinois
Factory, Cudahy, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Federal Cord and Fabric Automobile Tires, Motor Cycle Tires, Bicycle Tires, Inner Tubes, Accessories and Mechanical Rubber Goods

1869–1919
50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

HEINZ Vinegars

In bottles, filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

A fine, mellow, aromatic vinegar will develop the natural flavor of every vegetable and salad it touches.

Heinz Vinegars are made of the best materials and aged in wood until they have a flavor that is unmistakable.

Pints, quarts and half-gallons,
Malt, Cider, White

HEINZ
Imported
Olive Oil

When olive oil is as pure and wholesome, as rich and full flavored as Heinz makes it, the success of a salad in which it is used is assured. Made in Spain under Heinz supervision.

Baked Beans, Spaghetti,
Tomato Ketchup, India Relish

Some of the
57

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

Bessie having opened in the big door pushed out the screen door and stepped forth. A cry leaped from her breast, but died in her throat, and her hands caught the door frame for support. At her feet lay a soldier, heavily asleep. His cap had fallen off, and his rough head, streaked with gray, rested touchingly on the scraper. The seamed lined face, tanned to dark leather, showed in sleep a boyish contour appealing in a middle-aged man. One stained, grimed, calloused hand was flung out, and in the sleeve above it was a bullet hole. Slowly, shaken, afraid to believe, Bessie knelt down and turned the face with a gentle finger.

The eyes opened dully, as though on a world in which they had lost interest.

"Mac!" Bessie's arms were about him; she cradled him, sobbed over him, laughed and tried to scold, beat him softly, then sobbed again. "Mac! You old wretch! Old bad boy! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

Mac struggling up held and patted her pityingly, looking out over her burrowing head with a shocked surprise. When he spoke his voice was lifeless.

"I didn't know whether you'd take me in or not."

"Not take you into your own home!" She drew away to challenge that, and so saw with deepening attention the lines of the face and the graying hair. "Why, Mac, you look fifty!" she cried, an exultant ring in her voice. Then as she led him into the house her tone dropped to remorse: "Why, Mac, you're lame!"

"Battered old remnant," he muttered, and swayed toward a chair.

She brought him hot coffee, then got him up to his room and into bed, where he slept, and stared dully at the wall, and slept again. That night the two girls cried over him, and the next night Betsy, who was in training at a hospital, came rushing out, and his four little women nursed his hands and flew to wait on him and leaned on the foot of his bed, surrounding him with the soldier's dream of welcome. And Mac lay dark and passive in the midst of it, as though he had sunk into the ancient grouch for life. He would not tell them anything about the war.

"I want to forget it!" he burst out. "Lord, I don't ever again want to think of war or France or mud—I want to forget the whole blamed nightmare! Can't you let me?"

Their mother made signals, but Betsy persisted. "Just tell us about your wound, daddy dear, and we'll let you off everything else. I'm almost a nurse's aid—I take a professional interest in your poor foot. I know you were doing something brave and splendid!"

Mac's eyelids fell and he spoke tonelessly. "It isn't a wound—I broke a small bone. It will be all right as soon as the stiffness goes." He would have stopped there but they hung on his words, waiting, so he pushed on: "Oh, I had a fall. There was an accident and I was hurrying to help. I was in the hospital for a while, and then I came home. That's all." And his jaw shut so tightly that the teeth ground.

"And you didn't once see Alan?" Bessie asked with a sigh. Mac made no answer.

"Oh, father, did you see him?" the girls cried.

They were on fire at the possibility. They had to be answered.

"I—got a glimpse of him. In a pouring rain. He didn't see me." The words came one by one in an anguish of reluctance, but the girls could not let him off. To them Alan was romance, he was the splendor of war.

"Ah, tell us about it, tell us every bit of it!" they cried.

He looked a miserable appeal over their heads at Bessie, but her lips were unsteady, her shining eyes saw only her son. He had to go on:

"Well, I was with a road-mending squad. It was raining cats and dogs"

"*Il pleuvait des chats et des chiens*," suggested Pauline as he paused, but Laura punched her for silence.

"We were dead tired and wet and muddy to the knees," Mac plodded on. "Some of the boys were trying to make a cheerful noise, and I was so blue I couldn't stand it, so I dropped behind. There weren't many motors on that road—they were supposed to take another route till we had it patched up; but pretty soon one tooted from behind, and as I jumped out of the way it sent a shower of mud over me." His dwindling voice died altogether.

"Oh, go on! Go on!" cried the girls.

He drew a hard breath. "Well, I was furious. 'Hope you'll land in the ditch!' I said. And sure enough, at the bottom of the hill the car slipped and skidded, and one wheel went down in the mire."

"But no one was hurt?" said Alan's mother sharply.

"Oh, no. The boys ran to help—they were glad to have anything happen; but I didn't hurry myself. When I got there the two passengers were standing under the shelter of a tree, going on with their conversation as if they hadn't noticed the interruption. They were a colonel and a captain. The colonel was asking questions, and the captain was shielding a notebook with his coat and turning its leaves as he answered. 'Well, it was Alan. That's all.'"

They fell upon him, beat him with soft fists. "No, it isn't! You're just at the beginning! Oh, tell it nicely—tell it the way a girl would, with all the details!"

"How did he look?" Bessie asked.

"Pretty thin and tired. Most of them do over there," Mac added quickly.

"What was he doing?"

"Supplies were badly congested down at the port. He had been detailed to help get them out."

"Oh, he wrote about that, mother!" The girls were impatient of the interruption. "What did you do, daddy? How did you feel?"

"Rather sick," was the grim answer. "What could I do? A captain doesn't want a muddy buck-private parent falling on his neck, does he? Especially when he's being consulted by a cast-iron colonel. I wanted to hide, but there wasn't a bush. So I stood there in the rain trying not to make a fool of myself, while the boys helped the chauffeur with the car. They didn't once look toward me."

His voice again fell away. The scene was passing before his inner vision so vividly that he felt the sluicing rain on his face and the trembling of his chin as his homesick eyes tried not to stare. He saw the car heave and lurch under willing arms, its engine raging like a dog fight; there was a final squawk apart of mud and rubber, and then it stood shaking in the road and the colonel was saying something pleasant to the grinning boys. Hands snapped a salute, and Mac saw his captain's hand go up in the gracious lordly response that makes proud the hearts of women and parents. The two men jumped in without a glance for the lonely figure in the background.

"My Lord, my Lord!" he muttered, and shook all over.

A girlish cheek rubbed his. "And they just left you standing there?"

"Like a tramp—like an outcast."

Bessie took his hand. "Why didn't you cable? Why didn't you send some word?"

"Oh, I dare say I would have that night—but there wasn't any way to write or telegraph; we had to mend fifteen miles of road before I could go back to town. And by morning I was—sane again."

"Silly again!" said Bessie strongly, but she could get no response. Mac had gone back to his wall. They tried to cheer him, to divert him with their home news, but he lay so heavily still that presently Bessie drew the girls out of the room.

"I think it must be shell shock," she said anxiously. "We must simply make him happy and not bother him about anything. You can see what hard service he has had."

"He's a real hero," said Laura. "I am just as proud of him as I am of Alan, mother!" The generous young voice carried back the words through half-open doors, and Mac groaned aloud.

In the morning Bessie rose up blithely to deal with shell shock. She was always at her best before a hard job. In their early days, when she had had many, a spring housecleaning used to set her singing like a lark, and three cases of measles at once had put her in festival spirits. And she had now a strong inner rush of joy to keep up her courage. Every time she looked from her battered old husband to the mirror that showed her own blooming person—just rounded enough for charm—she had to bite her lip to keep down her triumphant glee. All the bitterness of the past three years had lain in the forty pounds too many. Mac might be as boyish as he liked now!

She went to the task gayly, sure of her power, but by mid-afternoon her spirit had begun to droop and the shell-shock theory to weaken. Neither happy abuse nor mothering kindness could win a gleam of response. Her patient stared at the wall

(Continued on Page 153)

A neat, compact and attractive one-piece white porcelain electric lamp—hard to break—always clean. Illustration actual size. Price, $5 (west of the Rocky Mountains, $5.25).

Something You've Always Wanted

An electric lamp to burn all night at practically no cost for current. A night necessity of universal need in every Home, Hospital, Hotel, Club and where a dim but ample light should always be on guard during the dark hours. An artistic and practical lamp, affording sufficient light to guide necessary steps indoors at night—yet shaded to a degree of softness that will not disturb sleep.

BABY LIGHT

PATENTS PENDING

The All Night Lamp for All Purposes

It burns a two-candle-power bulb, the average life of which exceeds five thousand hours, and these bulbs can be purchased anywhere when renewal is necessary. The unusual economy of this Baby Light is remarkable, in view of the fact that the cost for current for one hundred hours is but one cent. The lamp itself will last a lifetime.

One or more of these lamps should be in every home using electricity. It combines a practical utility with all the charm of novelty.

Furnished complete, bulb, socket, switch, 6-foot cord and plug. Insert the plug in any light socket where alternating current is furnished and the installation is made.

Send for Yours Today

Upon receipt of price, with coupon below, we will send you the Baby Light neatly packed in carton, delivery charges prepaid. Makes an ideal and most acceptable gift.

Fill out the coupon and mail it today to

St. Louis Brass Manufacturing Company

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The World's Largest Manufacturers of Lighting Fixtures

CUT OUT THIS COUPON NOW

Only 3¢ a month for current

Dr Scholl's FOOT COMFORT WEEK

June 16-21

EIGHTEEN thousand shoe dealers and department stores throughout America are co-operating in a concerted effort to give relief to foot sufferers. These dealers have interested themselves in this important movement from the public standpoint of promoting health and efficiency through giving foot comfort.

Nine people out of ten are handicapped in the pursuit of business, pleasure and happiness through possessing imperfect and uncomfortable feet. To overcome this handicap is one of the primary aims of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Week.

Leading shoe dealers in every city, town and hamlet will have special window displays devoted exclusively to foot comfort. These displays will be an education to every man, woman and child having any form of foot trouble.

Dr Scholl's *Foot Comfort Appliances*

will be one of the strongest features of Foot Comfort Week.

Each appliance is designed to relieve and correct a specific condition and by this service immediate relief can be enjoyed from tired, aching feet, weak or broken-down arches, flat foot, callouses on the sole, bunions, painful heels, weak ankles, cramp-like pain known as Morton's Toe, hammer toes, and other foot troubles. These corrective foot appliances are simple in construction yet are orthopedically correct in every detail. They are light and resilient, can be comfortably worn in any shoe and give to the tired, aching foot the light, springy step which has been lost through over-work, neglect or abuse.

Foot Expert At Your Service

Wherever Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies are sold, you will find a foot expert—a Graduate Practipedist—a man specially trained in the science of giving foot comfort. He can tell you which Dr. Scholl Appliance is required for your particular trouble and scientifically fit it so you will secure quick and lasting relief. You will find it very desirable and highly satisfactory to patronize these Foot Comfort Stores.

Send For Valuable Booklet

"The Feet and Their Care," by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, recognized foot authority, mailed free upon request.

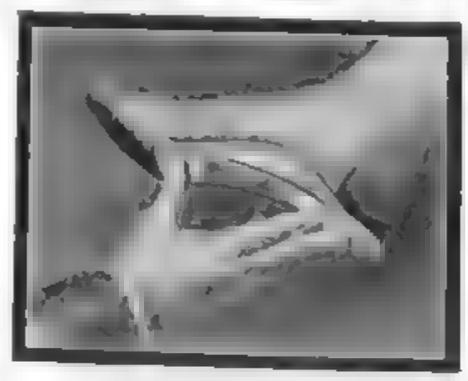
The Scholl Mfg. Co.

Dept. H. I., 213 W. Schiller St. Chicago

New York Toronto London

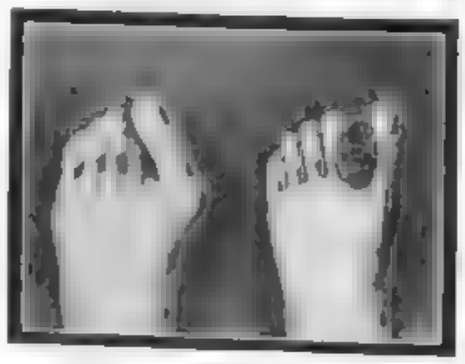
Weak Arches

are caused by overwork or strain on the muscles and ligaments. They become tired and relaxed, permitting the arch to lower which causes tired, aching feet cramped toes, burning callouses, etc. Dr. Scholl's Foot Eazer brings instant relief and comfort by gently supporting the arch, relieving the strain. Does instantly its value indicates. Eases the Feet." Price $3.00 per pair.



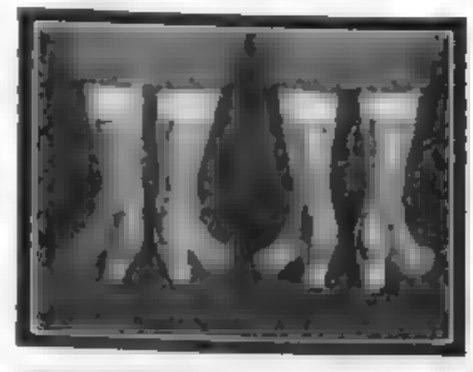
Crooked Toes

as herewith illustrated shows the deformity produced by forcing the great or Hallux toe out of normal position. This is not only painful but disfigures the foot and distorts the shoe. Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex is a soft, antiseptic, rubber device which corrects this difficulty by bringing the toe back to its natural position. This removes the cause. Price 50c each.



Run-Over-Heels

are the result of improper walking and standing. The weight of the body is thrown out of balance and run-over heels are the result. Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads placed inside the shoe, scientifically correct this trouble by equalizing weight of body. They keep the shoes in shape, add grace to carriage, absorb shocks, save repair bills and make walking a pleasure. Price 35c per pair.



Bunions

are produced by various causes—sometimes narrow pointed shoes—sometimes short, pointed stockings, while again they may be hereditary. They are painful, disfiguring, aggravating. Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer fits snugly over the enlarged bunion, at once relieving the pain and shoe pressure and by absorption reduces the enlargement. Made of soft, antiseptic rubber. Price 50c each.

Corns

They are caused by irritation and friction. The skin thickens, forming a hard, horny spot, which, when pressed against the nerves by the shoe, causes the pain. Dr. Scholl's Zino Corn Plasters afford immediate relief and remove the corns in 48 hours. Are antiseptic, safe and positive in action. Price 25c per box.

"WATCH YOUR FEET"

(Continued from Page 150)

and made dull, forced, literal answers when he answered at all. That without fever or any other indication of illness he was willing to stay in bed was in itself a disquieting sign; for Mac had had more than the usual masculine reluctance to being parted from his trousers while day lasted.

Blank silence had separated them for a year and a half; he came back to a changed family, yet he showed neither curiosity nor concern. She tried to appeal to his family pride, telling him what trumps the girls had been, how they worked as absorbedly as they used to play the lavish commendations they had earned.

"And you did it, old man," she insisted. "You woke us all up. It was what we needed. The change didn't happen in a minute, but it dated from that day. I give you the credit for it."

At last he showed a spark of animation. "But I got it from Alan," he said quickly, starting up on one elbow to drive home his point.

"He saw it first. I only passed it on. Alan deserves the credit."

Bessie would not have that. "The captain will get all the credit that is good for him," she maintained. "Our soldier is going to have his share. We've got two heroes in this family, and we don't care who knows it."

Mac dropped back as though his bones had melted, letting an arm fall across his eyes; and a sudden great fear passed legibly over Bessie's face. For a long time neither stirred. When at last she spoke her voice was hurried, breathless.

"I don't see how—older men—like you—could be expected to—to fight like boys. Why of course you haven't the same dash. That's youth, Mac. In the forties we stop to count the consequences—it's as certain as gray hair, and no more discreditable. If you found the actual fighting too—too hard for you, I for one ——"

"Oh, Lord, Bessie, I haven't been fighting!" It came dragging up from depths of misery.

"But—you've been to France," she faltered.

"I've been to a French seaport. I've spent thirteen months pushing a wheelbarrow, with variations on the pick." Mac's voice was gathering wrathful volume. "I never got more than twenty miles away from the blamed spot where I landed. There's a bullet hole in my coat because it hung on a nail just over some blank fool who started in to clean a loaded gun. I got to be corporal, but I had a fight with another corporal because he said I tipped over his coffee on purpose, and so I went back to the ranks, and stayed there; that's all the fighting I had, and all the glory. I hurt my foot and so got my honorable discharge—otherwise I'd probably have lit out and been shot for a deserter. I was so sick of the ridiculous business. And now for heaven's sake let me alone about the war!"

Until he came to the words "honorable discharge" Bessie had sat white and rigid; they brought a relieved cry and a clutch.

"I don't care, that was being a hero!" She shook him to make him see. "You didn't have any of the fun or the excitement. Why, Mac, I think you have been perfectly splendid! All that work had to be done. Alan gets the rank and the glory, but I'm prouder of you!"

Mac had turned again to his wall.

That night after the girls had gone to bed Bessie came back in her kimono, braiding the heavy hair that had once been so beautiful to him, and making concessions that ought to have opened his heart wide.

"You will have to exercise your foot," she began. "Why don't you go back to tennis? It is really more your game than golf, isn't it?" She had an air of scolding him for giving it up, but Mac hidden behind heavy lids let her keep it unchallenged. She pushed on, her touching amends decently veiled in high-handedness, to keep away emotion. "And dancing would be good for it. You ought to dance every chance you get. You enjoy it and it's good for you. The girls all like to dance with you." That was going very far, for Bessie. He made some sound that indicated politeness, but nothing more. The old grievances were forgotten. "I might even take it up again myself," Bessie added, drawing the kimono about her diminished form. Mac lay as though he neither saw nor heard, and submitted passively to her good night; but when she had gone a groan was stifled in his pillow.

"Oh, my Lord, have I got to tell her?" he muttered.

In the morning Bessie went still farther. Her lips tightened a little over it, but she kept her air of blithe dominance. She had flown about the house ever since breakfast, and came in dressed for church.

"Now one of the girls will stay home with you; or Robinetta McMillan will come over," she said briskly. "She doesn't go to church anyway, and of course she wants to see you."

Mac was up this morning, lying heavily in a big chair. He straightened at Robinetta's name.

"Oh, yes, I want to see her," he said. "Yes—ask Robin to come."

Bessie departed without comment, and it was the church militant that she attended that morning; her prayers were challenges. Nothing ever downed Bessie. She was a born fighter.

Robinetta ran up the stairs, and seeing Mac so changed and battered cried out and frankly embraced him. Robin's hair curved forward at the ears now, but it was drawn straight back at the top, leaving the clear young forehead unadorned. She still had that look of a big lovely baby.

"Why, father!" she lamented.

Mac had something to say to her, something so difficult that greetings were wiped out. He motioned her to the chair beside him, and his sick eyes saw her only as she related to the trouble in his soul.

"Did you get the message from Alan?" he jerked out.

A tide of color answered. "Yes, I got it."

"Well?"

She managed a breathless smile. "Sounded pretty hopeful to me," she said.

He turned quickly to understand. Her lips had a crying line, but her eyes were like stars. "It sounded to me as if I had a chance," she insisted, the last word quavering up, but the smile conquering.

She nearly broke his heart. "Ah, but you mustn't," he muttered. "You don't understand. There are things that girls don't know."

A straight look caught and held his shamed glance. "Not many," said Robin. And then: "I sent him a message back. Want to hear it?" She did not need an answer. "I said 'You changed me into a human being. I have worked and cared every day, not just when something big happened; and if I have been any use it is all your doing. You gave me a big clean ideal, and if you have lost yours for the moment I can give it back to you. Nothing you have done or haven't done can change what I think of you—what I know of you.' Signed, 'Robin.'"

Mac's eyes had filled, and he groped for her hand. "How long ago did you mail it?" he asked presently.

"Mail nothing! I cabled it. It didn't cost so much as a ring," she added with a shaky laugh.

"It may help; anything might help," he said, and lapsed into thought.

"You notice I'm not asking you anything," said a wistful voice. "Not even how you came to send the message instead of Alan himself."

"No; don't ask."

Robin was grieved, but brave about it. "If he had been badly wounded of course I should know it—we'd all know it," she suggested.

"He wasn't wounded."

"Well, you can always work out some way if they stay alive," she said—an article of stout faith that did Mac good. "Now tell me about your adventures. What did you do to get so battered?"

"Shoveled mud."

"And what else?"

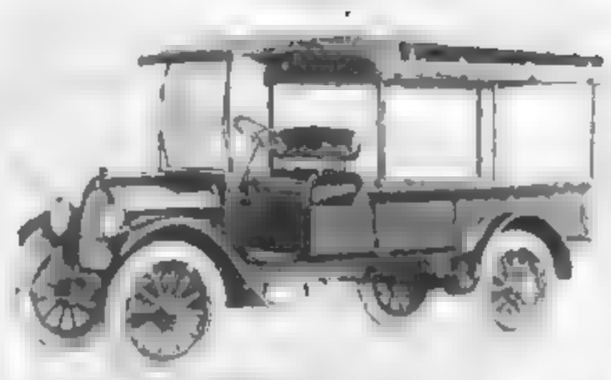
"Shoveled more mud." Mac's tongue was suddenly loosened. "They train a man to be a soldier, then stick him in the mud and leave him there. Off to the war—hooray! Dig mud for thirteen months—there's glory for you."

Robinetta did not laugh; she was indignant. "Weren't you under fire at all?"

"Under fire? Oh, Lord, yes, every day—when I was marker for target practice."

She could scarcely credit such vile luck. "And you didn't even see the trenches?"

"Trenches? You bet!" It came explosively. "I spent weeks, months, in trenches, lived in them. Sewer trenches: and I was digging them. Got promoted too—I was sent out in charge of a road-mending squad. That's rising pretty high when you've been in the service less than a year and a half. I was a hero, all right. And many a time I wished I was a peaceful



Keep this Truck in the front of your mind

Most *loads* carry too much *truck*—that's where the wastage in truck hauling goes. This Oldsmobile Economy Truck, fully yet safely loaded, is the certain, economical truck investment because it meets more than 70 per cent of all business requirements—without overloading and without underloading.

Within four months of its first appearance, more than a thousand dealers contracted to sell this truck, because they recognized it as the truck that business men would buy—whether in the city or on the farm.

Note these features: Powerful valve-in-head truck motor; Oldsmobile-Torbensen internal gear drive; complete electrical equipment; 35x5 Goodyear pneumatic cord tires.

Built by the builders of the Oldsmobile. Backed by the Oldsmobile twenty-one years' reputation for worth.

CHASSIS: with instrument board, windshield, cowl and fenders. $1250

CHASSIS: with steel cab, ready for stake, stock rake, grain dump or box body. $1295

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OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Lansing, Mich.

Oldsmobile ECONOMY Truck

How many good shaves from a dozen razor blades—500?

YOU know how many *good* shaves *you* usually get from a dozen safety razor blades—is it as many as 500?

With the AutoStrop Razor we *guarantee* that you can get at least 500 clean, comfortable shaves from every dozen blades. If you fail to get them we will gladly make good.

AutoStrop Razor Blades are made of the hardest, toughest steel produced for razor blade use. They provide the sharpest, finest kind of cutting edge.

To keep these blades keen-edged as new, the AutoStrop Razor is made with a patented, self-contained stropping feature. This simple, convenient stropping arrangement gives you the means of stropping a blade quickly and easily, without even removing it from the razor.

By the pressure of your thumb, you can adjust the blade for close, medium or light shaving. In fact, the whole AutoStrop Razor is so simply, so efficiently built that it *sharpens, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.*

How you can test the AutoStrop Razor free

Go to your dealer and *borrow* an AutoStrop Razor. Use it for a month at our expense. If, after you have given it a 30-day trial, you find you can get along without it, your dealer will take it back. If you want to keep it, you drop in and pay $5.00 for the set—razor, strop, 12 blades and case.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.
NEW YORK TORONTO LONDON PARIS

AutoStrop Razor

500 clean, comfortable shaves from every dozen blades guaranteed

gold star on a service pin. If anyone says 'For France!' to me he's liable to get his eye knocked out."

Robinetta was very sober. "And yet it's true," she said. "It's just that—for France! You and Alan gave us the big feeling. You have been too close and lost it, but you'll get it back again here. We've all got it now." She lifted a lighted face to some high glory. "For France!" she cried.

He looked on as though at something touchingly young. "All right, my child," he said grimly; "but you jolly well want to stay on this side of the Atlantic!"

He had given Robin an idea, a luminous one. "Why, then, that's a pretty big job," she exclaimed.

"What is?"

She started to her feet, radiant with her new vision. "Why, don't you see? I've been crazy to get over to the other side. It seemed so piffling here—running errands, collecting refugee clothes, all that. But perhaps we've got the job of the—what were they? Vestal Virgins? The Janes that kept the flame going, day and night. Alan, and then you—I guess a lot of you are coming back like this, forgetting what you believed in when you went over, saying there ain't no such animal. Well, we know there is! We've kept it for you! Don't you see how that puts some pep into staying home?"

She had at least made him smile.

Bessie finding Mac visibly cheered by his visitor turned cool and left him to the girls for the afternoon. When evening showed him darkened again she offered, outwardly amiable, to send once more for Robinetta, but Mac refused so indifferently that her kindness leaped up. She made much of him, but his eyes fell away, as though guiltily, and late in the night she heard him pacing his room back and forth. For a long time she lay staring into dark possibilities; then she rose up bravely and went in.

"Mac, I haven't told you much about my work," she began, her voice harsh with the effort. She sat on the edge of a chair, her dressing gown drawn tightly about her, and the darkness hid their faces from each other. "The canteen didn't stop at food; a great deal of our work had to do with safeguarding the morals of the men. They need help—men off alone. Unscrupulous women make it so hard. An inexperienced boy or an older man who—whose wife, perhaps, hasn't been good to him—has gone back on him ——" Bessie had to gasp for breath, but she pushed on. "Well, he is often more a victim than a villain. I don't judge a man very harshly, Mac, if—if he has—I mean, it's understandable and—forgivable."

He had listened tensely—she could feel that without seeing more than his outline. Then his hands went up to his head.

"Oh, but Alan, Bessie!" The truth came bursting out. "Alan! It wouldn't be so—heartbreaking of an ordinary sort of a chap like me—but Alan! I suppose I've been a besotted fool of a parent—but I believed in him the way you believe in your religion. I was so proud just to be related to him! I don't know how we're going to bear it."

Whatever it was, they were going to bear it together; Bessie ran to him, took him fiercely into her arms, then drew him down beside her on the bed.

"Now tell me everything," she commanded.

He dropped his forehead on her strong shoulder. "Oh, Bessie, he's gone to pieces!"

She wasted no time doubting or protesting. "How, Mac? Tell me exactly."

"Every way."

"Morally?"

"Yes. A woman got hold of him when he was on leave in Paris; he was homesick and warsick, and she knew her job, damn her! Lovely little homelike apartment, mothering interest in young American officers, wanted to help him with his French. It wouldn't be so strange if the average boy had fallen for it—but Alan!" His fists clenched, then fell. "Can't you believe in anybody?"

She was tensely bent on getting the whole story. "Well, was there a scandal?"

"No. An attack of grippe pulled him out of it. Gave him time to think; too much time."

She could feel him shiver. "Well?" she insisted.

"He lost his nerve."

"How do you mean?"

"Just that. Nerve all gone. They put him on that supplies detail while he was getting over his grippe, and when they ordered him back to the Front—he wasn't hurt, Bessie!"

"But what did he do?"

"Ran his car over the edge of a cliff."

He was more shaken than she. He heard a long hard breath, then she pushed on.

"Did they know?"

"No. It was taken for an accident."

"Mightn't it have been, Mac?" That was the first quiver of weakness, and his answer was a groan.

"I was there; I looked after him. He told me everything."

They clung together in the shipwreck of their hopes. Then Bessie's indomitable head came up again.

"Now I want it all, Mac—you and Alan and everything."

The worst was out and his speech was loosened. It was a mighty relief to turn out his whole sick mind for her.

"I told you how I saw him for the first time," he began. "It pretty well finished up my education. I had gone off bleating that I was a man, not just husband and father—but that's all poppycock, Bessie. There's no such thing as a life of your own. I had cut myself off from you all, at first because I was so blazing mad, and then because I was proud and obstinate; but that sight of Alan got me down and rubbed me in the dirt. Husband and father—that was all there was to it for me. But there didn't seem any sense in howling to you. It wasn't a quarrel, really. You had been turning against me for three years. One can't appeal against a thing like that."

Bessie pressed his hand against her side, but said nothing.

"Well, the next few days the one thing that kept me going was that I had a son like Alan. I had to try to be a little worthy of him. I kept thinking how reliable and splendid he was. That was the funny thing about Alan—young fellow as steady as that, in my day, you'd have expected him to be sort of dull, stodgy, no imagination. But here he was, one of the most brilliant men in his class, handsome, athletic, girls all crazy about him—well, it looked as if the wild-oats theory was being exploded. That's the kind of thing that kept running through my head. I couldn't see how I ever came to have a son like Alan—except of course he was yours too. Lord, how I wished he'd come along the road with you tucked in beside him!"

There was a sound of pain in Bessie's breathing. "But the—accident?" she whispered.

Mac had been holding back from that part of his tale. "Well, three days later he went down again. I hadn't a chance to hail him, but all day I watched for him to come back, and that night I slipped off by myself down the road. There was a dangerous curve—we had been working on it that morning when Alan went by."

Mac was seeing a bald, treeless hill swept by a cold wind from the sea, dimly lighted by a forlorn moon in an empty sky: there was a deep gash in the newly built-up edge of the road, and far below lay the wreckage of a car.

"Alan was all right, dear; he had been caught in some scrub growth when the car went down. I heard the crash, and I flagged an empty camion that was coming back from the interior. It—it was rather awful. Then I saw him—he was more or less stunned, but all right. I hurt my foot getting down to him, but I didn't notice it then. I made the boys leave us at a farmhouse just below. The people were no end kind to *le pauvre capitaine*—tucked him up in a clean little whitewashed room, bathed his scratches, bound his head with a wet cloth; but at last I got rid of them and shut the door."

His heart failed him at opening that door to Alan's mother.

"Did he know you?" she insisted.

"He was dazed at first. Kept staring at a crucifix on the wall. Then he asked me if I knew whether he was alive or dead. I said he was alive; but it wasn't good news. Anybody could see that. 'It looked like a sure thing,' he said, as casually as you'd speak of catching a train. I tried to play up. I was pretty sick, but there'd be time enough for me later. 'Why did you want to go?' I asked in the same tone. 'Oh, rotten failure!' he said. He recognized me then, but it was all one to him. He told me the whole story—about the woman, and how grippe had finished up the good work. His nerve was gone. He couldn't get it back—didn't know that he wanted to. Didn't

(Concluded on Page 157)

Stop and Think

Are Your Teeth Really Cleaned?

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Are They Free From Film

There is nothing to say to people whose teeth are kept really cleaned. If your method does that, continue—but be sure. If it doesn't, it is wise to change.

Do your teeth discolor? Does tartar form on them? Does your dentist sometimes find decay, or symptoms of pyorrhea?

Such things rarely happen to clean teeth, if at all. They indicate inadequate teeth cleaning. The trouble lies in not removing a tooth-destroying film.

Not the Brush Alone

The first effort was to get people to brush teeth—with water, with chalk or with soap. Dental authorities once thought that sufficient, but now they all know their mistake.

Statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased. Teeth still discolor, still decay. Periodic dental cleaning must remove the tartar. Pyorrhea is alarmingly common. All of which proves that the brush alone is sadly insufficient.

The trouble has been located. It lies in a film—a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. Its dental name is "bacterial plaque." Those germs, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now known to be caused by that film.

Once your dentist might have said, "Use almost any tooth paste, any powder." Water alone would remove the debris.

But dental science now has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have proved the fact beyond question—proved it by clinical tests. Leading dentists all over America now employ it and endorse it.

Now that method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Its success has been sensational. Now we are urging millions to prove its effects by supplying a 10-Day Tube.

Pepsodent
REG U S PAT OFF

The New-Day Dentifrice

Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Look Again in Ten Days

What we urge is a test—a simple, pleasant test, and free. Look at your teeth now, then look in ten days—after using Pepsodent. Then judge for yourself what is best for the teeth—the old method or the new.

Arguments are often misleading, theories often faulty. Judge Pepsodent by what you see and feel and know, then let that judgment guide you.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin was not used before, because it must be activated. The usual agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. But science now has found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. It is that method which now makes this active pepsin possible.

Make This Free Test

Dentists prove Pepsodent by making tests and watching the effects. You can do the same at home. And the book we send will tell you the reasons for results.

We urge you to do this, for your sake and the children's sake. You know the necessity for better teeth cleaning. See if this is the way.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

That is the great question—the question of film. Film is the great tooth wrecker. It is on your teeth now, in slimy form or hard form. It is doing constant damage.

See if Pepsodent combats it. Compare the results with your old methods. You will know all the facts in ten days.

Then act as your judgment tells you.

This is too important to neglect, or to forget. Please cut the coupon now.

A scientific product, proved by clinical tests, and now endorsed by leading dentists everywhere.

(189)

A 10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 514, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

Gillette

The Shaving Service—
for Every Man—Everywhere

That Sensitive Spot Under Your Lip

and No Stropping—No Honing

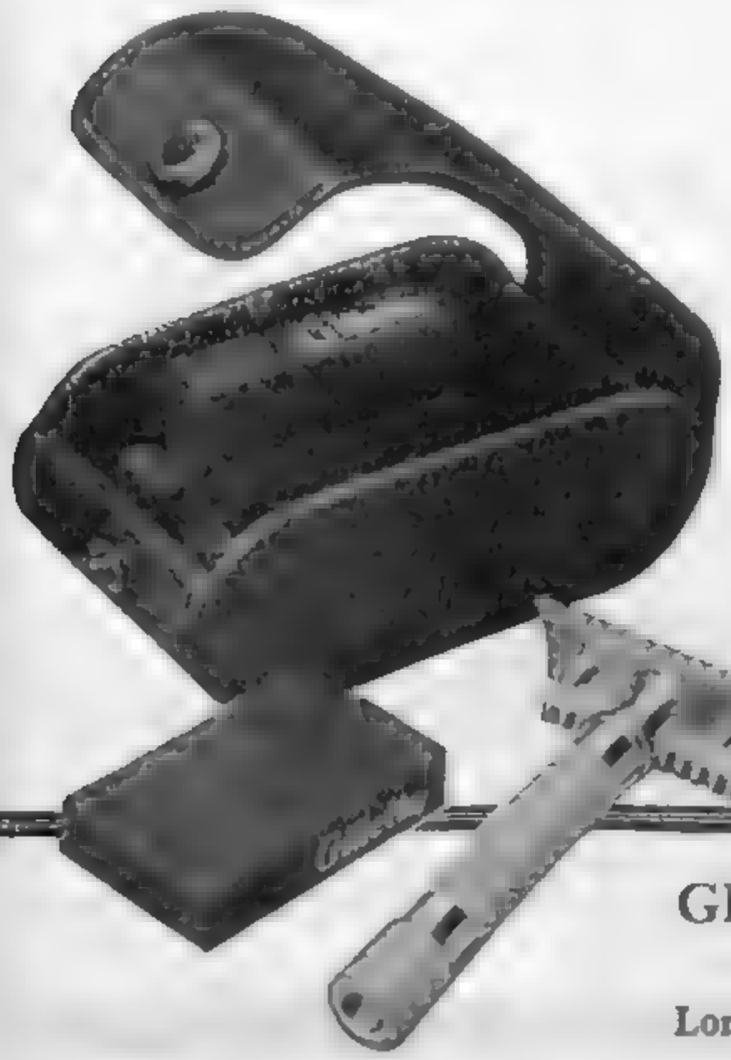
THE man who is just adopting the Gillette could hardly find a better place to prove out the Gillette Blade than that little hollow under his lip.

Probably for the first time, he will shave it *really* clean.

In fact, the stiffer the problems a man puts up to his Gillette, the more clearly he sees the all-around practical advantages of that scientific Gillette principle, embracing *No Stropping—No Honing.*

This modern principle also signifies simplicity and ease in shaving—economy of time, saving of trouble.

It signifies the *hard-tempered* Gillette Blade—the blade that holds its edge through shave after shave—the shaving edge you can depend on, *always.*



The "Bulldog"

The Stocky-handle "Bulldog" Gillette—a great favorite. 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (*24 Shaving Edges*). Genuine Leather Case.

Gold or Silver Plated

MADE IN U. S. A.

Gillette TRADE MARK

The Sign of No Stropping—No Honing Known the World Over

HERE is the famous Gillette Diamond-Trademark—the mark of the one great shaving invention in all history.

"No Stropping—No Honing" brands the Blade as the highest type of shaving edge ever developed—a blade new in principle, in steel, temper, finish and use.

The term "No Stropping—No Honing" signifies the application of *science* to razor-blade making. It will appeal to every man anxious to eliminate unnecessary labor and save valuable time.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

New York — Chicago — San Francisco — Montreal
London — Paris — Milan — Copenhagen — Petrograd

(Concluded from Page 154)

believe in anything much any more. 'Funny to find yourself a coward, isn't it?'—that was what he said.

"Oh, if I'd only had you there, Bessie! You'd have known what to say. I mentioned that it took some nerve to go over a cliff. 'Oh, no; not if you're ordered back to the Front,' he said; and you could see him shake under the bedclothes. I tried to say that it would be all right after he got there, but the words were so blamed empty. And then Alan said he'd send a message to Robin and for me to write it down. I jumped up to get a leaf out of his notebook—and I knew then that my foot was badly hurt, but that had to wait. Alan dictated it word by word, as if he'd gone over it pretty often:

"'Tell her that I was a presumptuous young fool. That I found myself out, and I wasn't fit for her to wipe her boots on. That my daring to tell her what she should do was a pretty good measure of my ——' Then he gave up, tired out. 'Oh, tell her I talked freshman heroics, and I apologize,' he said. So I wrote it down just that way, and the next day I sent it.

"He dropped off to sleep after that, jerking and muttering. Sometimes he spoke clearly—told horrible things or cursed out headquarters. 'They blunder—blunder; five hundred good men wiped out for a blunder!'

"He kept saying that over and over. 'That's what you can't bear!' When daylight came he started up. 'Oh, I thought I'd dreamed you,' he said.

"I'd spent the night working out what I could say, and I plunged right ahead with it. 'You know, there's your mother, Alan,' I said. 'She has been pretty badly disappointed in life. She has told you that she and I came to a break?' Well, I said a little about that, how nothing much had happened, but how I was a pretty average sort of a fellow, what you'd call 'the man in the street,' more or less, and that you'd outgrown me. 'And that's an awful tragedy for a woman like her,' I told him. 'She's proud, Alan. She wants everyone belonging to her to be A1. And if on top of her disappointment in me she has to see you a failure, too, it will just about break her heart. To her you're the finest thing that ever happened. She used to be pretty fond of me before she sort of woke up about me, but she just about worships you. You think you can make it look accidental, but the truth would be sure to come out sooner or later. My boy, you can't hurt her like that.'

"It's harder to say things by daylight, but at last he did. He said that if he were a private it would be simple enough; that he didn't mind being shot. But he had to lead his men.

"His hands clenched till his arms shook and shook. 'If I fail them,' he said, 'if I lose my nerve—or blunder—God, can't you understand!'

"You'd have known how to reach him, Bessie! I started to get up, but my foot made me yelp, and then Alan had to see it; and I wish you could have heard him swear. It did him so much good I let him take care of me. When the ambulance came out for him in the morning it was he who carried me down to it.

"We didn't say much on the way back, for the pain was fierce, but at the hospital door Alan sort of muttered, 'You're a brick, father—you're the finest ever. I won't try that again. Give you my word.' And I told him when the trial came to think of his mother."

Mac had told his tale haltingly, trying at moments to make it sound unalarming, then dropping back into open misery.

"You had to know it," he ended. "I'd have given my life to spare you—but if Alan goes to pieces over there, if he's sent home in disgrace, you've got to understand."

More than ever she was wonderful to him; for the story that had crushed his heart and kept his shamed eyes from hers left her strongly upright, Alan's militant defender.

"It is what didn't happen when he went to college," she declared. "It came late and hard—my poor boy! But you saved him, Mac—you saved him; he'll come through all right now. I'm not afraid for him." And then she said a remarkable thing: "He's your son!"

Mac heard it in humble wonder. "Why, Bessie, I thought you couldn't bear me," he muttered. "You are kind and sorry just now, but presently—well, I'm the same dub, you know. You outgrew me. I never blamed you for it, dear."

Dawn had stolen into the room, unnoticed till now, when, drawing off, she could see his face.

"Oh, Mac, you perfect stupid!" she cried in honest exasperation.

That sounded like old times, and he glowed under it. "Well, you did hate me, Bessie," he insisted.

She drew a mighty breath to reply, then let it slowly escape. Her hand sought her diminished hip. "No one would take me for your mother now," she said with apparent irrelevance. "No more motors for me, Mac."

"You're going to have everything on earth you want, as soon as I can get back to the office," he declared. The dire phrase "feed pipe" was forever forgotten. "That's all the fun of working—to earn things for you and the girls."

She was not following. "I've changed so," she said almost wistfully. "You haven't said a word about it. Don't you like to have me young and handsome again?"

"You're thinner," said Mac simply. "But you were always perfectly beautiful to me, Bessie."

She sighed sharply, but did not explain.

A bicycle bell rang in the path below, and then they heard the doorbell. They went down together, as the fathers and mothers of soldiers must, to take in the cablegram. It was addressed to Mac, and signed "Alan." The message was simply: "All right."

"It's the D. S. M.—you'll see!" said Bessie as they sat on the hall bench wiping their eyes and recovering the use of their knees.

The telegraph boy had gone on to Robinetta's.

AMONG THOSE PRESENT WERE—

(Concluded from Page 111)

though the entertainment was described almost to the point of wearying the general public.

About this time Dorothea began to wear a curious expression, which deepened as the other buds gained an assurance which they had entirely lacked earlier in the season.

Dorothea always seemed on the verge of asking a question. She tried to reëstablish cordial relations with the papers by means of the telephone, but even the most intrepid vampire cannot talk against an absolutely unresponsive person at the other end of the line. When she telephoned any of the society editors we were as nice as could be, sweet and cordial as ever, but we overlooked each note she wished to have inserted in the column.

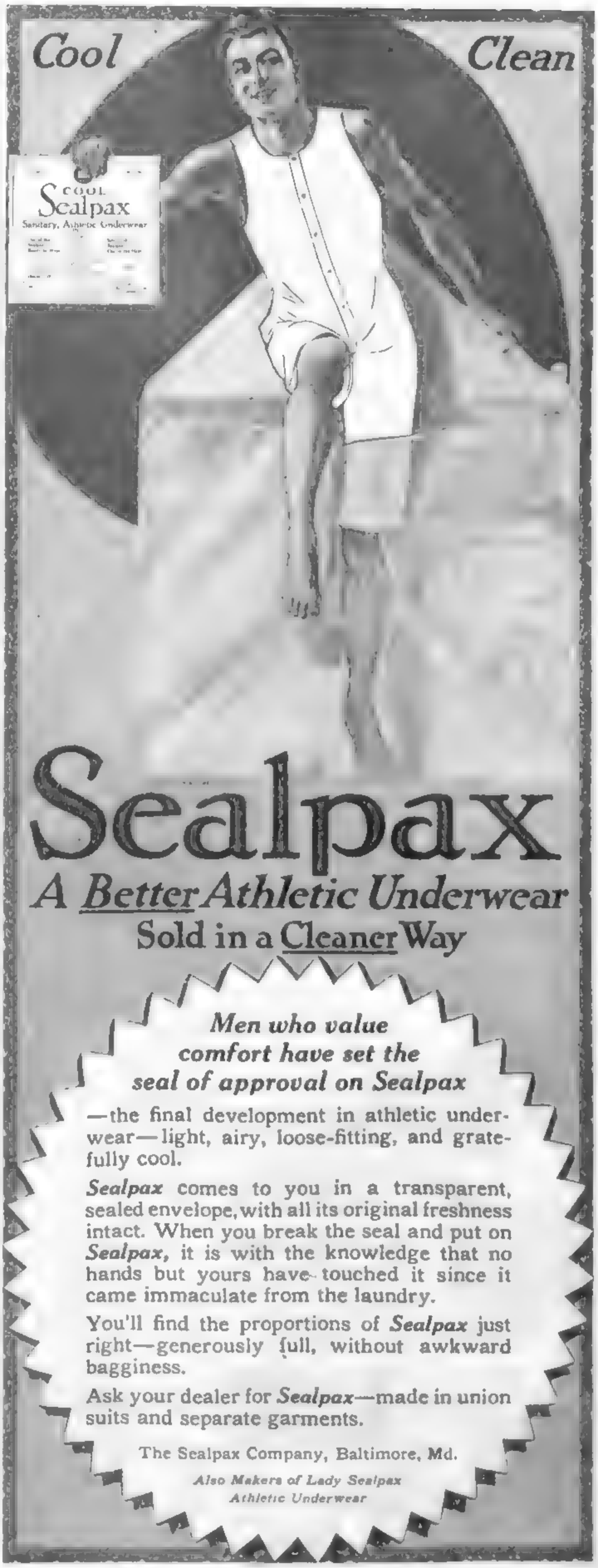
By the time the bids for the Easter dances went out Dorothea had stopped speaking to many of the débutantes, and their mothers did not need to include her in the lists. The few dances she attended were not successful from her point of view, since those in the scheme would have none of her, while those who knew nothing of the campaign followed the lead of the others.

Dorothea simply had no chance from the beginning. Her summer was even more dreary than the late winter and spring. Instead of being a valuable social asset, with her name always in the social columns, she had deteriorated to the position of fringe.

In consequence, instead of being a guest at a chain of house parties lasting from July until September, she was accorded just one invitation.

It has been several years since then. Dorothea lives quietly at home with her parents and she goes nowhere for the simple reason that she is not asked.

Deborah, for whose particular benefit the scheme was planned, announced her engagement to one of the catches of the season the year she came out.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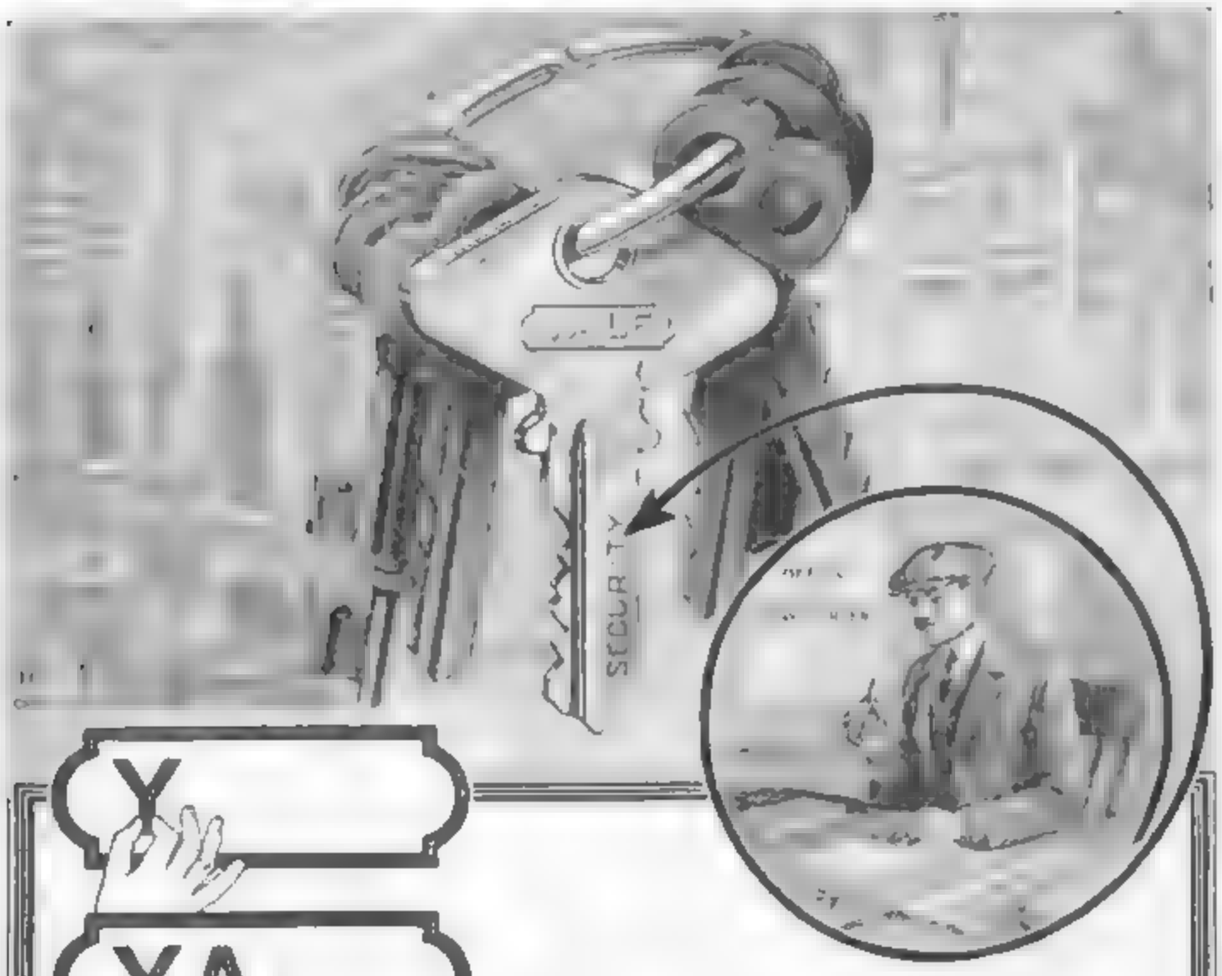

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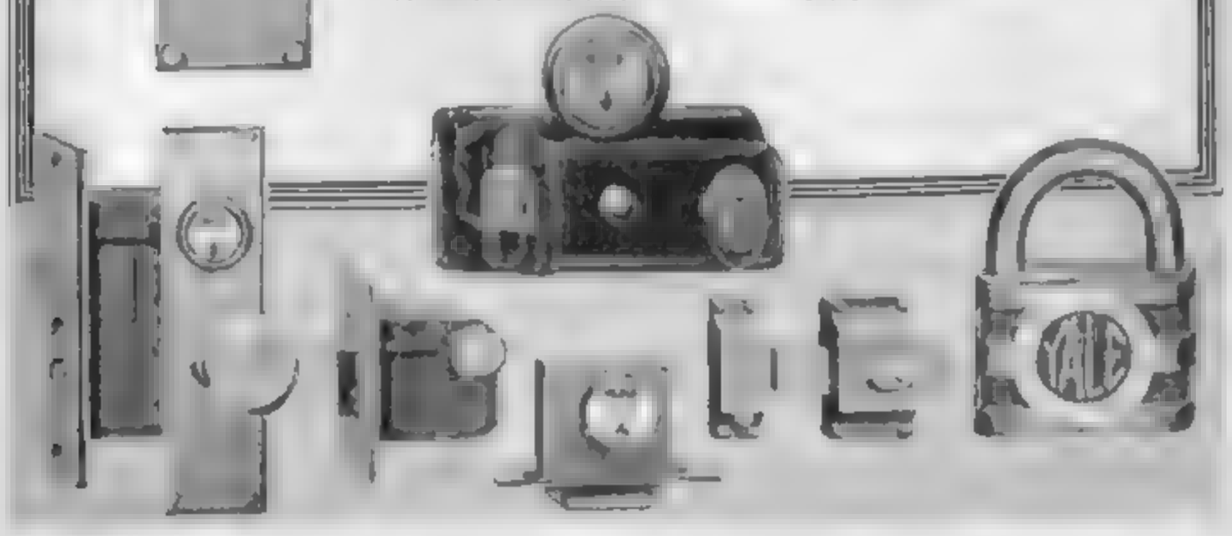


Comment on the Week

Free Speech

A SYMPATHETIC interview quotes Lenine as follows: "We believe that the so-called freedom of the press means only the right of the bourgeoisie to fool the people and lie to them. . . . The press only for the proletariat; nothing for capital. That is our slogan."

He added, however, that as soon as a party or paper subscribed to the Bolshevik doctrine it would be graciously permitted the utmost freedom of expression. "The opposition press will soon be unmuzzled, all in the degree to which the different parties work loyally and willingly with us." That is, all in the degree to which they cease opposition. There will be perfect liberty of speech and of the press—merely on condition of loyal support of the ruling régime. Obviously Lenine thinks that a Bolshevik government that tolerated agencies that were trying to destroy it would be a fool.

Turn it the anti-Bolshevist way round—thus: "We believe that the so-called freedom of the press means only the right of enemies of social order to fool people and lie to them and incite them to crime; the press will be unmuzzled provided only it does not try to destroy the conditions which an overwhelming majority of the people believe to be necessary to tolerable life."

Put it that way and every amateur Bolshevist in the country lifts indignant hands to high heaven over the outrage upon free speech and free press. Perfect freedom of the press to propagate Bolshevism, no freedom whatever to oppose it. That is the doctrine of the sect which offers itself as the chosen instrument of human liberation. But liberty to raise hell is the only sort of liberty the Bolshevist mind can readily understand.

Good Business

A FEW weeks after fighting stopped in Europe newspaper columns began to sprinkle intimations of industrial dislocations, lessening output, rising unemployment, and so forth. The sprinkling has continued ever since, but mighty little foundation for it appears in authentic trade reports, although it is now six months since fighting stopped and nearly that long since cancellation of war orders began. Railroads are moving as much freight as ever. Bank clearings are running ahead even of last year. That there is nothing in the remotest degree resembling a pinch in business generally is shown by the record of commercial failures. The latest report at this writing shows the smallest number of business failures for a like period in many years. The number of failures and the liabilities of failed concerns were only one-third of the figures of four years ago. Look at the cold facts anywhere you will, and there was never less reason for discouragement over the business situation of the country.

In cold fact, this peace year is well under way with the highest promise. If you want to point with alarm you've got to imagine something to point at. The facts do not offer it to you.

Immigration and the League

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS that meddled with the intimate domestic affairs of its members wouldn't last three months. That was always a matter of course which anybody could understand who wanted to understand. But it is difficult to draw an exact line by legal definitions between questions that are fairly a subject for League consideration and those that are not.

We must assume that the League will be guided by at least a minimum of common sense and a desire to make itself useful instead of obnoxious.

Immigration is an intimate domestic question. The United States is not going to admit injurious immigration from the East or the West either. The literacy test now excludes millions of Europeans. To suppose that a League would take that up is to suppose a League abysmally lacking in common sense.

We are not going to admit Oriental immigration. Japan understands that well enough and doesn't expect a change in that policy. What Japan wants is at least implied acquiescence in the general proposition that the Japanese are not inferior to white races. That is a laudable ambition to which we should have no objection. We merely say that the Japanese—equal and admirable on their own side of the Pacific—are not profitable immigrants into the United States, so we will not have them.

To meddle with such affairs as that would be simply to commit suicide. Any League not positively simple-minded or bent on hari-kari would understand that. There was never any more danger that our immigration policy would be taken out of our own hands than that the question of prohibition would be. Concerning any untried thing it is necessary to make some assumptions. Why not make reasonable assumptions instead of unreasonable ones?

Revolutionary?

PROBABLY you have seen the statement of late that the British coal settlement is a revolutionary advance for labor; but probably you haven't examined the terms.

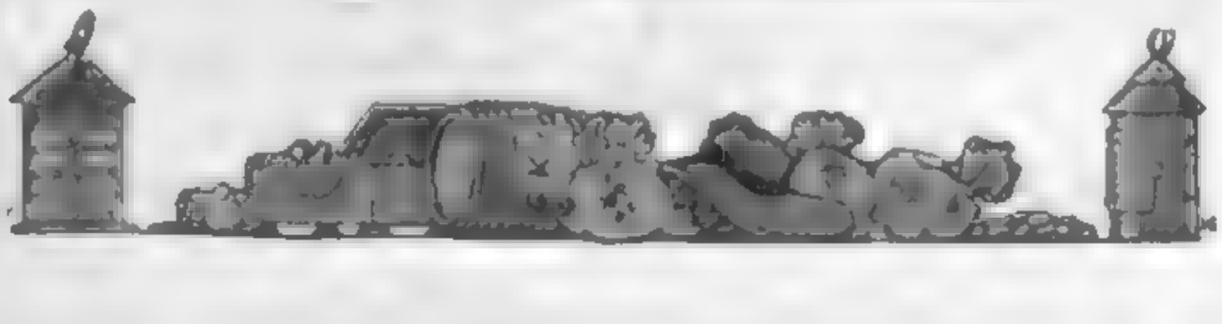
The Sankey report, adopted by the government, recommends that the hours for underground work be reduced from eight, at which they were fixed eleven years ago, to seven, and that, "subject to the economic position of the industry at the end of 1920," they be further reduced to six in July, 1921; that wages be increased two shillings a day; that housing conditions be immediately improved; that "colliery workers shall in the future have an effective voice in the direction of the mines." As to nationalization of the mines, it says: "No sufficient evidence has yet been tendered, and no sufficient criticism has been made, to show whether nationalization or a method of unification by national purchase or by joint control is best in the interests of the country and its export trade, the workers and the owners." It estimates the proposed wage increase for the remainder of this year at a hundred and fifty million dollars, and the reduction of output, due to shorter hours, at ten per cent, and proposes that the owners compensate themselves by retaining one shilling twopence on each ton of coal mined, and by economies and improvements in methods.

The actual underground working time, it calculates, will be reduced from an average of eight hours, thirty-nine minutes to seven hours, thirty-nine minutes. Subject to the economic position of the industry there may be a further reduction of one hour two years hence.

Hours had long since been reduced to eight, wages had been repeatedly raised the last four years, for a year England had been setting up joint industrial boards for the purpose of giving labor a more effectual voice in the direction of industry. This coal report, in short, is just a step farther, and by no means a prodigious step. There is no recommendation in detail as to how labor is to be consulted or given a voice in the direction of the mines.

When the volcanic smoke clears away—and labor in some other countries digs itself out from under the ashes—it will be found that in solid gains British labor has gone ahead of labor in any other European country because it has gone a step at a time, with at least one foot planted on experience. And if it sets up shorter hours than the economic position of the industry will finally justify it will have to step back.

The coal report may be revolutionary in a long-range sense—if you compare it with the condition of colliery labor fifteen or twenty years ago. But from the Red point of view it is revolution in a state of disgusting and beastly sobriety.



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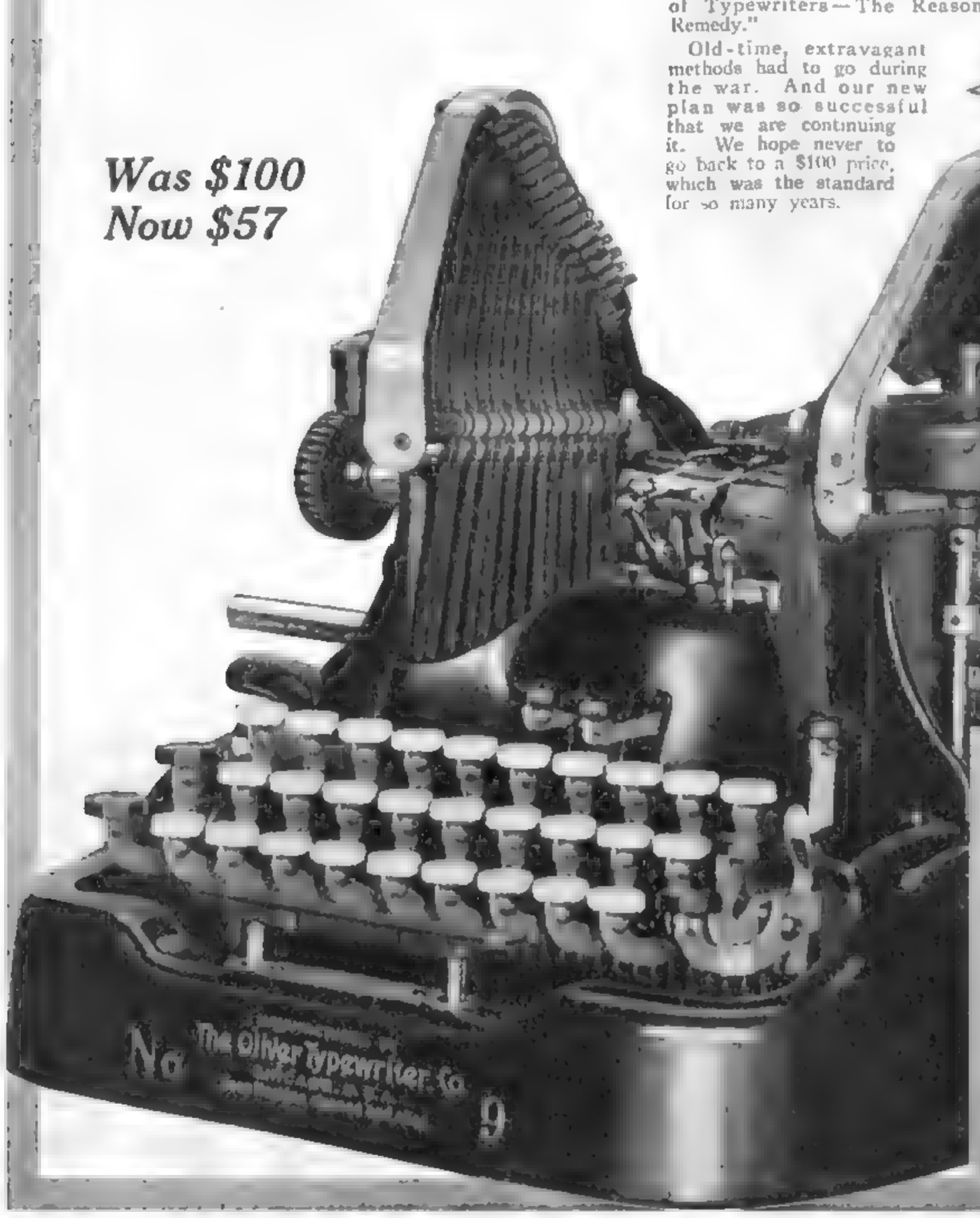

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"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

OLDFIELD TIRES

SHIPS

(Continued from Page 15)

more than five thousand iron bunks she took the job of bringing home American troops, with American officers, regularly assigned and casual, in her first cabin; and finally two hundred mere civilians, with business so important that they could impress the authorities, were allowed aboard on each trip.

She was a queer ship as we took her at Liverpool en route to pick up the troops in the harbor at Brest. Glance toward the ceiling in any part of her upper works and you beheld her antique glories in beams decorated to resemble mosaic, in allegorical paintings, in replicas of old masters. Look about you and she was a troopship. Her great first-class dining room was now a mess room for the soldiers, the old tables replaced by long rows of unpainted benches. One salon, aft on the upper deck, had been retained as a social hall for officers and first-class passengers. The plush and velvet furniture which furnished it of old days was all gone now, as were the rugs and hangings; the Royal Army Medical Corps had long since removed them as unsanitary. Wicker chairs and tables took their place. Elsewhere—in the old gymnasium, the site of the old swimming bath, the palm gardens, the music rooms—were bunks in tiers of two and three. The elevators were running, but not for passengers. They served merely to hoist and lower military freight. The old second-class dining room had been set aside for our uses; to go to dinner the officers and passengers, quartered on Decks A and B, had to travel by many a complex way to Deck D, past row after row of soldiers, lying dressed in their bunks and waiting for the last of the ladies to pass in order that they might kick off their boots, get off their tunics, loosen their belts and go to sleep. When I passed down to dinner with the ladies I could hear a buzz of conversation and laughter ahead of me; then, likely as not, a voice saying "Cut it out—the dames!" followed by respectful silence until we had passed.

A Honeymoon Ship

However, this happened after the tenders at Brest worked all day discharging into our hold five thousand straight sunburned American youths in kit and pack and helmet. And first, at Liverpool, we had taken on cabin passengers, eight generals—count 'em—together with other casual officers and privates, and sixty British brides married since the war to American soldiers. Some of the husbands were casuals and came aboard with their brides at Liverpool, some were picked up at Brest, and some were already waiting in America. A section of the old second-cabin space had been set aside for their accommodation, and they messed with the soldiers in the common hall.

Rumor at Liverpool had it that seventy French brides were to come on at Brest, and the cynical among us looked forward to a ladies' war. That, however, proved to be a canard. As it was, the British sixty gave us the air of a honeymoon ship; at almost any hour of the day or night one could behold them twosing in sheltered corners of the decks. The brides, however, attracted less attention than the international baby girl, three months old, who came aboard in the arms of her young British mother—a shy, large-eyed little thing with the pin of her husband's regiment fastening her cape. They married early in our war, and he, when battle was done, had been sent home direct from France. They were to meet in New York. The Red Cross girls, of whom we had a score aboard, constituted themselves a voluntary nursing corps for that baby, and any fine smooth afternoon she was to be seen on deck, surrounded by generals and mere civilians, who had to make a fuss over her or lose all pull with the Red Cross.

It seemed odd, the first two days, to be traveling a straight course without a single zigzag, to see tarpaulins over the guns, to sit all the evening smoking on a brilliantly lighted deck. The only old familiar sight was the lifeboat drill. Once a day at the sound of the bugle our leviathan belched forth long streams of troops without packs but arrayed in life preservers with a Catharine de Medici effect in collars. For an hour they crowded every deck and salon. This, besides cleaning up, was the only business of the day.

Steadily files of soldiers in overalls were plying brooms and mops; every morning just after reveille a squad used to pass my cabin window on Deck B. Always as they started they played that their brooms were mandolins and sang a grand-opera selection to the words, "He shall die! Yes, he shall di-ie!"

We had two rather stormy days, during which the police squads looked a bit pale about the gills and gulped as they scrubbed. In that period the officer of the day found a sergeant lying dead to the world in the entrance to a suite.

"Get up!" said the officer. "You have no business here!"

"Pinch me, cap, if you want to," said the sergeant faintly. "And please shoot me!"

That day the long steerage promenade was packed with sardine rows of American veterans, faintly moaning.

Knocking about among them scraping acquaintance, I expected to pick up some good yarns of the Argonne and Verdun. I could not drag out a single military reminiscence. Just one thing interested them now—the United States of America. They would talk about the job and the prospect of getting it back, national prohibition and its chance of sticking, the new baby waiting at home for a father who hadn't seen it, the outlook for getting in before Sunday—but not about this war, thank you. Their faces, as they sat alone on deck and looked westward, were full of a joyous anticipation. No one, it seemed to me, was especially inclined to laugh and lark; they wanted, I felt, to be alone with pleasant thoughts, like a man in love.

For Officers Only

However, there was enough and to spare of formal entertainment. The 347th Artillery Regiment hails from California; its chaplain is Father Lacombe, of old Mission Dolores, San Francisco. Being San Franciscans they go in for the arts; being Californians they admit that they are good. Father Lacombe declares without fear of successful contradiction that their vaudeville show is the best in the American Expeditionary Force. Their orchestra, which includes a gymnastic trap drummer from a San Francisco hotel, played for us at dinner; and one night the whole troop obliged in the salon. Having an audience of officers, including the eight generals before mentioned, and being, moreover, within a month of discharge, the black-face sketch team sprang some brand-new jokes.

"Did you have a good time on your leave in Paris, Jazz?" asked one of them.

"Ah did not!" responded Jazz.

"Why not?"

"Ah goes to a swell hotel and writes out ma name, J-a-z-z, Private, A. E. F.—jes' like dat Ah writes it. An' the clerk says, 'This heah hotel is fo' officers only.' Then Ah thinks Ah'll have some eats an' Ah goes to a restaurant an' the garsonne says, 'Go 'way!'—jes' like that. 'Go 'way! This is fo' officers only!' Then Ah meets Liz—you know Liz, that Ah used to know 'way back in Alabam?—an' Ah says, 'Liz, how 'bout a picture show?' An' she says, 'Go 'way, child! Don't you know Ise fo' officers only?'

"Ah stands there an' talks to Uncle Sam—jes' like this Ah stands—an' Ah says: 'Uncle Sam, if we have another war let it be for officers only!'"

General Browne, who commanded these young Californian devils at the Meuse, led the applause.

We had a score of celebrities in the first cabin, including Sir Thomas Lipton, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe. But their fame, among the male cabin passengers, faded into insignificance when we learned that Eddie Shannon was in khaki in the hold. He it was who, just before he enlisted, fought a draw for the lightweight title with Benny Leonard; and in France he twice beat the French champion at his weight. Douglas Barnes, who takes an interest in the game, thereupon raised a purse and found that Smith, of the Rainbow Division—a good, willing New York preliminary fighter—would take him on. Battling Chico, the Mexican-American bantamweight, and one of the most popular persons aboard, thereupon clamored for recognition, as did a dozen more pros and semipros.

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The result was a tournament two nights out from New York, with a six-round go between Shannon and Smith as the main event. One Ingersoll, who manufactures a watch, was appropriately drafted to keep time—on a Swiss watch. Barnes was referee; General Browne and Lieutenant Woolfe were judges; the present chronicler, who sat long at the feet of immortal Billy Jordan, was announcer; and Major General Kennedy, commanding the transport, presided at the ringside.

In my own experience as a boxing fan this will go down as the most picturesque occasion. The ring was stretched in the center of the old first-class dining saloon, round which runs a gallery. How on earth we got into that space some five thousand soldiers and several hundred passengers and officers I cannot imagine; but we did. The board tables had been pushed back to the wall, and when proceedings began the fringes of the crowd were standing on them. Father Lacombe started things with the announcement that the fights would be stopped if the boys didn't get down from those tables. They got down promptly—and were back again by the middle of the first bout. Subsequently at intervals a table would break down with a crash, and Father Lacombe's face would assume the expression of a man who ought to go through with it and hasn't the heart. Sir Thomas Lipton—by now of course the familiar friend of every man, woman and mascot dog aboard—decorated the ringside together with the eight generals and such ladies as cared to attend. Among them was Julia Marlowe, persuaded by the reminiscences of her husband, E. H. Sothern, to witness this, her first fight.

How Sothern Learned to Box

"You see," said Sothern, "I once had visions for a few minutes of a future in this game. When I was fourteen my father told me that I ought to learn to box. He gave me two guineas and sent me to a boxing school for a course of ten lessons. The instructor looked me over and said I had the build of a champion. He spent ten minutes teaching me the straight left, the hook and the right swing. 'Now square off,' he said, 'and we'll box.' We squared off and he poked me a good hard one in the nose. I was subject to nosebleed when I was a boy; and I bled torrents. He yelled 'Basin!' A boy came with a basin, water and towels, and I spent the rest of the hour stopping my nosebleed while the instructor played cards with a crony in the corner. That happened at every lesson. We'd square off; he'd poke me in the nose and yell 'Basin!' and before I could get my hand to my nose he'd be pulling off his gloves and starting for his game of cards. And I'd spend the rest of the hour sopping my face. I learned just one thing about this game—how to stop a left lead with your nose!"

Now we had just one knockout that evening, when Martin, in the second round of his bout with Kleinhaus, caught his man with a well-timed swing to the jaw. Kleinhaus spun halfway round, as a man who has taken the knockout sometimes will, and fell under the ropes with his face on Julia Marlowe's feet. She had not been prepared for this; and she admitted afterward that she thought he was dead. The rest of the crowd understanding that a clean knockout is only a state of pleasant oblivion probably watched Miss Marlowe's face more narrowly than that of the stricken Kleinhaus. Her expressive features registered all the appropriate emotions of horror and pity until Mr. Barnes counted "Ten and out" and someone poured a dipper of water on to Kleinhaus' head, causing his hands to move and his eyes to open. Miss Marlowe, being later interviewed by the announcer for publication, said she was glad to have seen a fight—once. Finally Shannon ran true to form by getting the decision over Smith.

The welterweights were a disappointment. It turned out that they were sparring partners and had agreed not to hurt each other, but only to stall through and get the purse. They acted the part so badly that in the second round, with the soldiers yelling "Fake!" "Oh, brother, don't slap sister!" and "Don't hurt his feelings!" the judges called it off. That left one unpaid purse.

Forbes immediately came forward with a challenge, and the announcer, with force and yet, I trust, with dignity, asked if anyone present would meet him at 140 pounds. The crowd parted and a little cockney ship's fireman with a thick neck and the 1915 stripe on his blue shirt advanced to the ringside.

"I'm a fighter—s'welp me, gov'nor, I am!" he said.

Early in the voyage the ship's staff captain had announced that the crew must not box with the soldiers. He feared, I suppose, some kind of international grouch. The staff captain sat now at the ringside between Sir Thomas Lipton and the Sotherns, and we appealed to him. He was regretful but inexorable, though the fireman stood twirling his cap in the middle of the ring and searching his face with the expression of a hungry dog. He wanted a slice of that purse for his shore leave; but anyone who understands fighters knew that he wanted more than that—his half hour with glory, his moment in the limelight. All the rest of the evening he followed me about beseeching me to see the captain about it and to get up another fight next day.

Which recalls me to the subject of the crew, and to the fact that there were two currents of life, both glorious, aboard our sea monster. One morning I was debating some point or other about German submarines with my British cabin mate while the steward made the beds.

"Is that right, what I say?" asked Mr. Sawyer.

"Yes, sir, you're right, sir," said the steward.

"You've been torpedoed, then?" I asked.

"Aye, twice," said he; and volunteered nothing further.

Later I learned that eighty per cent of the crew, including sailors, coal passers, cooks, stewards, deckhands and officers, had been torpedoed at least once, and fifty per cent of them more than once.

It happened finally that I spent an afternoon in his top-deck cabin with the staff captain while he and some of the other officers sang the glories of the British Merchant Marine in this war, and illustrated here and there with experiences of their own. The chief officer, for example, dropped in for orders. I had marked him a day or so before as we were taking on troops at Brest. A dozen American sailors left behind on a tender to see the baggage aboard had climbed into the freight sling with the last of the bales and boxes, and been swung giddily up sixty feet of space—to the rage of the executive officer, who regarded the proceeding as not only dangerous but horribly irregular. He was a tall Englishman with broad shoulders and a battered bulldog face.

"This man fought a gun on the Carmania when she sank the Cap Trafalgar in September, 1914," said the staff captain, introducing me.

The Carmania's Exploit

Which set the chief officer off at once on the glories of the Merchant Marine—not only how they kept the sea open but how they fought when, as naval reserves, they were called upon to fight. And finally the staff captain dragged from him by bits his own story of September 14, 1914, off Trinidad Island. The drama of the story came out only by bits; what really interested him was technic. Before we got down to business we were obliged to hear how well matched were these two converted passenger steamers in speed, tonnage, seagoing qualities—everything except guns. In that item—as everywhere at sea during the war—the Germans were superior, caliber for caliber. The eight German 4.1 rifles outranged the eight antiquated British 4.6 rifles by 2500 yards.

When the Carmania sighted this suspicious craft coming off Trinidad Island they fired a shot to make him show his colors. I mention parenthetically that in the British marine a merchant vessel is a "she," but a warship a "he." When a lady like the Carmania unsexes herself by putting on a set of guns and going out to fight she changes genders. Before the shell struck water there came the flash of a whole German broadside. Like all German salvos in the early stages of an action it was beautifully controlled and did not fan out. Every shell struck the target, which was the upper works of the Carmania. It carried away wireless and fire control and set the bridge afire. The Carmania was manned with her old peacetime crew, only one or two officers and a dozen sailors of the Royal Navy being added.

"We'd all had some target practice in our naval-reserve training," said the chief officer, "but not much."

Nevertheless, with fire control gone each gun commander must find the range and spot for himself. Our chief officer commanded a starboard gun just forward of the bridge—now, what with its successive layers of paint, burning like a fire in a garage. The chief officer went on spotting with his field glasses.

The Germans, it was plain, were following a regular plan of battle. Instead of firing at the water line with the object of sinking the Carmania they were aiming at the superstructure, trying to put out fire control, ammunition hoists and crew. The British gun captains kept their eyes on the main chance, firing every shell at the water line.

Just as he began to plump his shots into the German our chief officer felt a shock which seemed to paralyze his hands, and a sensation of moisture in his face. A shell had burst on the forward deck, killing a member of the crew and smashing the lenses of his glasses in his hands; the moisture was the blood of his man. He ordered one of the apprentices to go back for another pair of glasses; and then it was that he realized that he was literally cut off. The fire on the bridge was mounting to heaven, stretching a sheet of flame between his bow gun and the rest of the ship. The water mains had been cut at the first salvo, and the engineers were working like madmen to repair them; but he did not know that. All over the ship the boys were swatting sparks with wet tarpaulins to keep them out of the ammunition. He must keep on spotting with the naked eye.

Hits on the Water Line

"Do you know, sir, I found marking in action much easier than marking in practice?" said the chief officer, addressing this piece of professional observation to the captain. "It was by good luck a perfectly clear day, and I could see every hit. Our ammunition was stacked on the deck behind us. A fragment hit it—killed three men and set some powder charges afire. Our gun crew rolled them overboard. Then we began to flop round. A salvo had carried away our steering gear. We were six minutes getting the auxiliary gear to work.

"Right there, sir, I think, was where we won the engagement. Fritz had played it foolishly when he tackled us at short range. With our steering gear out of commission he only had to run out of our range and pepper us to pieces at leisure. He was already afire; and just then I saw him begin to wabble—we'd got his rudder and he couldn't do anything but stand and take it. Our firemen got a stream on the bridge and I felt cool for the first time in an hour—we found afterward that the skin was scorched off our faces. All this time we'd been plugging at the water line—and hitting now and then, too. I was getting ready to send someone through for a pair of glasses when I saw Fritz roll to starboard—toward us—and almost turn over. He seemed to sink all at once. But they were game! As he rolled, the after starboard gun kept firing, though the list was so great that at extreme elevation he couldn't have got 2500 yards' range.

"We couldn't pick up her crew because our auxiliary steering gear went up just as Fritz sank. We hadn't any lifeboats left, at that. We were afire again in three places. One of them was gaining on us and we needed every hand to put it out. Then, his wireless wasn't touched until he sank. We knew he had been signaling the Dresden, which was loose in those waters. We expected another engagement before night, and had to get ready. But an American collier picked up eighty of 'em. Too bad; for the German raider, in those days, played the game. The Dresden let two passenger steamers go because they had women and children aboard. 'Twas the U-boat skipper who was the ——" And the chief officer used the term which Owen Wister made famous.

Father Lacombe and a British decorative architect had dropped into the symposium by now. The Briton had himself been through the mill. An amateur yachtsman, he had for two years commanded a submarine chaser in the channel. He broke in to indorse the sentiments of the chief officer, and followed with some reminiscences of his own, from which I most remember this:

A German submarine had dropped a nest of floating mines off Dover. A hospital ship struck one of them; went up. Our

(Concluded on Page 165)

This Transmission Avoids 60% of All Truck Troubles

Gramm-Bernstein is particularly well situated to furnish dump trucks for use in road-building, public works and general building operations because of its power take-off patents. The power take-off necessary for operating a dump body, winch, or log roller, is easily applicable to the transmission.

Dealers and others, in purchasing trucks and passenger cars having any kind of power take-off for operating hoist, winch, log roller, fire pump, etc., should assure themselves that such device does not infringe upon B. A. Gramm's basic patent No. 1194994.

THREE outstanding facts about the Gramm-Bernstein transmission are of very great importance to business men and truck buyers:

It avoids fully 60 per cent of truck troubles.

No Gramm-Bernstein owner has ever replaced a complete transmission for any cause, not even accident.

Forty cents per truck was the average replacement cost, over a carefully recorded period of fifteen months, on all the Gramm-Bernstein transmissions in use, aggregating several thousands.

These facts *are* facts because this is the one transmission which is proof against every trouble, and which therefore eliminates a source of very heavy truck expense.

Large operators of motor trucks figure that 60 per cent of lay-ups are due directly to transmission difficulties.

The gears in the Gramm-Bernstein transmission cannot be stripped. They are always in mesh.

They are wholly proof against a driver's carelessness or ignorance.

Speed changes are made by means of patented dog-clutches.

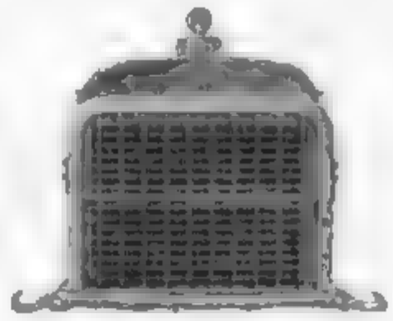
The gears cannot get out of alignment. They are assembled on six-spline shafts, without the use of a single nut, bolt, stud, set-screw, key, pin, or anything else which could possibly work loose and fall out.

This transmission is an exclusive feature of the Gramm-Bernstein line of heavy-duty, worm-drive trucks, now sold completely equipped.

Capacities include 2, 2½, 3½ and 5 tons.

All complete and ready for the body. Not an extra to buy.

The Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio, U. S. A.
Pioneers Since 1901—Builders of the First Liberty (U. S. A.) Trucks

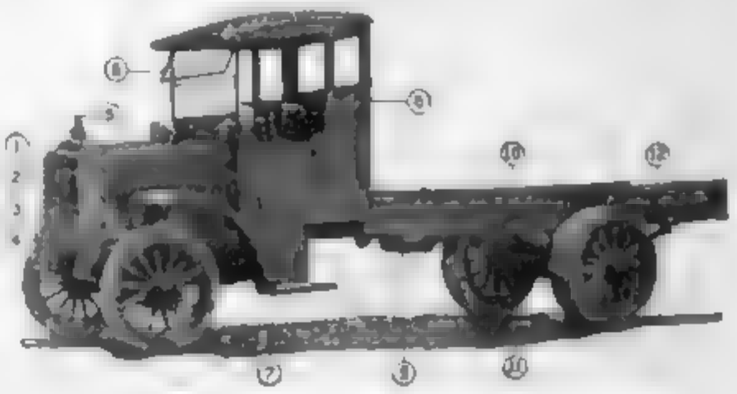


First Line of Heavy-Duty Trucks Sold Completely Equipped

Equipment now supplied with Gramm-Bernstein heavy duty worm drive models listed below. Illustration shows 2-ton, worm drive truck—$2700

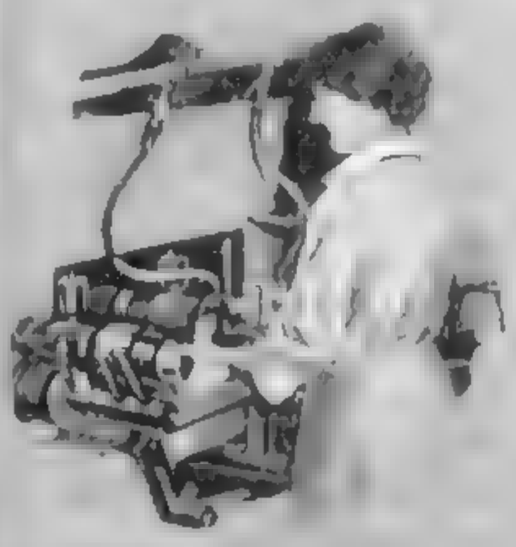
This price is under the average asked, for 2-ton chassis without equipment, by 61 manufacturers.

(1) Sturdy radiator guard, attached to frame independently of radiator—the Gramm-Bernstein type adopted for Liberty Trucks.
(2) Radiator shutter, operated from dash.
(3) Rear radiator shroud devised by B. A. Gramm, and adopted for Liberty Trucks, to promote cooling efficiency.
(4) Pig-tail towing hooks at front end.
(5) Motometer, to indicate temperature of engine.
(6) Exceptionally rugged ventilating windshield.
(7) Front fenders and steps.
(8) Standard Gramm-Bernstein cab, with doors and winter curtains.
(9) Transmission, patented Gramm type, with gears always in mesh.
(10) Body sills of seasoned ash, ready for mounting the body.
(11) Patented wick oilers on all spring bolts.
(12) Spring drawbar at rear end, supported by extra cross member.



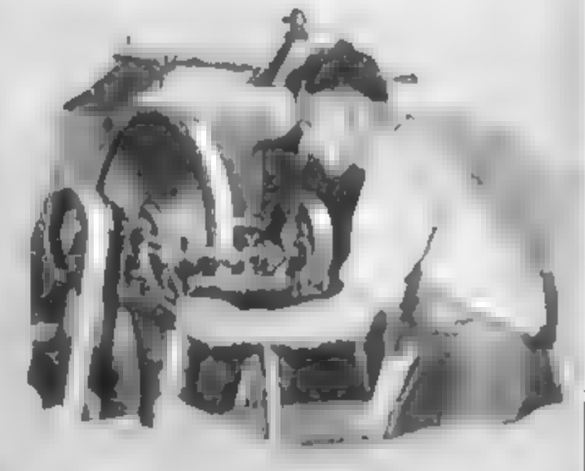
CARBORUNDUM PRODUCTS

IN THE SERVICE OF INDUSTRY



Cutting Glassware
Aloxite Wheel

Grinding Bevels Tumblers



Edging Lenses

Another Field in which Carborundum Products have Rendered a Noteworthy Service is the Glass Working Industry.

In almost every branch of the glass industry Carborundum products are extensively used.

In the rough cutting and smoothing of cut glass, the finishing of blown ware, the beveling, mitering and shaping of mirrors and plate glass, the grinding of art glass, and in a hundred other similar operations, Carborundum and Aloxite grains and Aloxite wheels are speeding up production, decreasing cost and increasing the quality of the work.

Carborundum grains are very hard and sharp and fast cutting—under pressure they break—but always into smaller crystals that are equally hard and sharp and fast cutting.

Carborundum grains can be used over and over again without losing their effectiveness.

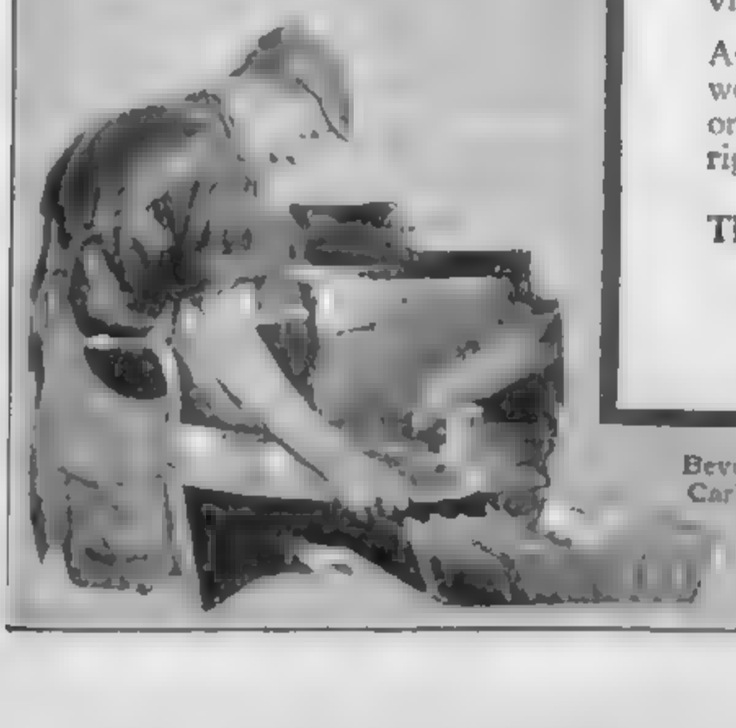
In the actual cutting of cut glass ware, Aloxite wheels are used, as Aloxite not only is hard and sharp, but extremely tough and admirably adapted to this type of work, cutting free and clean and holding their beveled edge—qualities vitally necessary in glass cutting wheels.

And in all these various activities Carborundum service works in close co-operation with glass manufacturers in order to insure the use of exactly the right wheel, or the right grains for the particular work in hand.

The Carborundum Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Branch Offices:

New York — Chicago — Philadelphia — Boston — Cleveland
Pittsburg — Cincinnati — Grand Rapids — Milwaukee



Beveling Mirrors with
Carborundum Grains

(Concluded from Page 162)

friend the decorative architect was close at hand; he jammed his frail craft as far as he dared into the wreckage, and put off in his small boat. All through the wreckage he could hear a soft moaning; and just then two trawlers went up in a smoky water spout.

"I came up beside a wounded man," he said. "He had a shattered thigh. He was holding feebly to a piece of wreckage, with his head half awash. I was about to ship oars and take him aboard when I saw another fellow in trouble dead ahead. He had a bandage about his head. It had slipped and he was pumping blood from over his temple and his face was going under water. I said to the man with the shattered thigh, 'There's another fellow over yonder worse off than you are. Hold on for just two minutes, and I'll come back for you.' He was past talking, he was so cold, but I saw his lips forming the words, 'I'll try, sir!' It was about the pluckiest thing I ever saw.

"I got them both aboard in pretty good order, rewound their bandages, wrapped them up and started back to the chaser. Then I noticed that they were both saying something very low, because they were so weak, and I bent over to listen. They were repeating over and over again 'I'm cold!'—just only that."

And at last the captain, being much urged, and especially by the soft Irish blarneying tones of Father Lacombe, consented to favor with the account of the three times he was torpedoed.

The first episode was not exciting, as such things go; the captain remembered it because the German skipper, in contrast with others of his kind, was so terribly polite. The crash came at dawn, without warning. The sub poked up, opened her hatches and watched. The explosion had got the engines, and her case was hopeless. When our captain put off in the last boat the German ordered him alongside, took him into the chart house, gave him his bearings and his best course toward Alexandria -this happened off Egypt. As they put off for thirty-six hours of navigation toward land their ship plunged under, bow first.

Five Days to the Lizard

"The second time we were bound from Halifax to Liverpool in October, 1917. We were running by independent navigation, due to pick up our convoy between seven and eight in the morning five hundred miles off the Irish Coast. The thing went off just at dawn. We never saw the submarine until it was all over. As usual she landed her shot amidships, under the engines. It was a terrible explosion. Everyone in the fireroom was killed except the chief engineer, who happened to be high up among the machinery at the moment. The wireless went—the whole middle of the ship seemed to go. I was on the bridge, which stood the explosion, when up he came, dead ahead—they always emerged ahead, so that you couldn't train a gun at them—and began to plump shells at the bridge.

"The first two shots hit it, and down I came. So did the bridge. Then he began to frolic round us, letting us have it in the water line. He didn't have to do that; we were gone as it was. My second officer had seen that everyone alive in the hold got out. We launched four boats and got them away full, though the sea was running strong. I gave orders for the boats to stick together. Mine was the fastest, and though it was launched last it got ahead of the second officer's. The submarine, when he saw us abandon ship, had submerged. He came up again beside the second officer's boat and called it alongside. The Hun captain yelled through a megaphone, 'Is the captain aboard?' My second officer was as sharp as a whip. He said, 'No, sir. I think he's still on board the ship, and there are no more boats.' I was crouched down in the bottom of my boat with my cap off, so that he wouldn't see me. Just then our ship settled all at once and went quietly under. The German got all the data from the second officer. We never saw him again.

"I had twenty-seven men in my boat. You know what we had to take by way of able-bodied seamen in this war—plucky fellows, but very few real sailors. Not a man jack aboard was capable of steering a boat in a storm except me. By now there was a heavy blow on. It was raining too; in an hour we lost sight of the other boats. The weather was so heavy that we daren't even hoist a goosewing. I just lashed down a sail top and bottom, leaving a little triangle like a lady's handkerchief to keep her up by the head. When we'd done that I made my twenty-seven men lie down in the bottom of the boat while I sat in the stern and fought and fought to keep up her head. One miss and we were swamped. I could have let someone else steer if the sea had gone down. But it never moderated once—for five days ——"

"For five days!" I exclaimed. "Awake and steering all that time?"

The captain nodded.

"Five days, until we were picked up off the Lizard. I'd been trying to run in that general direction. All that time I had to command the boat and keep the crew happy and dole out rations—we had some biscuits and bully beef and two kegs of water. I expected the first day that the convoy would find us, and I heartened the men by telling them that; but they lost us in the thick weather. And it didn't seem natural that we shouldn't sight a sail, but we never did until after the Lizard was plain on the horizon, when a torpedo boat picked us up.

"I can't remember just when we sighted the coast; I can't remember much about the last two days except that wall of water behind me, following to eat me up if I lost consciousness for a second. On the fourth day I was steering with what I called my life preserver in place. I'd taken a rope, made one end fast with a clove hitch about the rudder post, and held onto a loop in the other end with my left hand while I steered with my right. Perhaps I fell asleep for a moment. At any rate we shipped a terrible big sea. It fell on me like a mountain of water, and overboard I went. I had just presence of mind enough to grab the rope with my other hand and hang on. They hauled me aboard. I grabbed the rudder. It wouldn't answer. It seemed that the pins had slipped out of the sockets. Before I could do anything another immense wave struck us. It was a miracle but the boat rode that herself. I got out an oar and rigged it for a rudder while some of the stronger men in the crew reached over and tried to set the pins in their sockets. It was no use. The lower one was broken clean off. I got out our two sea anchors. In ten minutes first the port one gave and then the starboard—the force of the sea snapped their three-quarter-inch ropes like string. By now we had to take in even that little handkerchief of sail. The rest of the way to the Lizard I steered with that oar.

A Seadog's Life

"The mate's boat made the Lizard a day later. Three of his men were dead from exposure. The second officer's boat was picked up off St.-Nazaire with only three men aboard. It had capsized and righted twice, and all the rest, including the second officer, had been swept away. We never heard from the chief engineer's boat.

"You won't believe this," continued the staff captain, "but when I got home I found that the morning I was washed overboard my wife woke screaming, with a dream of me under a mountain of water. Another odd thing; I was all right until I settled down at home for a month's rest. Then I began to have insomnia—couldn't sleep an hour a night, and when I did drop off, that wall of water was following me like a devil.

"The third time was nothing. We stepped off without wetting our feet. We would have been in a bad way, though, except for some mighty fine and plucky seamanship by the American destroyers, Hammit and O'Brien ——"

At this moment a ship's officer entered.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but the Red Cross ladies want to know if they can have the social cabin to-night for a dance. The corridor is a little too cramped, they say."

"Sorry," said the staff captain after a moment's reflection, "but tell the ladies that the gentlemen of the United States Army need the cabin to play bridge and might object ——"

"And that man in the brig, sir," pursued the officer, "the one that was caught selling ship's provisions to ——"

The staff captain stopped him with his eye. Such matters, aboard ship, are not discussed in the presence of mere passengers. He rose and reached for his cap, badge of his office. "Heigh-ho! A skipper's life is a dog's life!" he said.

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SIMONDS Steel, tempered as it is in our factories, gives our saws edge-holding properties that increase their value to the user. The longer a saw holds its cutting edge the better the saw.

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Push the Button

(SWITCH ON YOUR IGNITION)

BUT before you start your motor, stop and think what is taking place.

Whether the meter on the dash of your car shows it or not, a certain amount of current is flowing out of your battery. This flow, if allowed to continue any length of time, would drain it.

This, then, is exactly what would take place should you forget or neglect to switch off your ignition when your motor is not running.

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That is real *Japan* silk

For sheer beauty, nothing equals the gossamer sheen of pure cocoon silk, propagated in old Japan. That is what this men's sock

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is made of. Yet with all this exquisite finish it is so perfectly reinforced in the [illegible] that it will [illegible] It is a [illegible] Iron Clads are sold by thousands of dealers everywhere. If you don't know [illegible] package postpaid. Price 35c. Sizes 9 to 11½. Colors: black, white, palm beach, gray, Cordovan brown. Please state size and color desired. Money refunded if not delighted.

Cooper, Wells & Co.
212 Vine St. St. Joseph, Mich.

THE SUCKER LIST

(Continued from Page 13)

The chief clerk flushed but held to his course. "I don't like his eyes," he said bravely.

"You poor saphead!" laughed his superior. "What has eyes got to do with it? Answer me this: Where would the Zoom Securities Company be, an' your job, Binney, if every time some man looked at us we paid him back ten thousand dollars, huh?"

III

MR. ZOOM picked up the limp sheet of paper that had occupied the center of his desk and gazed at it with reddening face. He pressed the desk buzzer with a thumb that flattened under angry pressure. When Mr. Binney arrived he was wildly waving the paper before him.

"What do you mean, Binney?" He shrieked it in the high excited tenor of the fleshy. "What in the hell do you mean by letting this letter get on my desk, huh, when you know how it upsets me to read all these things? You had your orders time an' time again never to let letters like this get to my desk. An' this one especial! Honest, sometimes, Binney, I think you're getting weak or something. An' from this fella of them all!"

Mr. Binney held up the palms of his hands resignedly. "It come marked 'personal,' an' time an' time again you ordered nobody to open your personal mail. Ain't that so, Mr. Zoom?"

The other shook the offending sheet under his chief clerk's nose.

"Why don't you use a little judgment?" he resumed. "Why don't you stop to think? You oughta be able to tell that I wouldn't get any personal letters on cheap paper like that, an' in pencil handwriting. Listen to this, Binney, an' don't let it happen again, y'understand?"

He held up the sheet, a cheap half page of yellow paper ruled in red, and he read in the pitched tenor:

"MR. ZOOM,
"THE ZOOM SECURITIES COMPANY.

"*Esquire:* I called to see you two days ago and you were out, so your clerk said. He lied. I saw it in his nasty little eyes. He lied for you. Not only are you a thief but you are a liar, and a liar is always a coward—remember that. I feel better now about getting my money back since I know that. I'll call again to-morrow.

"G. MURRAY.

"Postscript. Don't be out."

Mr. Binney's face was bloodless as his superior finished—bloodless with the green-white of a toad's belly.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, forgetful of the angry face across the desk. "What did I tell you about that G. Murray? What are you goin' to do? I can't stall him any longer."

"You ——"

"Positively I couldn't," interrupted Mr. Binney firmly. "I couldn't, not for a million dollars—with those eyes. No sir!"

Mr. Zoom changed his front adroitly. He laughed merrily.

"You—you widow an' orphan snatcher, you," he said pleasantly, "you don't mean to tell me you're afraid are you, huh?"

Mr. Binney with a deprecating smile tiptoed forward until he stood before the mahogany desk. He leaned forward over its polished surface and clutched its edges with fingers gripped to whiteness.

"Did you ever know," he whispered hoarsely, "that the first graveyard up near Gold Hill, Nevada, was occupied mostly by murdered men?"

Mr. Zoom shivered slightly. "What do you mean by that stuff?" he shouted, half out of his chair.

His clerk nodded ominously. "It's in Mark Twain's book of his Western life," he continued to whisper. "An' Mr. Zoom, don't you remember that story about the old prospector that lost all his money—in—in—a swindle?"

"No," said Mr. Zoom, "an' I don't care. What was it, huh?"

"He followed the party that did the swindling for over twenty years before he found him."

"Yeh?" said Mr. Zoom. "An' then what?"

"He shot him," said the chief clerk simply.

For a moment the president of the Zoom Securities sat perfectly still. Then he shook himself angrily.

"You make me tired!" he sneered. "What's that stuff got to do with us, huh? We ain't swindling anybody, are we? He bought some stock from us. If the company ain't made money for him that ain't our fault, is it?"

Mr. Binney shook his head dolefully. "I ain't so sure," he said.

Mr. Zoom emitted a loud forced laugh.

"If you are afraid to meet this old man—why, stay away for the day, Binney."

"You will see him, Mr. Zoom?" eagerly.

The president of the Zoom Securities Company waved a careless hand.

"Sure I would," he answered, "except that I am going to be tied up all day to-morrow with that new Clover Hill Gold proposition. Sure I would! Why not? I'm not afraid of a poor old man that ain't got nothing on me."

But an hour later in the midst of a short morning lull Mr. Zoom leaned back in his chair and studied the scroll work on the bronze handle of a paper knife, with eyes that wavered slightly. After all, some crazy guy had shot McKinley. And there was that half-baked guy that shot Clem—— that French Government guy.

They didn't have nothing on them, but they shot them just the same! An' they didn't come from a country where the first twenty graves were provided for by murders, either!

Mr. Zoom reached for a purple-bordered silk handkerchief and wiped his forehead vigorously. He lit a large fragrant cigar and tried to laugh at such chuckle-headed fears. But the laugh died gulpily in his throat.

"Honest, you're gettin' as bad as Binney," he whispered to the paper cutter. "Where's your nerve, huh?"

A moment later he was whispering again—jeering at the paper cutter.

"What's a-matter? Losing your nerve? You never was this way before."

Casting the cigar from him with a very unprintable word Mr. Zoom tried to analyze the situation. Why was it he wasn't as callous and unconcerned as with the other? Huh? Why?

And then very slowly the idea crept through the highly polished pink spot on the top of Mr. Zoom's head. It was because the others were different! Meek little barbers! Poor driveling fools of women! Tottering old wrecks whining about their life's saving! Who'd be afraid of them? Even Binney sneered at them.

But Binney said this one had eyes. Slowly Mr. Zoom tipped back in his chair to an almost horizontal position. Closing his eyes gently he saw the lonely prospector seated before his cabin, gray-haired, gray of skin, just as the story had pictured it. A rifle rested across his knees. Mr. Zoom shivered at the implied menace. A sudden decision galvanized him to sudden action. He balanced forward with creaking speed.

"Gimme a line!" he shouted into the telephone transmitter.

When the connection was made he spoke quickly, but low.

"Hello. Is this the Corcoran Detective Agency? Huh? . . . Yeh, Mr. Corcoran, please. . . . Hello. Corcoran? . . . This is Zoom, of the Zoom Securities Company, talking. I want you to send up a coupla men to my office, fellas like you'd send out on a structural-iron workers' strike. Husky—see? . . . What? . . . No, I only want them to come up here an' sit round in case a certain party who my office manager will describe to them tries to make trouble. Y'understand? What? . . ." Mr. Zoom's voice lost its caution. "What do I care what it costs?" he roared into the singing mouthpiece. "Send them up!"

He touched another button.

"Take office mem'ran'um: Mr. Binney," he snapped at the answering stenographer.

"'Binney. Just called 'way by important business. Put Clover Hill people off for week. Ought to be back then.'"

Mr. Zoom swung away and then swung back suddenly. "Add: 'On reconsid'ring, you better see Murray to-morrow.'"

He laughed softly as the girl left the room. The president of the Zoom Securities Company always enjoyed a good joke.

IV

THE huge North American Building reared its proud head far above the ramshackle old buildings that flanked it on

(Continued on Page 169)

THE FRANKLIN CAR

A New National Average
14,500 Miles to the Set of Tires

A NATION-WIDE investigation among Franklin owners has just been completed. It covered all types of the present model which have been driven day by day for over two years in every part of the country. The results show a delivery of over 14,500 miles to the complete set of tires.

When in 1916 the present chassis was put on the market, it was known that its lighter weight would give greater tire economy. Yet former figures of 10,000 miles were not changed in Franklin statements of performance, until owners' results were available. Franklin statements are based on facts, not on estimates.

This newly proved economy is just fresh evidence as to why the Franklin Car leads with the fastest growing sales and resales of any fine car.

Delivering frequently more than is quoted for it, and always more in comfort and everyday usability than the average car, Franklin performance drives home this fact: only Franklin light weight, flexible construction and direct air cooling (no water to boil or freeze) give motoring satisfaction approaching the ideal.

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
14,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Grist! Are your messages to the world as *speedily* printed as they should be? A message from you to us may bring some surprising thoughts on this important subject. Send it now. ❦❦❦ From out of the whirling wheels of this small utterer of well-printed sheets comes a great volume of the world's grist of letters, forms, plans, designs, etc. All are microscopically accurate duplicates of their originals. But the fact that the Mimeograph will deliver thousands of duplicate letters within the hour of dictation establishes its supremacy in the world of action. It is an hour-saver—as it is a dollar-saver. Your message—for booklet "S"—now! A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.

EDISON-DICK MIMEOGRAPH

(Continued from Page 166)

either side. Its shiny white face shone with complacency that reflected on the dingy brown brick faces of its neighbors. Its very architecture seemed to look down on either side and shout to the four winds: "I am the new era! I am the snappy up-to-the-minute spirit of progress; look me over, folks."

It was this that had pleased Mr. Zoom when he selected its entire fourth floor for the future home of the Zoom Securities Company, for the clarion cry of the North American Building was the spirit of the new Zoom Securities Company put into words.

In laying out the floor plan for the new company Mr. Zoom had utilized much of the experience gained in selling rain developer to arid Nebraska farmers—an experience which dictated the placing of his private office as far away from the reception room and main office as possible. Also the installation of a side hall door, which permitted quick and silent egress. The room, a large square one, had two large windows, which looked out on a tiny deep chasm of court. On the other side a bleary unwashed window indicated just another vacant office in the decrepit Blackstone Building. There were other portions of the floor with better daylight facilities, but Mr. Zoom did not care especially for daylight. The mahogany gleamed much richer and the mulberry window hangings were immeasurably improved by the soft golden radiance of electric light.

And it was to this soft radiance that Mr. Zoom returned a week later. He had spent a pleasant week at a near-by city where the theaters and food were exactly to his liking, and the pleasure of it was reflected on his smiling visage as he plumped down in his swivel chair. He swung a large cigar from corner to corner of his smiling mouth and rang the buzzer for Mr. Binney.

"Well?" he asked that worthy.

Mr. Binney seemed to understand exactly what his superior wished to know. Perhaps that was why he was such a valuable chief clerk.

"He didn't make no fuss or anything," he said. "He just looked at me an' at the two big hams that Corcoran sent down, an' walked out."

Mr. Zoom chuckled. Once more the world was a good place for men who loved peace and quiet.

"Did—did you hear anything more from him?" he inquired carelessly—almost too carelessly.

"No, sir."

Decidedly it was a good world. Mr. Zoom eyed his mail with renewed zest. He was once more the good-natured man of affairs. As he picked up his bronze paper cutter, oblivious of everything but the work piled before him, Mr. Binney coughed. Looking up with an annoyed frown his superior found him still standing, manifestly ill at ease, beside the desk.

"Well, Binney?"

"Er—er—there is something—er—in connection with the Murray matter which I didn't—because ——"

"What kind of nonsense is that talk? Speak up!"

Mr. Binney gulped. "Another letter came."

"Yeh?"

"It was marked 'Personal.'"

"Hm-m."

"I opened it like you ordered—but, Mr. Zoom, I think you ought to read it."

A week ago Mr. Zoom would have cursed his chief office executive for being a fool, but during the week the incident had grown away from him.

"Sure!" he agreed genially. "Bring it here!"

Fumbling, Mr. Binney drew a wrinkled sheet of cheap paper from his inner pocket. Mr. Zoom smoothed it with his fingers. Yesterday? But to-day he was immune. The letter read as follows:

"MR. ZOOM,

"ZOOM SECURITIES COMPANY.

"*Esquire:* Your clerk said you was out, and now he looks like too much of a coward to lie. Also two big pug-uglies seemed to take great interest in me. So I left, and I ain't coming back. You're coming to me!!! You think you are safe way back behind all those other offices, but you ain't! You can smoke a skunk out of any hole. You have until five-thirty next Wednesday night.

G. MURRAY.

"P. S. Send check care of G. Murray, 517 S. Prospect Street, City."

A week ago Mr. Zoom might easily have wiped his polished head at the hidden menace of those three rude exclamation points. Instead he puffed aggressively at his cigar. With calm fingers he tore the sheet into minute portions and tossed them into the basket beneath his desk.

"That for him!" he sneered; and then to the waiting Binney: "Get out!"

Mr. Binney did.

For an hour Mr. Zoom worked with his characteristic dispatch. Then despite the aggressive angle of the expensive cigar and a general feeling of well-being he became slightly uneasy. He bent closer to his desk and wrote curter notations on the margins of many letters. But the uneasiness persisted. He lit another cigar and partook liberally from a decanter from the deep lower drawer.

The warmth of the liquor stilled the uneasiness and he returned to work. But the warmth wore off and the uneasiness returned. With an angry curse the chief executive of the Zoom Securities Company tossed his stub pencil to the desk and rose. He walked nervously back and forth upon the soft velvet carpet. But the uneasiness persisted. He felt like a rat in a trap. But why? He walked moodily to the window and gazed down into the dirty court. Something seemed to draw his eyes to the bleary window of the vacant office across the way. A look almost of horror crept into his eyes, his jaw slacked curiously, his knees seemed to have lost their power.

For seated on a rude packing case in the center of the dirty office opposite was the aged prospector of Mr. Zoom's disquiet moments! Gray he was, and aged, and his hair was quite as long and white as he had dreamed of—as he had pictured in a joking way to Mr. Harry Trimble.

But the eyes! Mr. Zoom couldn't see them through the dirt of the window and under the soft felt hat, but he seemed to sense their intensity. He shivered unconsciously. But Mr. Zoom was a hard fighter. During the early days there had been moments when anything short of the best bluff in the world would have meant—almost anything.

He thrust his hands carelessly into his trousers pockets and puckered his lips for a care-free, joyous whistle, but the lips were dry. He moistened them nervously and moved away from the window. He returned to the desk and grimly started to go through the remainder of the mail. Occasionally he threw sidewise glances through the window and across the way—quick darting glances, but always he found the eyes staring at him.

He worked steadily for an hour and then departed quickly for luncheon. At the little table he frequented he gave the eyes his total attention, to the exclusion of a tender saddle of rabbit. Should he call up the police department and ask them to take charge of this man who threatened to—well, anyway he threatened?

But that was impossible. Mr. Zoom closed his eyes and saw the newspaper headlines: "Aged Prospector Says Security Company Defrauded Him of Life's Savings." And what a picture he would make with his white hair. Decidedly the police would not do.

Then there was Corcoran. But many of the same objections applied: all, in fact. Pushing the untouched dishes from him Mr. Zoom beckoned a waiter and ordered a drink. There was only one thing to do—go back and pay no attention to him! Bluff him! He gulped the drink. In one of his letters Murray had called him a coward. Well, he would show Murray.

Back in his office Mr. Zoom studiously refrained from glancing across the way. Once more he attacked the work before him with grim set jaws, but almost against his will his eyes were drawn to the window. But it was no quick darting glance. For a long minute Mr. Zoom stared—and stared. For the aged prospector was no longer gazing steadily across the court. Instead he was cleaning with loving care the blue steel barrel of a large-bore rifle. He handled it lovingly but deftly, as a man long experienced with firearms might. With a muttered curse Mr. Zoom leaped from his desk and tugged angrily at the velvet ropes which held the mulberry hangings. When the sight across the way was totally secluded Mr. Zoom mopped a brow wet with perspiration and sought the decanter in the desk. Once more he became aggressive—once more he would not be intimidated by anyone that breathed the breath of life. He rang for Binney.

How Many Faces has Four Bits?

Funny thing about money. A half dollar looks different every time you lift it out of your pocket. It's hardly big enough to count when you are taking a girl to a show and supper, but next day it looks like a million dollars when you invest it at a lunch counter.

The more it buys the harder it is to spend.

All of which is suggested by what a millionaire said to me the other day—as free a spender as I ever passed a hotel evening with:—

"Look here, Jim," he said, "I can't see that 50 cent size of Mennen's—it's too much coin to spend at one time for shaving cream."

"But it's a bigger tube," I protested, "you get more for your money than in the regular 35 cent size."

"I know," he answered, slipping half a dollar to the waiter, "but 35 cents is my price for shaving cream."

Ain't human nature wonderful?

In our fifty cent tube of Mennen's there's enough shaving cream to bring peace and the joy of living into a man's life every morning for many months—

Enough cream to soften the meanness out of two seasons' crops of stubble.

And a quality of shaving cream so fine, so unusual, so remarkable—

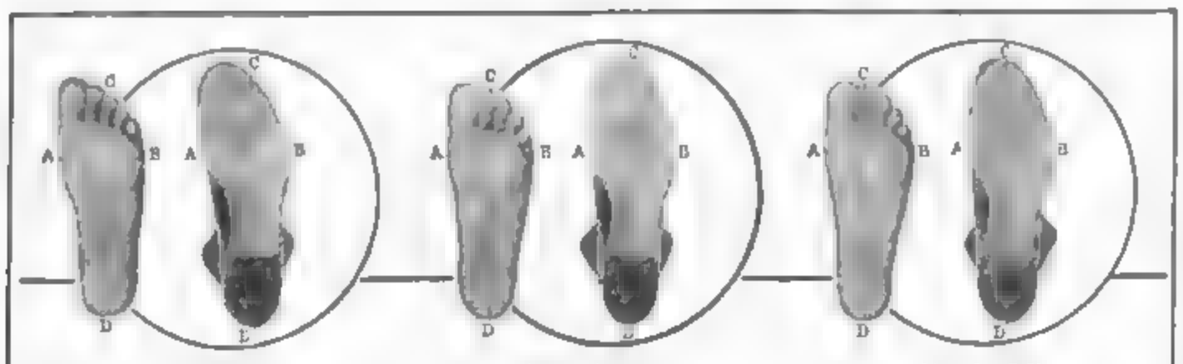
—say, have you ever tried Mennen's Shaving Cream? Have you taken a half inch on a drenched brush and whipped it for three minutes into a creamy, firm, moist lather—with the brush only—using a lot of water, hot or cold—

—and then slipped the razor down the east façade of your jaw in the most deliciously glorious shave of your career?

You've got to know Mennen's to like it. Send me 12 cents and I'll mail a demonstrator tube. Try it! Then reason with yourself calmly if many months of such shaves aren't worth the price of two Perfectos.

Jim Henry.
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN'S
SHAVING CREAM
A Giant Tube 50¢
Jim Henry,
The Mennen Company,
Newark, N. J.
Dear Jim:
Send me the demonstrator tube. Here's the 12 cents. If Mennen's is as good as you say — 50 cents a tube won't stop me.
Name
Address



INFLARE
where more of the surface across the ball (A-B) is inside instead of outside the line (C-D).

STRAIGHT
where the surface across the ball (A-B) is equal on either side of the line (C-D).

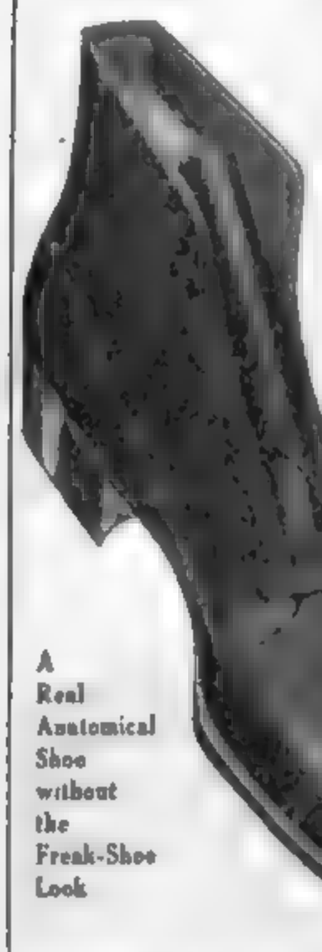
OUTFLARE
where more of the surface across the ball (A-B) is outside the line instead of inside the line (C-D).

Which Foot Is Yours?

Every man has one of the above three shapes of foot. Your foot is either Inflare, Straight or Outflare. If it is an *Outflare* foot, a shoe made on the *Outflare* foot-plan will fit you perfectly. And if you wear the Trupedic Shoe, Outflare type, you will have your *perfect* shoe—solid comfort, unusual service and neat, conservative style.

The Trupedic is the result of the research and study of the American Posture League. This nationally-known health organization has proven that the "World Has 3 Feet" by charting and measuring the feet of thousands of men of all races. And on this foundation the Churchill & Alden Co., with 40 years of shoe-making experience, built the Trupedic—a scientifically standardized shoe, not a *corrective* shoe, but a truly anatomical shoe, and without the objectionable freak-shoe look.

Special Features Insuring Looks, Comfort and Wear



A Real Anatomical Shoe without the Freak-Shoe Look

It is the UNIVERSAL shoe. *Your* Trupedic will require no breaking in. There is plenty of toe room. It fits snugly around instep and ankle. The *narrow* shank holds the upper around the arch, and prevents the foot from slipping forward. *Your* heel fits perfectly into the *cupped* heel of the shoe. It's the perfect fit that makes the Trupedic hold its shape. And holding its shape it wears well.

The Trupedic Dealer Will Fit You

Go to a Trupedic dealer and try on the three types of Trupedic shoes. Your foot will know the right one for you. There is no mistaking the good feel of the right Trupedic fit. It's *yours* always—for better health, correct posture and greater efficiency. Each pair carries the American Posture League Label indicating the type. The reasonable price—$10—insures you what you have always wanted in shoes—good looks, wear and perfect comfort. Write for booklet and the name of the nearest Trupedic dealer.

CHURCHILL & ALDEN COMPANY, Campello Station (Brockton), Mass.

The Tru-pe-dic SHOE
A Universal Shoe for Universal Service

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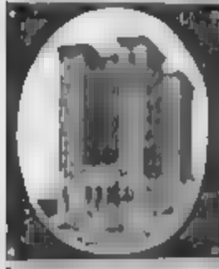

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NO matter how far you live from Cleveland, you can open a Savings Account at 4% compound interest with this bank—the Oldest Trust Company in Ohio. Send today for our booklet "M" explaining our system of receiving deposits by mail.
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CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 65 CAPITAL AND SURPLUS MILLION DOLLARS

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Address
City State

In quick terse sentences he explained the situation. At the mention of the rifle and its expert handling Mr. Binney reached the pinnacle of nervousness, his hands were red with agitation, his mouth frankly drooping with fear.

"Why—why don't you give him the ten thousand?" he said hesitatingly when his superior had finished. "After all there's lots more that we have on the list to make it up."

"Give him ten thousand dollars!" Mr. Zoom leaped to his feet and swung his fist directly before the cringing face of the chief clerk. "I'll see him in hell first. Ten thousand dollars! Never! You make me sick, you woman-bullying coward! Get out—an' get out fast, y'understand?"

Mr. Binney did.

But alone the absence of daylight seemed to bother Mr. Zoom. Through the mulberry hangings he could feel the menace of those eyes and see those deft fingers working about the instrument of death. He even might be getting ready to shoot now. He might even now be aiming.

With another curse Mr. Zoom pulled back the curtains. It was better to see what was going on across the way than to let a vivid imagination picture what it might.

But the other was still busy, caressing fingers moving here and there. Mr. Zoom sighed relievedly and returned to his desk.

He worked feverishly and tried to laugh away the menace of that figure across the way. He reached often for the deep lower drawer. But at five o'clock he rang for Binney.

"Have a check written for G. Murray for eleven thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars an' bring it to me to sign," he said briefly.

V

CHAPTER Five deals chiefly and briefly with two letters, the first one of which arrived at the offices of the Zoom Securities Company the morning following the sending of the check to G. Murray. It read:

"MR. ZOOM,
"ZOOM SECURITIES COMPANY.

"*Esquire:* Received your check this morning but I note that you have not included interest at six per cent, which amounts to $1745.34. Please remit this by messenger at once. G. MURRAY.

"P. S. Tomorrow is Wed."

For one long hour Mr. Zoom roared and sneered by turns at the cringing Binney; for the same period he sought the courage that was bottled in the deep lower drawer.

"I ain't going to be bled in spite of a million guns!" he stormed.

But shortly before noon the figure across the way finished cleaning the blue steel barrel and rested it across his knees. He sat on the rickety box and continued to gaze across the space. Shortly before noon Mr. Zoom sent the check.

The other letter was lying on his desk on his return from lunch. He opened it with the sickly feeling that something else was lurking within the cheap envelope. The figure across the way still sat and maintained the vigil.

"MR. ZOOM,
"ZOOM SECURITIES COMPANY.

"*Esquire:* Thank you for returning my own money. But last night when I got to thinking of the thousands of people who might and do feel like I did from you I decided that to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock you should open the window of your office an throw all those cards in that big file back of your desk out of the window into the court. I'll watch you. Then I am going back—satisfied.

"G. MURRAY.

"P. S. Out West we keep our word, and to-day is Wednesday."

To report, unexpurgated, the language of the president of the Zoom Securities Company following the receipt of this letter would hardly do. To approximate it with dashes and exclamation points would still smell of brimstone; so, all things considered, it is perhaps best to remark that Mr. Zoom spoke many words in many different directions.

"No!" He almost shook Mr. Binney in his agitation. "Does he think that I am goin' to throw a hundred thousand dollars away on the wind? Does he think he can scare me that much? Well, he can't. Why, what would we have left? Nothin' but shearin' the few poor cheap lambs that come in to do a little cheap margin business. What is it worth? Twenty thousand a year—an' our rent is four, an' our commissions—why, Binney, I wouldn't make more than four thousand myself."

"Four thousand is better than being dead," said Mr. Binney slowly.

With a curse Mr. Zoom ordered his assistant from the room.

Once more he sought the lower desk drawer—and later once more—several times. After luncheon with the added courage of more liquor he walked to the window and laughed at the figure across the way. Then he returned to his desk. For several hours he merely sat and stared at the neat stack of letters piled before him.

At four he sought the decanter again. At a quarter to five the decanter was empty, and to Mr. Zoom had suddenly come the courage of a thousand lions. At three minutes to five he lurched to the window with the determination of shaking his fist in the direction of the silent figure across the way. Delayed by the unnecessary presence of many, many chairs and tables in his path Mr. Zoom arrived at the window prompt at five. Clinging to the mulberry hangings he started to raise his right hand. Across the way the other looked suddenly at his watch and rose. Higher came Mr. Zoom's hand.

Across the way the old figure reached into the sagging pocket of his coat and brought forth several articles which Mr. Zoom could not distinguish. He opened the breech of the gun and carefully placed the objects within.

It came suddenly to Mr. Zoom's fuddled brain that these were bullets—bullets that kill. And the first twenty-six graves in Nevada were filled with murdered men.

Mr. Zoom stopped the progress of his right hand.

A moment later he lurched drunkenly toward the cabinet file behind his desk.

Our story, now well overflowing with letters, ends with still another one. It arrived ten days later and was written on such excellent stationery that Mr. Binney passed it at once. With it was a small package.

"GOLD HILL, NEV.

"MR. ZOOM,
"ZOOM SECURITIES COMPANY.

"*Esquire:* When I was a cheap crook selling watered hair restorer I thought I knew it all. But when I turned to the right an saved some honest money the guy that had worked the suckers became a sucker himself. I fell for your oils an mining an double-lid stove stocks. So I suppose you thought you knew it all, that nobody could ever make a sucker out of you. You were a coward, an by the same token a bluffer, an you were a sucker for falling for a bluff that you didn't haf to. The inclosed package will explain. Keep it for a souvenier—a barber like me in Gold Hill don't need it.

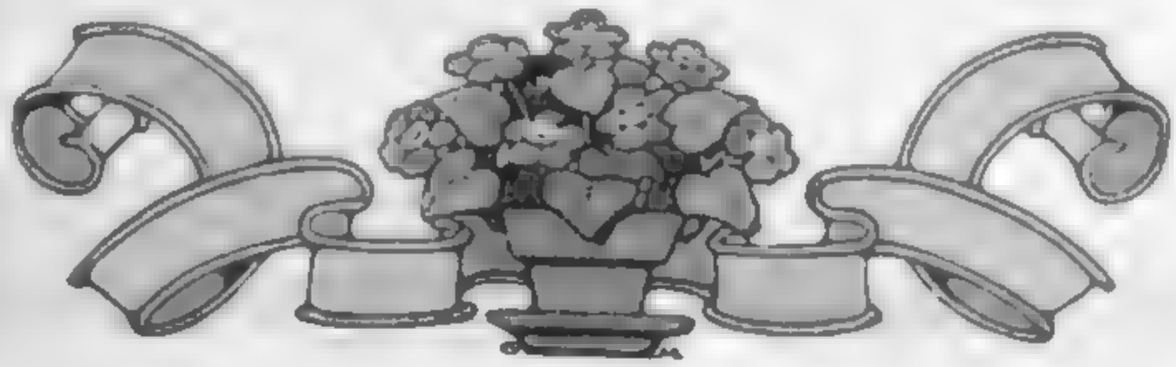
"G. MURRAY.

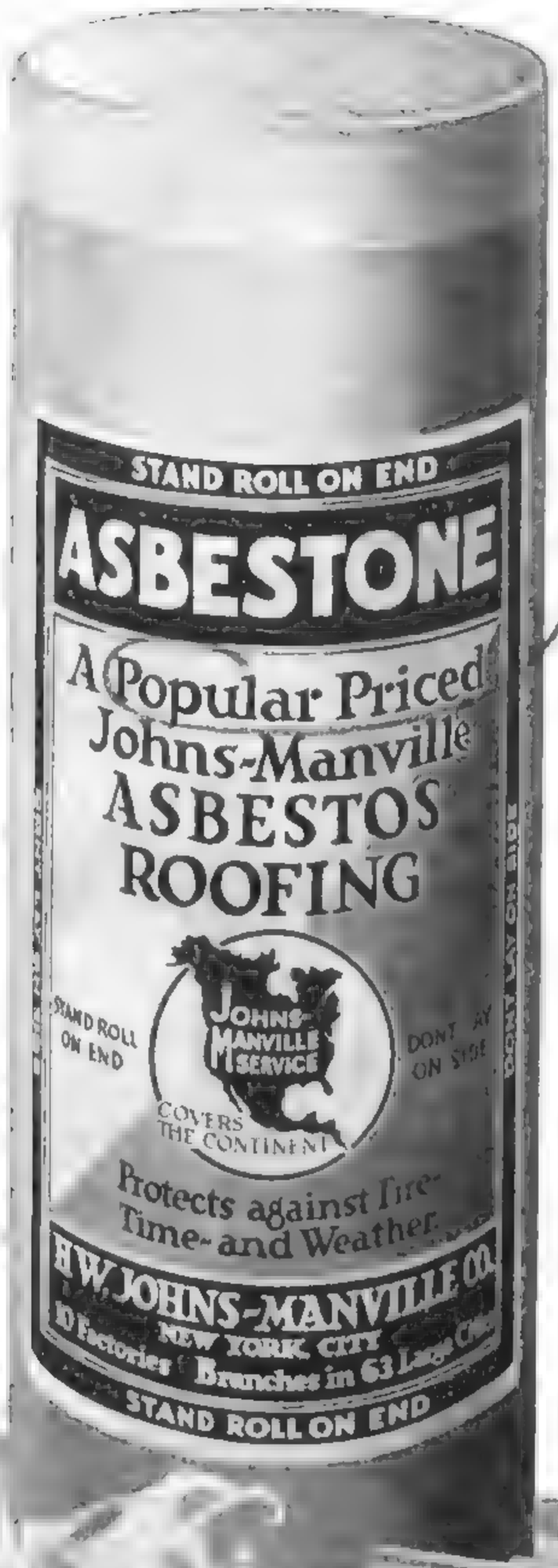
"P. S. Goodbye."

With trembling fingers of anger Mr. Zoom opened the package and removed from the wrappings a long white-haired wig. Attached was a visiting card:

DOC TRIMBLE
The Haircut Physician
Gold Hill Nev.

Mr. Zoom began to curse softly—but he did not send for Mr. Binney.





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Price or first cost has been the one factor on which cheaper roofings could rely and undoubtedly thousands of buyers have denied themselves the splendid durability of a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing because of its *apparent* expensiveness.

For years Johns-Manville has been working to produce an Asbestos roll roofing that would provide the weatherproof, fire retardent qualities that Asbestos alone can give, at a price that would meet the widest popular demand.

The result is

Asbestone

Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories

A Johns-Manville Roofing of Asbestos rock fibre, waterproofed with natural asphalts. Being all mineral, it cannot rot or disintegrate and therefore does not need painting or costly refinishing.

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No other ready roofing can give you the fire-protection of Johns-Manville Asbestos. Asbestone is the only low-priced roofing that will stand the famous "blow-torch test." This fact alone has placed Asbestos Roofing on thousands of even temporary structures where fire meant big risk to production programs.

Furthermore, it does not dry out because the natural asphalts, bound between the asbestos felts (insuring a permanently waterproof and flexible roofing) are sealed and shielded from the sun's heat by the very insulating properties of the asbestos felts themselves. In Asbestone Roofing, the felts protect the waterproofing.

That is why Asbestone never needs coating or costly refinishing. Add to this, its qualities of weatherproof, permanent durability—and it is easy to see why Asbestone is fast becoming the most popular roofing in America.

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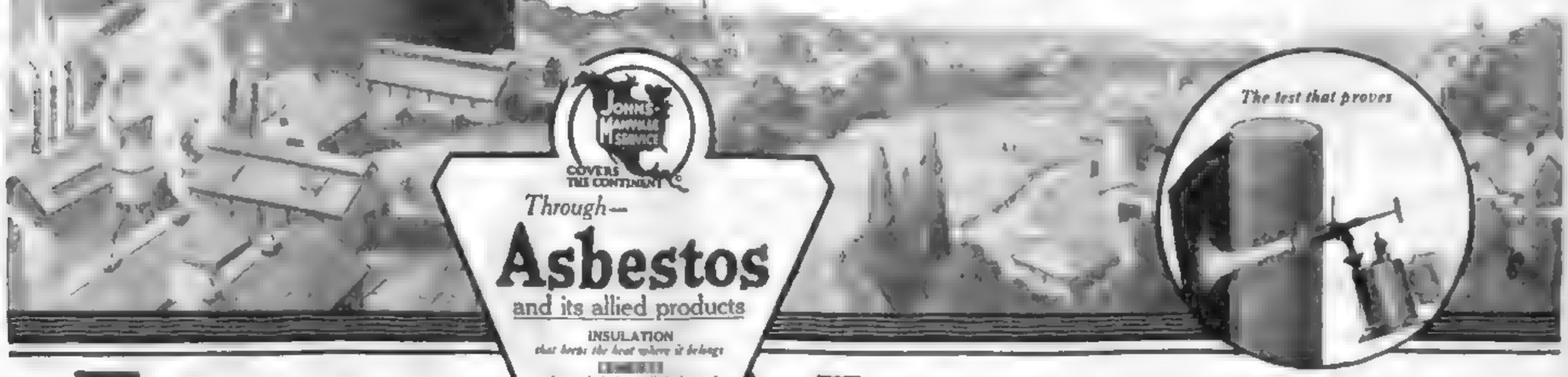

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RETURNED GOODS

(Continued from Page 20)

Before Mary and Mills were married Dulcie's mother died, and Dulcie went abroad to live with an aunt. Five years later she married an American living in Paris. He was much older than she, and it was rumored that she was not happy. Ten years after her marriage she returned to Washington a widow.

It was at once apparent that she had changed. She wore charming but sophisticated clothes, made on youthful lines so that she seemed nearer twenty-five than thirty-five. Her hair was still soft and shining. She had been a pretty girl, she was a beautiful woman. But the greatest change was in her attitude toward life. In Paris her golden-rule philosophy had been turned topsy-turvy.

Hence when she met Mills and found the old flames lighted in his eyes, she stirred the ashes of her dead romance and discovered a spark. It was pleasant after that to talk with him in dim corners at people's houses. Now and then she invited him and Mary to her own big house with plenty of other guests, so that she was not missed if she walked with Mills in the garden. She meant no harm and she was really fond of Mary.

The years had not been so kind to Mills as to Dulcie. They had stolen some of his slenderness, and his hair was thin at the back. But he wrote better books, and it was Mary who had helped him write them. She had made of his house a home. She was still the same sturdy soul. Her bright color had faded and her hair was gray. Life with Mills had not been an easy road to travel. She had traveled it with loss of youth, perhaps, but with no loss of self-respect. She knew that her husband was in some measure what he was because of her. She had kept the children away from his study door; she had seen that he was nourished and sustained. She had prodded him at times to increased activities. He had resented the prodding, but it had resulted in a continuity of effort which had added to his income.

Dulcie came into Mary's life as something very fresh and stimulating. She spoke of it to Mills.

"It is almost as if I had been abroad to hear her talk. She has had such interesting experiences."

It was not Dulcie's experiences which interested Mills; it was the loveliness of her profile, the glint of her hair, the youth in her, the renewed urge of youth in himself.

Priscilla Dodd saw what had happened. Priscilla was the aunt with whom Dulcie had lived in Paris; and she was a wise, if worldly, old woman. She saw rocks ahead for Dulcie.

"He's in love with you, my dear."

Dulcie, in a rose satin house coat which shone richly in the flame of Aunt Priscilla's open fire, was not disconcerted.

"I know. Mary doesn't satisfy him, Aunt Cilla."

"And you do?"

"Yes."

"The less you see of him the better."

"I'm not sure of that."

"Why not?"

"I can inspire him, be the torch to illumine his path."

"So that's the way you are putting it to yourself! But how will Mary like that?"

"Oh, Mary"—Dulcie moved restlessly—"I don't want to hurt Mary. I don't want to hurt Mary," she said again, out of a long silence, "but after all I have a right to save Mills' soul for him, haven't I, Aunt Cilla?"

"Saving souls had better be left to those who make a business of it."

"I mean his poetic soul." Dulcie studied the toes of her rosy slippers. "A man can't live by bread alone."

Yet Mills had thrived rather well on the bread that Mary had given him, and there was this to say for Mills, he was very fond of his wife. She was not the love of his life, but she had been a helpmate for many years. He felt that he owed many things to her affection and strength. Like Dulcie, he shrank from making her unhappy.

It was because of Mary, therefore, that the lovers dallied. Otherwise, they said to each other, Mills would cast off his shackles, ask for his freedom, and then he and Dulcie would fly to Paris, where nobody probed into pasts and where they could make their dreams come true.

They found many ways in which to see each other. Dulcie had a little town car, and she picked Mills up at all hours and took him on long and lovely rides, from which he returned ecstatic, with wild flowers in his coat and a knowledge of work left undone.

Gossip began to fly about. Aunt Priscilla warned Dulcie.

"It is a dangerous thing to do, my dear. People will talk."

"What do Mills and I care for people? Oh, if it were not for Mary ——" She had just come in from a ride with Mills, and her eyes were shining.

"I wish we were not dining there tonight," said Aunt Priscilla. "I wonder how Mary manages a dinner of eight with only one servant."

"She is so splendid and competent, Aunt Cilla. Mills says so. Everybody says it. Things are easy for her that would be hard for other people."

"I wonder what she thinks of you?"

Dulcie, drawing off her gloves, meditated.

"I fancy she likes me. I know I love her, but not so much as I love Mills."

Fifteen years ago Dulcie would have died rather than admit her love for a married man. But since then she had seen life through the eyes of a worldy-minded old husband, and it had made a difference.

At dinner that night Dulcie was exquisite in orchid tulle with a string of pearls that hung to her knees. Her hair was like ripe corn, waved and parted on the side with a girlish knot behind. Her skin was as fresh as a baby's. Mary was in black net. She had been very busy helping the cook, and she had had little time to spend on her hair. She looked ten years older than Dulcie, and her mind was absolutely on the dinner. The dinner was really very good. Mills had been extremely anxious about it. He had called up Mary from downtown to tell her that he was bringing home fresh asparagus. He wanted it served as an extra course with Hollandaise sauce. Mary protested, but gave in. It was the Hollandaise sauce that had kept her from curling her hair.

There were orchids for a centerpiece—in harmony with Dulcie's gown. In fact, the whole dinner seemed keyed up to Dulcie. The guests were for the most part literary folk, to whom Mills wanted to display his Egeria. After dinner Dulcie sang for them. She had set to music the words of one of Mills' poems, and she was much applauded.

After everybody had gone Mary went to bed with a headache. She was glad that it was Saturday, for Sunday promised a rest. She decided to send the children over to her mother and to have a quiet day with Mills. She wouldn't even go to church in the morning. There was an afternoon service; perhaps she and Mills might go together.

But Mills had other plans. He walked as far as the church door with Mary, and left her there. Mary wasn't sorry to be left; her headache had returned, and she was glad to sit alone in the peaceful dimness. But the pain proved finally too much for her, so she slipped out quietly and went home.

Clouds had risen, and she hurried before the shower. It was a real April shower, wind with a rush and a silver downpour. Mary, coming into the dark living room, threw herself on the couch in a far corner and drew a rug over her. The couch was backed up against a table which held a lamp and a row of books. Mary had a certain feeling of content in the way the furniture seemed to shut her in. There was no sound but the splashing of rain against the windows.

She fell asleep at last, and waked to find that Mills and Dulcie had come in. No lights were on; the room was in twilight dimness.

Mills had met Dulcie at her front door. "How dear of you to come," she had told him.

He had spoken of his desertion of Mary. "But this day was made for you, Dulcie."

They had walked on together, not heeding where they went, and when the storm had caught them they were nearer Mills' house than Dulcie's and so he had taken her there. They had entered the apparently empty room.

"Mary is still at church. Come and dry your little feet by my fire, Dulcie." Mills knelt and fanned the flame.

Mary, coming slowly back from her dreams, heard this and other things, and at last Dulcie's voice in protest:

"Dear, we must think of Mary."

"Poor Mary!"

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Now the thing that Mary hated more than anything else in the whole world was pity. Through all the shock of the astounding revelation that Mills and Dulcie cared for each other came the sting of their sympathy. She sat up, a shadow among the shadows.

"I mustn't stay, Mills," Dulcie was declaring.

"Why not?"

"I feel like a—thief ——"

"Nonsense, we are only taking our own, Dulcie. We should have taken it years ago. Loving you I should never have married Mary."

"I had a conscience then, Mills, and you had promised."

"But now you see it differently, Dulcie?"

"Perhaps."

Mills was on his knees beside Dulcie's chair, kissing her hands. The fire lighted them. It was like a play, with Mary a forlorn spectator in the blackness of the pit.

"Let me go now, Mills."

"Wait till Mary comes—we'll tell her."

"No, oh, poor Mary!"

Poor Mary indeed!

"Anyhow you've got to stay, Dulcie, and sing for me, and when Mary comes back she'll get us some supper and I'll read you my new verses."

Among the shadows Mary had a moment of tragic mirth. Then she set her feet on the floor and spoke:

"I'm sorry, Mills, but I couldn't cook supper to-night if I died for it ——"

From their bright circle of light they peered at her.

"Oh, my poor dear!" Dulcie said.

"I'm not poor," Mary told her, "but I'm tired, dead tired, and my head aches dreadfully, and if you want Mills you can have him."

"Have him?" Dulcie whispered.

"Yes. I don't want him."

Mills exploded.

"What?"

"I don't want you, Mills. I'm tired of being a prop; I'm tired of planning your meals, I'm tired of deciding whether you shall have mushrooms with your steak or—onions. You can have him, Dulcie. I know you think I've lost my mind." She came forward within the radius of the light. "But I haven't. As long as I thought Mills cared I could stick it out. But I have learned to-night that he loved you before he married me. You gave him to me, Dulcie, and now you want him back."

Indian giver! Like a flash Dulcie's mind went to the little Mary of the pigtails and pointing forefinger.

"You want him and you can have him. Perhaps if you had taken him years ago he might have been different. I don't know. Perhaps even now he can live up to all the lovely, lovely things that you and he are always talking about. But I've had to talk to Mills about what he likes to eat and what we have to pay for things; I've had to push him and prod him and praise him, and it has been hard work. If you want him you can have him, Dulcie."

Mills had a stunned look.

"Don't you love me, Mary?"

"I think I've proved it," she said quietly; "but I couldn't possibly go on loving you now. You have Dulcie to love you, and one woman is enough for any man. I don't know what you are planning to do, but you needn't run away or do anything spectacular. I'll make it as easy for you as possible. And now if you don't mind I'll go up and take a headache powder; my head is splitting." Left alone, they tried to regain their air of high romance.

"Poor Mary!"

But the words rang hollow. One couldn't possibly call a woman poor who had given away so much with a single gesture.

They tried to talk it over but found nothing to say. At last Mills took Dulcie home. She asked him in and he went. Aunt Priscilla was out, and tea was served for the two of them from a lacquered tea cart—Orange Pekoe and Japanese wafers. It was delicious but unsubstantial. Dulcie with her coat off was like a wood sprite in leaf green. Her hair was gold, her eyes wet violets; but Mills missed something. He had a feeling that he wanted to get home and talk things over with Mary.

At last he rose, and it was then that Dulcie laid her hand on his arm.

"Mills, I can't."

"Can't what?"

"Let you leave Mary."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be right."

"It would be as right as it has ever been, Dulcie."

"I know how it must look to you, but—but I knew all the time that wrong is wrong. I thought I was a different Dulcie from the girl of long ago, but I'm not. I still have a conscience; I can't take you away from Mary."

"You're not taking me away. You heard what she said—she doesn't want me."

And Dulcie didn't want him! He saw it in that moment! The things that Mary had said had scared her. She didn't want to prod and push and praise. She didn't want to decide what he should have for dinner. She didn't want to weigh the merits of beefsteak and mushrooms or beefsteak and onions—onions!

He felt suddenly old, fat, baldheaded! The glow had faded from everything. He did not protest or attempt to persuade her. He took his hat, kissed her hand and got away.

Aunt Priscilla coming in found Dulcie in tears by the fire.

"I've given him up, Aunt Cilla."

"Why?"

"Well, it wouldn't be right."

She came into Aunt Priscilla's bedroom later to talk it over. She had on the rosy house coat. She spoke of going back to Paris.

"It will be better for both of us. After all, Aunt Cilla, we are what we are fundamentally, and we Puritans can't get away from our consciences, can we?"

"Some of us," said Aunt Priscilla, "can't."

The old woman lay awake a long time that night, thinking it out. She was glad that Dulcie had stopped the thing in time. But she had a feeling that the solution of the situation could not be laid to an awakened conscience. She hoped that some day Dulcie would tell her the truth.

It was still raining when Mills reached home. The house was dark, the fire had died down. He went upstairs. The boys were in bed. There was a light in Mary's room. He opened the door. Mary was propped up on her pillows reading a book.

He stopped, uncertain, on the threshold.

"Come in," she said, "my head's better."

He crossed the room and stood beside her.

"Oh, Mary," he said, and his face worked. He dropped on his knees by the bed and cried like a child.

She laid her hand on his head and smoothed his thin hair.

"Poor Mills!" she said softly; "poor old Mills!" Then after a moment, brightly: "It will do us both good to have some coffee. Run along, Mills, and start the percolator; I'll be down in a minute to get the supper."

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THE HUNTING CHEETAH

(Continued from Page 19)

service, then I, who am a poor man and ignorant, may give something if I serve him."

"If that's what you mean it's all right. Then we won't go out this morning—Nels and I It'll be the time to get some of that little knowledge of yours about cheetahs."

It seemed to Skag that the uncertainty about just why Bhanah had come to him was cleared away; and there was a dignity about the man which he liked. It was all right.

"Sanford Hantee Sahib should not go to find cheetahs before he knows his dog."

"Just what are you getting at?"

"My Master is a preserver of life and Nels is a great hunter."

"I've thought of that. Is there any danger that he will kill when I don't want him to?"

"Sahib, I—Bhanah—have known Nels since he was a puppy—have seen him take his training to kill; and I believe he will quickly be taught to work together with my Master, who is his heart's desire. This is the chief thing—that my Master is his heart's desire. But, also, I know he will kill when there is need for him to kill."

"Does he ever fail?"

"If he had ever failed he would not be here. Police Commissioner Hichens Sahib—to whom may the gods render his due!—has many times set him in the teeth of death; when occasion could be prepared, always."

"He did not fight the hyena."

"Now the Sahib speaks of an evil thing. For that reason he was made to live in a tent in the Jungle."

"But what ——"

"The hyena is evil itself! And a dog has no hope in him to fight with it. We may not speak a name in the same breath of common judgment; but I say that the living fear in a man's body made secret covenant with the knowledge of this fact—because the man had long desired that Nels should die."

"So that's what I interfered with and that's why he let the dog be given to me?"

"It is straightly spoken. But the Sahib will not hold Nels less for courage or for power? There is not one to equal him."

"Bhanah, we'll put that hope into Nels against when he hears a hyena."

"That will be with the good hunting piece in my Master's hands. Then he will fear—not anything on earth! Then it will be all like the cheetah hills to him. Sahib, it is more satisfying than food!"

"Where are the cheetah hills from here?"

"South and west; not the way the Sahib has gone before."

"You haven't told me about them before."

"Because Nels was not come to full strength from his hurt."

"I'd hate to have him meet an accident."

"To-morrow he will go safe. He rose up last night and listened to a hunting cheetah's cry."

"Are they as close as that?"

"Not to a European sahib's ear; but to Nels'—yes."

"Deal Sahib said you would tell me about the cheetahs."

"What I have of value is by the common wayside; but fortune causes wealth to flow down mountain streams for those who climb! There are several things to consider, Sahib."

Skag was amused; he had not yet heard that only the ignorant teach without apology. As seriously as possible he said:

"I am listening."

Bhanah spoke gravely, his words falling like weights:

"That he is seldom seen—till it is too late to prepare. He is treacherous."

"Where does he hide?"

"In the large-leaved trees which stretch their branches like that." And Bhanah held his arms out horizontally, one above the other, parallel.

"All right!"

"That he is quicker than a man's eye." Skag waited. "And that he is more deadly than the tiger."

"How's that?"

"Because he is more quick. Because he is equal in power even when he is not equal in weight. Because he fights not only for food, not only for life, but for the love of killing. Of all living things he is the creature of blood lust. He is the name of fear incarnate. It would not be a good thing for my Master to hear or for his servant to tell—the cheetah's ways with a body from which life has gone out."

"You've made a strong argument for the cheetah as a fighter, Bhanah; but you don't seem to stand much for his character."

"Who faces the hunting cheetah, Sahib, faces death. If the cheetah falls upon him from above, or comes upon him from behind, he will know death; but he will never know the cheetah. A hunter's first shot must do its work; he will not often have time to fire again."

"I've got that; but I don't quite see what chance a dog has with him."

"Only four dogs in this my land have any chance with him, Sahib."

"And the others?"

"They live because they have not met a cheetah."

"How does Nels do it?"

"My Master must look upon that to understand. I have seen; but I cannot show it. It"—and a rare smile lighted the dark shadows of Bhanah's face—"is soon!"

Skag meditated a moment.

"I've heard the Indian princes use them for hunting."

"Yes, Sahib; many Indian princes keep hunting cheetahs as English sahibs keep hunting horses. They go out after small things and innocent—mostly deer of all kinds; even the neel-gai—the great blue cow."

"Will Nels attack such things?"

"Nels will not attack the defenseless; he has not been used for it. His ways are established in that; there is no fear. If he should be ranging at any time he will return at the first call; but if he does not, my Master, let him go. Be certain Nels knows!"

"That's good. I'm in this country to get acquainted with animals."

"But to the preserving of men?"

"When I find it's necessary, I've no objection then."

Bhanah stooped quickly and touched Skag's feet.

"Vishnu, the Great Preserver, has sent another Hand to this my India."

Skag looked into the man's face and found a high light in it. He began to think that an American's most innocent remark is liable to develop shock in India.

Next dawn was hot; but there was stimulation in it—not like the high mountains; not like the ocean. The air was full of a mellow enticement like strange incense or romance. Skag inquired of his servant whether everything was all right for the cheetah hills.

Bhanah turned to the southeast and scanned the horizon line. Then he held up his hand, palm toward the same direction for a minute. At last he walked to a shrub and looked at its leaves closely.

"It may be that one day is left for my Master to go into the cheetah hills; but the earth makes ready for the breaking of the great monsoon."

Skag was becoming interested in the Indian standpoint; he was finding something in it. Quite innocently he used the subtlest method known to learn:

"What is the great monsoon?"

"Beneficence."

"What is the earth doing?"

"Now she is holding very still. When it breaks she will shake. Having endured three days, she will rise up and cast off her old garments, putting on new covering—entirely clean."

"Shall I be able to see that?"

"Nay, Sahib! The wall of the waters will be between your eye and every leaf."

"The wall of the waters." Like the tones of a bell far off, the words sank into some deep place in Skag. This day they would recur to him; and in the years to come they would recur again, and yet again.

Swinging along out of Poona toward the cheetah hills, Skag was buoyant with healthy energy. His heart was like the heart of a boy. Consistent with his old philosophic dogma, this present was certainly the best he had ever known. Carlin was in it as surely as if she were present. Roderick Deal had proved to be a man to respect—and to love secretly; "the guardianship of an elder brother."

Looking back upon Poona city, he saw that she was beautiful, lying close against the eastern side of the Ghats just as they begin to fold away toward the plains. No breath of plague or pestilence from Bombay could reach across the ramparts of that mountain range.

The air was getting hotter every minute; but it was good. The vistas stretched far, all satisfying. Bhanah said the monsoon was close. "Beneficence"—the Indian idea of a deluge. He liked it all.

They went up into the hills through some stretches of stiff climbing, and on the margin of a broad shelf Skag stopped for breath. The panorama behind had widened and extended immensely. The face of a planet seemed to reach from his feet across to the eastern horizon, descending. He sat down on a flat rock and Nels comfortably extended himself near by.

It was all good: the great golden jewel back in his heart, full of afterglows—Carlin; the finding of a real man; the ways, the reservations, the revelations of Bhanah; the beauty and character of the dog at his feet. . . .

Nels had lifted his head. His eyes were fixed intently on the empty white distances of the sky. His pointed ears were set at a queer angle. There was nothing unusual to be seen; nothing Skag himself could hear. He paid closer attention and presently began to get a perfume. It was the great, good earth smell, richer and fuller every minute.

Then Nels stood up and faced the southeast. Skag looked where the dog seemed to be looking. Along the horizon line he saw an edge of dark gray. No—the horizon line was cut; this thing lay against the earth as straight as the blade of a knife.

Now Skag began to feel something in the air. He couldn't recognize it or define it; but it was imperative—some kind of urge. There was the sense of emergency, perfectly clear; so much so that he turned and looked about, listening for a call. He thought of Carlin. Could she be in any desperate need? He was glad she wasn't here; this was a good place to get away from. . . . Ah, that was it! The urge to run!

"How is it, Nels, old man? Does the great monsoon make us feel like moving?"

Nels stood like a thing carved out of solid pewter. He did not hear. He faced the southeast. But Skag understood why the animals were due to make a procession; the chief thing was to get away. Then Skag settled into a perfect calm.

Four spotted deer came trotting up the shoulder of a near incline, almost directly toward them. The dog watched them with a casual eye. They went by sixty feet away. Nels was looking farther on, to where a big brown bear ambled along, making good time for one of her build; behind her, a yearling. Still, Nels showed no inclination to leave his place.

As if it were a vision of the night, the whole landscape before Skag became dotted with specks, all moving; all moving in the same direction, almost toward him. As the numbers increased he saw that they ran straight; there was no swerving. In spite of what Roderick Deal had told him, his mind demanded the reassurance of his own voice:

"Nels, is it real? Are we asleep?"

The dog was a stoic; he moved one ear but he did not lift an eye.

Skag noticed that the hush in the air seemed to have laid a bond of silence on all these creatures. He had heard no calls, no cries. And these were the calling, crying animals of the world.

Here and there, at some distance, he saw the ungainly shambling gait of hyenas, in twos and fours and threes together, or alone. Once, when four passed quite near, he felt Nels' shoulder against his thigh.

"Nels, old man, buck up! I tell you, get a grip! They may be the devil, but he isn't hard to kill. I'll show you. Do you get me, son?"

Nels looked up into the man's face—a long look. Then he pressed his head close under Skag's hand.

Spotted deer ran in small groups; they came into sight and passed out quickly. More swift and more beautiful were slender deer, with single horns twisted spirally; sometimes very long. Skag thrilled to their pride of action, but Nels seemed in no way interested.

There was another kind of deer seen at some distance; the bucks were full-antlered and from where Skag stood they appeared

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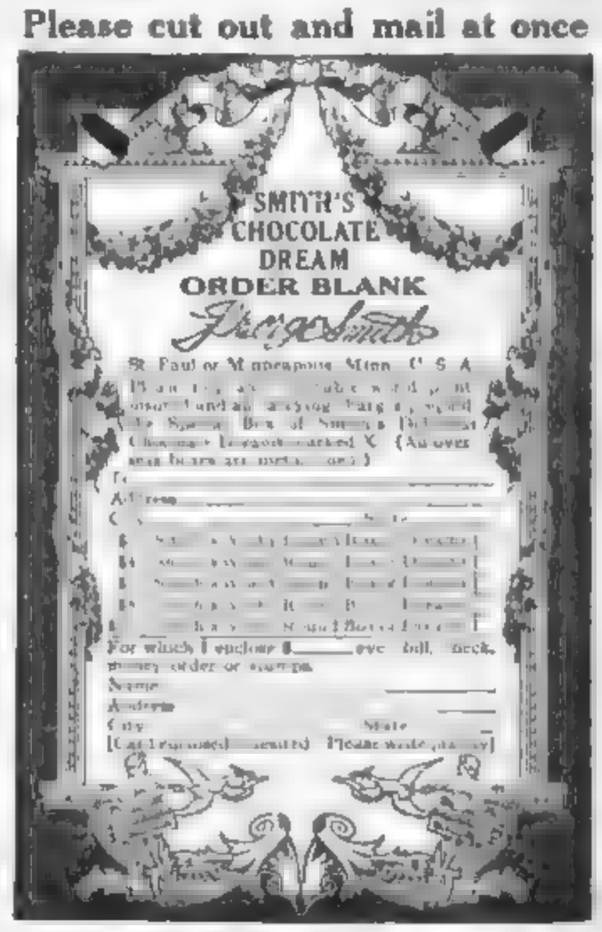

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to be light gray in color. Rabbits scuttled in and out of sight constantly, all over the landscape.

Between the parallel lines of seven spotted deer on one side and a small herd of gray deer on the other he saw a great low-leaping beast; plainly yellow with black stripes—one tiger the sportsmen had not bagged.

Evidently some mighty thing had transcended enmity and annihilated fear—for one day!

Little things held his eye for a while. Creatures like monster rats—they were really mongooses—racing for their lives; lizards, from two to eighteen inches long; and he saw one with all the rainbow colors in his skin, mostly red. He learned afterward that it was a great chameleon, and angry. He saw one small scaled thing, rather like a crocodile in shape, but with a sharp-pointed nose; it waddled by, near enough to show two little black beads in its face.

When Skag lifted his eyes the earth seemed to have given up a score of packs of jackals. Their action was not like the wolf or like the dog; it was a short high leap, giving to a running pack the effect of bobbing. They were more perfect wolves than the American coyote, but smaller; and they looked to have much fuller coats. Searching the location of these groups of bobbing runners, his eye lifted toward the southeast.

The gray knife blade had cut away half the world. It lay straight across the earth, midway between his feet and where the horizon line should curve. Without any look of motion, without any shine or sheen, as smooth as a wall of dull-polished granite, it rose to beyond sight in the sky, the utterly true line of its base upon the ground.

So this was the wall of the waters!

No man dare interpret it to any other man; but Skag found perfect awe. Then he grew very quiet, his faculties alert as never before.

When he noticed the landscape again the bobbing packs were gone. Slender spotted things, in pairs and alone, were leopards, leaping long and low. A great dark creature, going like the wind, was a black panther.

Then he saw, right before him, the unthinkable; majesty in miniature—a perfect East Indian musk buck, the most beautiful of living things. The wee fellow came on, leaping to the utmost of his strength, his nostrils wide, his lips apart, his eyes immense. He swayed a little, wavered and fell.

Skag ran and leaned over him; the little heart was driving out the little life. It seemed a pity out of all proportion. He held the tiny breathless thing tenderly, as if it were a dead child. . . . So he laid it down reluctantly at last, and straightened—to see a hunting cheetah coming toward him, not far away.

He glanced down; Nels was not there. He looked all about; Nels was not in sight. Then the reserves in Skag's nature came up. All his training flashed across his brain. Every nerve, every muscle in his body was instantly adjusted to emergency. There was no failure in coördination.

He stood quietly watching the cheetah. It appeared not to have seen him. If it kept on, it would pass about seventy feet away. But Skag knew it would not keep on. With his mind he might think it would, but something in him knew it would not.

He remembered Carlin. No; he must not think of her now. He remembered Nels was gone. No, he must not think of that either. All the weapons he had were in his heart, in his head. He set himself in order, ready. Recalling, while he waited, with what joy he had been ready to face the tiger that coughed near the Monkey Glen - to stand between Carlin and it—he was aware that now he faced a hunting cheetah as much for her!

The hunting cheetah stopped and, turning directly toward him, laid itself along the ground so tight that he could see only a line of color among the grasses. There it seemed to stay.

When a man deals with a cat, to allay fear or to establish any common ground of sympathy he ought to see its eyes. While realizing this fact Skag heard a piercing cat scream some distance back of him. He had not heard sounds from any of the animals before. He found himself calculating whether the monsoon or night or the cheetah would reach him first.

Changing sun rays had laid a sheen resembling silver upon the wall—not dazzling, but softly bright. After a while the cheetah showed nearer than when it had settled into the grass. The wall was moving forward surely—as surely as time; but the cheetah would reach him first.

At last he saw two yellow disks. Then he worked with his power—his supreme confidence. He had never been more quiet, never more fearless in his life.

The hunting cheetah moved toward him without pause, till he could see the whole body along the ground; the broad short head—the wide sunlit eyes. And while he sent his steady force of human-kindly thought into them they narrowed into slits! In that instant Skag knew that the beast had no fear to allay, no ground of sympathy to touch. It was a murderer—pure and simple.

Then he thought of Carlin—of her brother—of Nels. He opened his lips to speak, but the name did not pass his throat. Carlin! Carlin! It was only a question of time; and Skag folded his arms.

And high against the wall of the waters rolled the clarion challenge call of Nels, the Great Dane dog. The cheetah leaped and settled back. Skag turned to look the way it faced. A gray line flashed along the ground.

Skag did not know it, but he was racing toward their meeting.

The cheetah lifted and met Nels, body against body, in midair. Skag heard the impact. Nels had risen full stretch, his head low between his shoulders; the cheetah's widespread arms went round him, but Nels' entire length closed upon the cheetah's entire length like a jackknife, folding it backward. Skag heard a dull sound at the same instant with a keen cat scream, cut short as the two bodies struck the earth. When he reached them Nels was still doubled tight over the cheetah's backward-bent body, his gray iron jaws locked deep in the tawny throat.

"Sahib! Sanford Han-tee Sahib!"

"Hi, Bhanah! This way!"

Bhanah came with a raincoat in his hand. Stooping to examine Nels a moment and rising to glance at the wall, he spoke rapidly:

"The Sahib has seen his Great Dane Nels kill a second cheetah in one day. There are two cuts on each leg. Also, because Nels must not lose his strength on a fast journey to his master's place, I, Bhanah, will uncover mine honor in the presence of a man."

And, quickly casting his turban from his head, he proceeded to tear it down the middle. While he worked he talked—as if to himself—in half-chanting tones:

"Men in my country do not this thing; but I do it. Of a certainty Nels has accomplished that I could not, though I would. This night two cheetahs remain not—the gods witness!—to destroy little tender children of men. And when the so-insignificant cuts of Nels shall be presently wrapped with the covering of mine own honor I shall be exalted—not less! The gods witness! Then we return swiftly into a safe place."

This was no ordinary exultation. Skag's ears were wide open; and he heard grief—and hate.

"How did you know where I was?" he said quietly.

"I heard the first cheetah's death cry, and I knew he was not far from you, Sahib."

"I thought he was pretty far, one little while."

Skag had spoken thinking of Nels. Bhanah searched his face, while the look of a frightened child grew in his own. Again he stooped quickly and touched the man's feet. He had done it once before—to Skag's acute discomfort.

"What's the meaning of that?"

"That a man's life is in thy breath, my Master."

Now, as a perfectly good American citizen, Skag wanted to tell him to cut it out! But, to save his life, he couldn't do it.

"Bhanah, I'll find out how to answer you."

Then Bhanah laughed a low exultant chuckle, while he finished binding Nels' legs with a part of his own turban.

"It is well, Sahib; the fortune which never fails is thine! And now—if we are wise—we run."

Nels led all the way and they were barely under cover when the earth indeed shook. The stone walls of the building rocked; the dull thunder of a solid continuous impact of dense water upon its roof filled their ears. The light of the sun was cut off.

"Bhanah, you and Nels are to camp with me to-night. This has been the Hunting Cheetah day of my life; and Nels is responsible that he didn't get me."

"My Master is the heart of kindness."

While Bhanah was busy, later, Skag laughed:

"I'm remembering that you said Nels did it soon! How did he break that cheetah's back?"

"By the drive of his weight against the cheetah's body and the strength of his limbs, in the action my Master saw."

They had eaten and Nels was properly cared for, when Bhanah spoke softly:

"Shall we have tales, Sahib?"

Skag roused from a moment's abstraction to answer:

"Bhanah, I don't remember anything I could talk about to-night, but the hunting cheetah Nels got."

"The hunting cheetah is one, Sahib; there are many. Telling is in knowledge and in speech; finding is in the man. I will tell, if the Sahib pleases; but he shall find."

So they had tales that night.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

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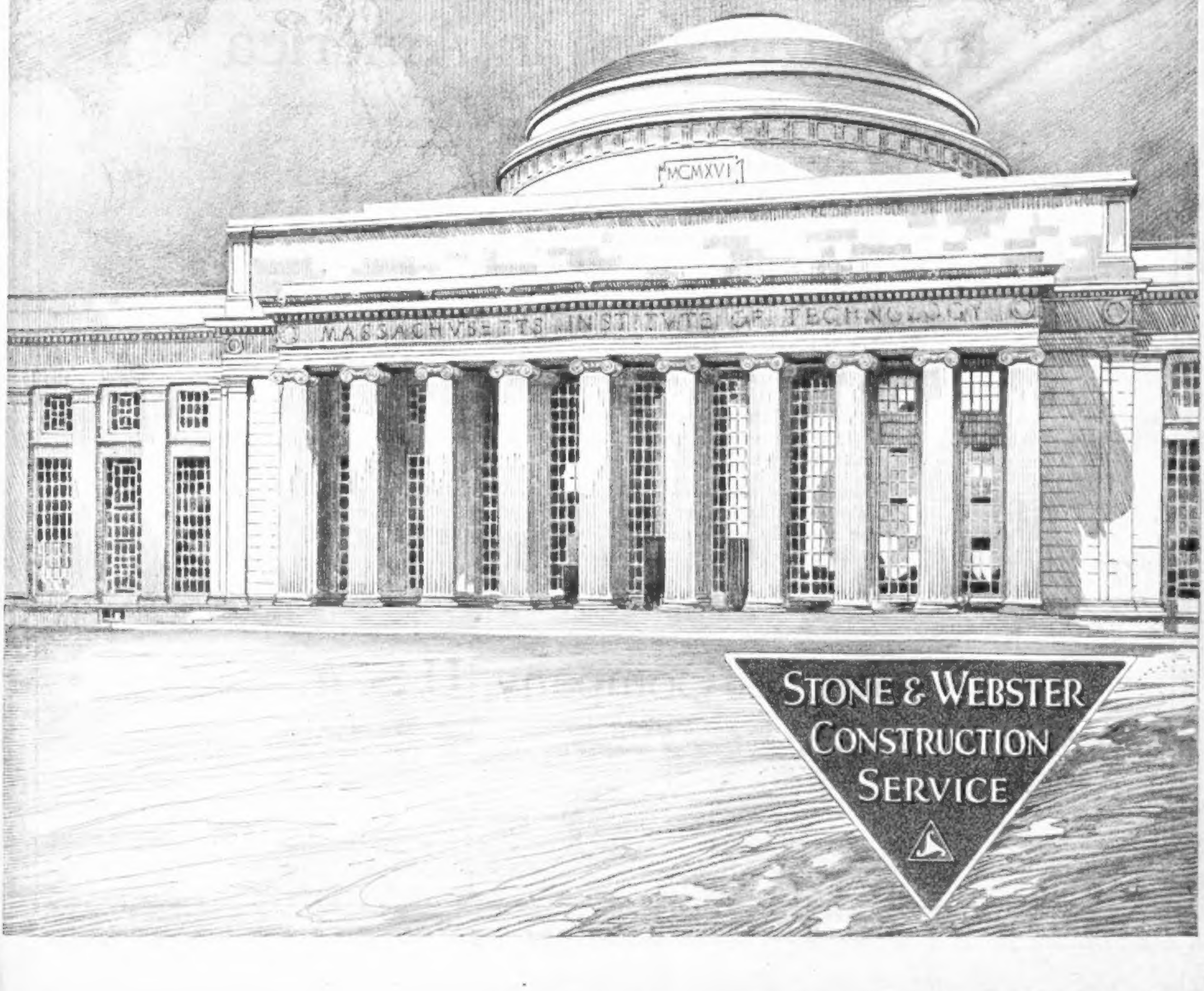

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